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ll Crazy About Che —p.74

Burke, America, and Ireland — Conor Cruise O'Brien

NATIONAL REVIEW

What, Me Study?

Just How Dumbed Down Are America's Schools?

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Chester E. Finn Jr. • Arthur Hu
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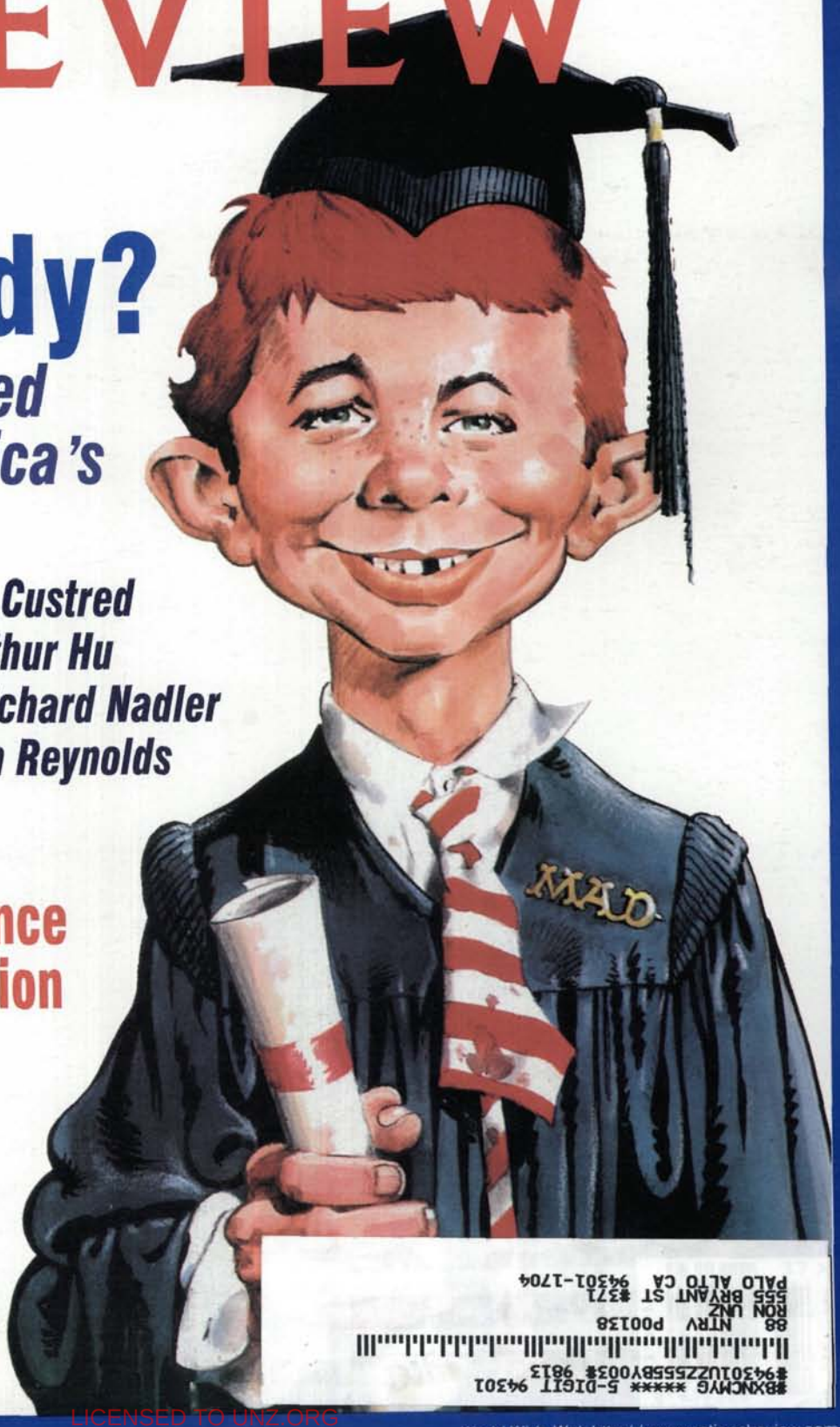

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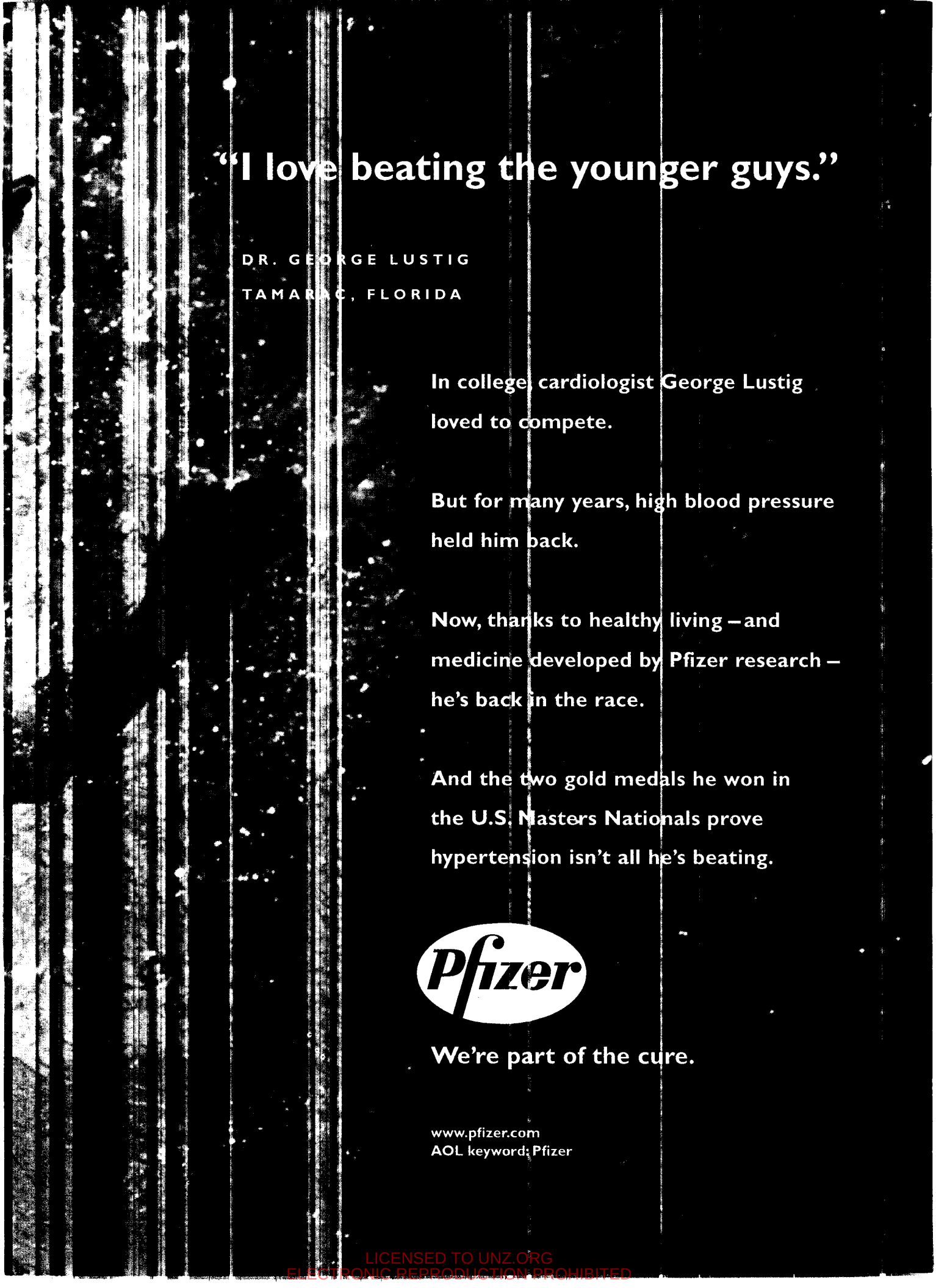
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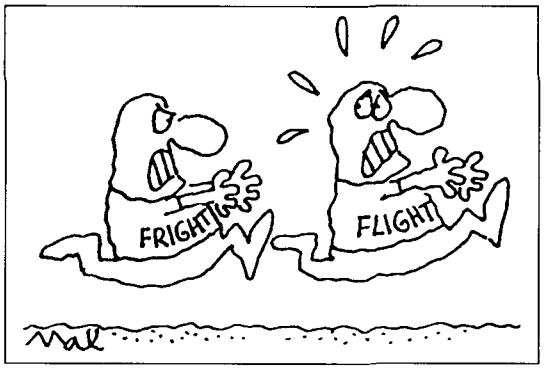

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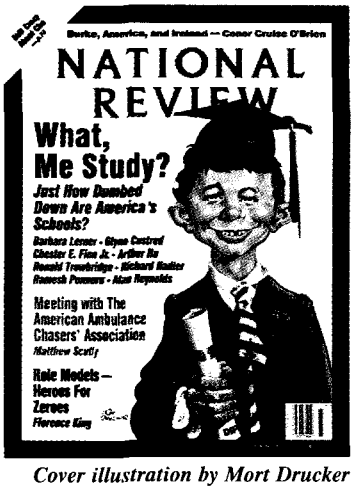
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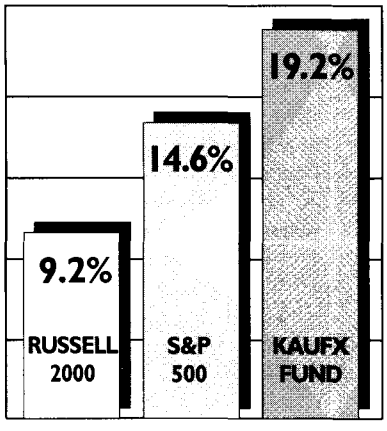

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LETTERS

Calling It What It Is

Rupert Murdoch's "Reinventing Socialism" [Sept. 1] should be called "Reinventing Fascism." Ownership of property by the state is the essence of socialism, while control of "private property" for the benefit of the state is at the heart of fascism. A public-housing project bespeaks socialism; rent control, fascism. I also prefer the term "neofascist" to "neosocialist" to describe the people against whom Mr. Murdoch goes on because it rankles them so.

William M. Tarnowski
Boston, Mass.

Going Places?

I would like to clear up some inaccuracies in Kate O'Beirne's "Nowhere Girl" [July 28]. First, New Jersey did, in fact, apply for federal money to fund instruction in sexual abstinence, and I do not oppose it "in principle," as Mrs. O'Beirne presumes. We're letting those private, non-profit organizations that wish to make use of the grants do so by providing the matching funds themselves, since our schools already provide comprehensive sex education, including abstinence.

Also, Mrs. O'Beirne refers to New Jersey's transportation-infrastructure investment plan as a "$3.5-billion increase," which it is not. The lion's share of this 5-year plan —$2.5 billion—is what New Jersey has been spending already. The balance, or increase, is achieved through a constitutional dedication of *existing* gas taxes and capital-improvement bonds—both prudent and nationally accepted practices. The Cato Institute, cited by Mrs. O'Beirne in her criticism of my fiscal record, raised New Jersey's grade from an F under Democrat Gov. Jim Florio, to a B in 1996. Indeed, under my administration the average annual growth in the state budget has been just 1.8 per cent—the lowest in fifty years. We reduced the size of government, got out of businesses we should not have been in, restructured our debt to put our liabilities and assets back into balance, and, most importantly, made New Jersey business-friendly again by cutting red tape and taxes.

Mrs. O'Beirne rightly points out that "revenues have increased enough to cover" our tax cuts. They sure have. Revenues are up because we've cut taxes 14 times (saving taxpayers $4.4 billion so far), business is prospering, and the economy is vibrant. I agree that the 190,100 jobs we've created are just a start, but it's a good one. That figure is growing every day due to corporate relocations and expansion, and because we've helped move 73,000 people off the welfare rolls into the workforce—a number that also continues to grow.

I share a belief in the common principles that bring Republicans together, including a good education for our kids and a safe home and healthy environment for our families. Excess government regulation is also part of my concern regarding the partial-birth abortion legislation that I conditionally vetoed. Whether or not to terminate a pregnancy is a deeply personal decision that I believe belongs to a woman, her doctor, and her spiritual advisor. This point notwithstanding, Mrs. O'Beirne misses the fact that the terms of my veto, if passed by the Legislature, would put New Jersey in the forefront in protecting viable fetuses. My veto called for a law to prohibit third-trimester abortions, except to protect the life of the mother, or where she is at significant risk of serious physical injury or impairment. A pregnant woman is also a human being, whose life and health deserve protection.

There are other issues that not all Republicans agree on, but the principles we have in common are tried and true. And they are made even stronger by something that is prevailing in New Jersey and around the country—common sense in government.

Christine Todd Whitman
Trenton, N.J.

Gov. Whitman did apply for federal abstinence funding—hours before the deadline and after "Nowhere Girl" appeared. Her previous recalcitrance prompted a vote in the New Jersey Assembly to urge the application. The New York Times *has joined a chorus of Whitman critics who fault her "spend now, pay later" proclivities, stating: "A multibillion-dollar transportation program is being funded by new and newly refinanced bonds that are going to drive up the cost of debt service."*

The governor brandishes her gentlewoman's B from Cato as a talisman against conservative criticism of her budget and tax record. The report, which noted that the "economic bleeding" under Jim Florio had stopped, does not grade her two most recent budgets (next year's increases spending at twice the rate of inflation), and criticizes her budget-savings "gimmicks" and her unsuccessful attempts to raise excise taxes. Gov. Whitman can reasonably argue that Florio was worse. But in a re-election campaign, shouldn't she be willing to defend her own record on its merits?

As the governor has recently suggested that golf-club tee times should be regulated in the interest of gender equity, it seems that only abortion absolutists benefit from her deregulatory zeal. A single New Jersey clinic has performed over 1,500 partial-birth abortions in a year, none of which would be prohibited by the governor's cosmetic proposal. These policies may seem like common sense at the country club, but they don't reflect mainstream Republican principles. —KO'B

Cracking Up

Thomas Fleming's "America's Crackup" [July 28] put me in mind of something I recently read: "The changing character of the native population . . . ; the creation of an unwieldy and rigid bureaucracy, whose own survival becomes its overriding goal; . . . the increasing concentration . . . into richer and poorer by way of a corrupt tax system . . . ; the moral vocation of the man at the top to maintain order at all costs, while growing blind to the cruel dilemmas of ordinary life . . ."

These words were written by Thomas Cahill in *How the Irish Saved Civilization*. He was describing the decadent conditions when Rome fell to the barbarians in 476 A.D.

Pete Skurkiss
Chester Township, N.J.

Reproducing Government?

NR has produced excellent articles demonstrating the folly of relying on government. You've written eloquently that the war on poverty is a massive failure and the war on drugs is an enormous mistake. Yet, when the cloning of humans suddenly became a practical possibility, you immediately moved into a government-must-stop-this mode ["The Week," June 30].

Why would you expect a war on cloning to succeed any more than the other wars? One has expanded poverty, while the other has elevated drug use and provoked the worst crime wave in American history. Given the government's record, a war on cloning should lead to 12 Bill Clintons.

When you get the idea that government ought to do something, remember that you're talking about the same government that has been so inefficient, incompetent, and tyrannical in every other area. If you absolutely have to have a document across the country tomorrow morning, will you trust the Post Office with it? Would you buy an annuity from an insurance company

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run like Social Security? Well, that's the same government you ask to do *your* bidding—whether to keep out immigrants, elevate family values, bring peace to Bosnia, or protect us from bad medicines, cloning, and faulty products.

We should never forget the simple truth: *government doesn't work*. It doesn't matter whether a new program is supposed to achieve something you want or prohibit something you don't want. Not everything in the free market works, but most things that survive do work—while everything government touches turns out badly. So if you're opposed to poverty, drugs, cloning, abortion, or anything else, you'd better let the market deal with it, because government will only disappoint you.

Harry Browne
1996 Libertarian presidential candidate
Franklin, Tenn.

It is true that a war to end all human cloning would be impossible to prosecute given the apparent ease of the cloning procedure. But Mr. Browne and like-minded anarcho-libertarians should acknowledge that cloning is a kind of assault. The clone is treated not as a person, but as a product molded by a maker to reproduce certain qualities. This laying of hands on the clone at the beginning of its life is by its very nature without consent. Mr. Browne's answer to assault generally has been to call for privately contracted security arrangements—which clones are incapable of arranging. So his version of libertarianism suggests that only those who are capable of contracting to preserve their rights within a market actually have them. Someone must hold parents accountable if they violate the rights of their offspring. That cannot be the task of third parties with whom the parents contract, since they act as agents of the parents' will. Someone must watch the watchers, which requires government, albeit a limited one. —ED.

Morality Under Fire

I accept that John O'Sullivan and I have very significant differences about British rule in Ireland ["The Week," Sept. 1]. What I cannot accept is Mr. O'Sullivan's blind allegiance to Sean O'Callaghan and his refusal to acknowledge that Mr. O'Callaghan committed murder *after* he left the IRA in 1979. In 1985, he murdered Sean Corcoran, a fellow informer. Mr. Corcoran knelt down and Mr. O'Callaghan shot him in the head. Mr. Corcoran's daughter committed suicide soon after. Under any standard of morality or rule of war, Mr. O'Callaghan's action is indefensible. Yet, Mr. O'Sullivan continues to push him for canonization and allows him to sully the pages of *NR*.

On a more friendly note, I am genuinely delighted that *NR* still considers me to be a "sensible conservative." To maintain that accreditation, I withdraw any suggestion that *NR* would ever want to receive a Pulitzer. My implication to the contrary was a momentary spurt of literary overkill, occasioned by my zeal. After reading *NR* for 37 years, I should have known better.

Rep. Peter T. King (R., N.Y.)
Washington, D.C.

Please see "From the Editor." —ED.

A True Believer

"Bill Clinton averred that his life had been shaped importantly by the Koran" ["The Week," July 14]. In *The Age of Faith*, Will Durant quotes the Koran describing Paradise: ". . . there will be virgins . . . with . . . bodies made of musk and free from imperfections . . . Each blessed male will have 72 of these houris for his reward . . ." Perhaps this is the part of the Koran that so shaped Bill Clinton's life.

Edward P. Taudien
Stuart, Fla.

Timing Is Everything

In my account of the Keystone coup in the House of Representatives ["The Ides Have It," Aug. 12], I mistakenly reported that Newt Gingrich's deputies began to discuss deposing him during a meeting on the evening of July 8. The meeting actually took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 9.

Ramesh Ponnuru
Washington, D.C.

Time Is Everything

Solve the Trans-O-Gram of August 11 and you have deciphered a quotation from William Penn: "Time is what we want most but what, alas, we use worst and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us when time shall be no more." Is this the way to reward readers who have just frittered away forty minutes on a puzzle?

Merrill Orne Young
Surry, Va.

Time for Corrections

Two errors crept into Jacob Sullum's "Pot Shots" [Aug. 11]. 1) Mahmoud ElSohly's name should be thus spelled. 2) Dr. ElSohly said: "There is no question about the use of cannabis for certain conditions. It does have a history. It does have utility." It was Mr. Sullum who continued: "To suggest otherwise is not science. It is not medicine. It is politics." . . .

In publishing "The Very Liberal John Paul II" [Aug.11], we should have mentioned that it was adapted from a paper Fr. Neuhaus delivered at a conference sponsored by the Ethics and Public Policy Center. —AO

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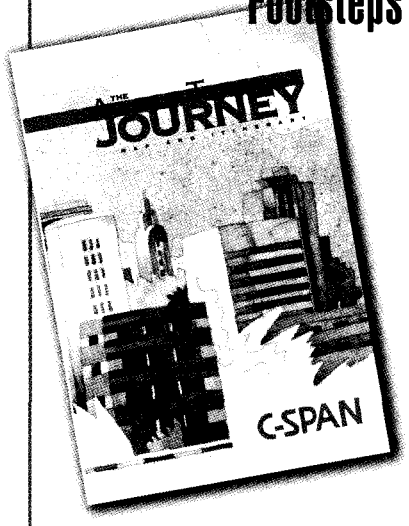

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FROM THE EDITOR

Slouching toward Babel

■ Given that this is our annual "Back to School" issue, we looked around for a quote that would dramatize both the parlous state of American education and the apparent inability of politicians to grasp the fact. And the winner is . . .

"Do you realize that there are two hundred languages spoken in the Chicago school system? That's an asset, not a liability. Let's pair up the kids. You get Sally to speak Cambodian, and Sally gets you to speak English. If they succeed, we give each of them a thousand dollars. We'd have kids practicing languages seven days a week."

Who said this? Bill Clinton? The Rev. Jesse Jackson? No. The correct answer, alas, is Speaker Newt Gingrich, talking to Joe Klein of *The New Yorker*.

No one outside politics thinks it is a good in itself for the children in Chicago to be divided into innumerable linguistic groups. Such "diversity" promotes conflict, wastes resources by requiring that the same subject be taught in several languages and by several teachers, and creates pressure groups for multiculturalist exercises in history, literature, etc., which then divide people still further.

It is an amiable fantasy, finally, that Chicago's children will teach each other Turkish or Cambodian—even for ready money. Besides, most American parents would be happy if their children could speak and write decent English.

That, however, is too little for politicians to aim for and too much for parents to hope for.

■ "Diversity" used to refer to race. Increasingly, however, it takes in culture since "liberals" have managed to persuade themselves that culture is genetically transmitted and "race-specific."

The implications are illiberal. A race-specific culture would be impenetrable by a different race. If whites thought they enjoyed jazz or non-Hispanics Picasso, they would be mistaken.

Keith Windschuttle, the distinguished Australian historian, examines one case of cultural relativism (p. 28)—and he establishes, with more than a little wit, that the cultural relativists are mistaken.

Yes, cultures divide mankind. But the open, absorptive, inclusive culture of the English-speaking world has proved able to create a common culture that unifies both people and influences from abroad.

Is that now beyond America's schools?

■ I appreciate the civility of Rep. Peter King's reply ("Letters," p. 5), and since he has withdrawn the implied slur that *NR* might want a Pulitzer, I am happy to call a truce—one more permanent, let us hope, than the average IRA ceasefire.

Usefully, however, our debate has clarified the ground of Mr. King's objection to Sean O'Callaghan, the IRA terrorist-turned-informer who described his experiences in *NR* earlier this year.

It is not that Mr. O'Callaghan murdered people, but that he committed a murder *when he was not a member of the IRA*. This clarification enables Mr. King to despise O'Callaghan and to support Gerry Adams with perfect consistency.

I suppose it would be libel to suggest that this distinction bears the stamp of propaganda by a body of men long denounced as dedicated, secretive, and ruthless. (I mean the Jesuits, of course.)

■ For those with a longer historical perspective, there is Conor Cruise O'Brien's fine account of Burke's responses to the revolutions in Ireland and America.

He argues that the founder of modern conservatism played a far more significant role in forcing George III to abandon the war against American independence after Yorktown than has been previously realized.

■ Some liberal gremlin broke into our computer to alter the number in our last issue for reservations to the International Conservative Congress. My apologies to readers who telephoned in vain.

The correct number is 202-862-5841.

As a result there are still some vacancies at the Congress (see p. 31). Hurry! Hurry!

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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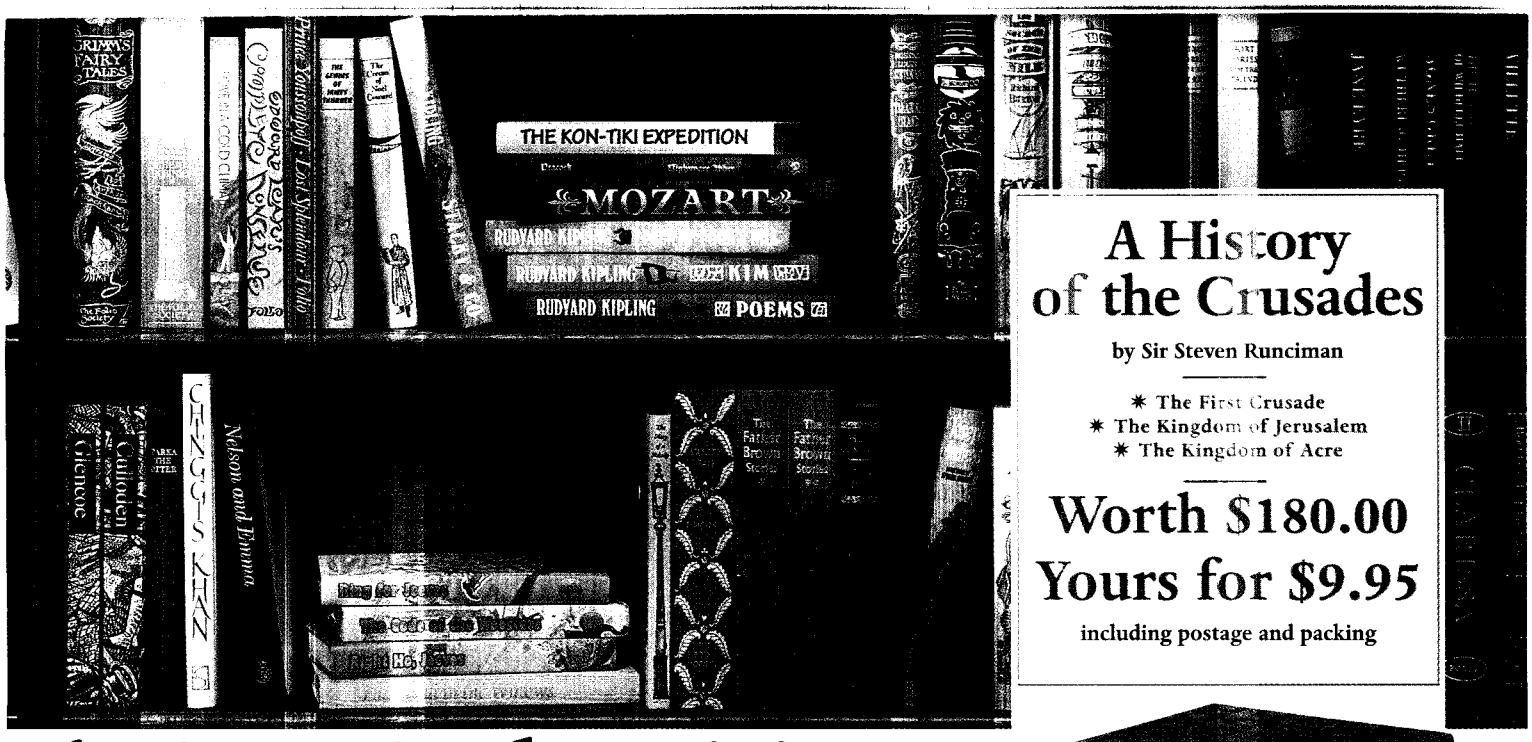

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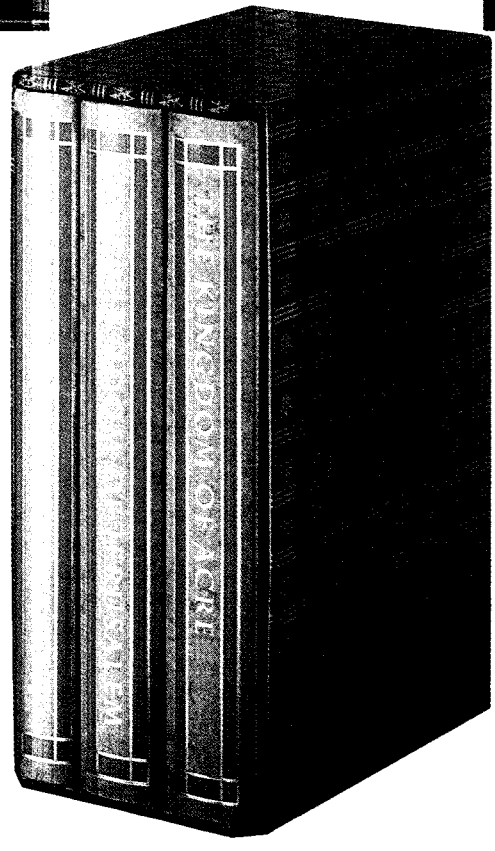

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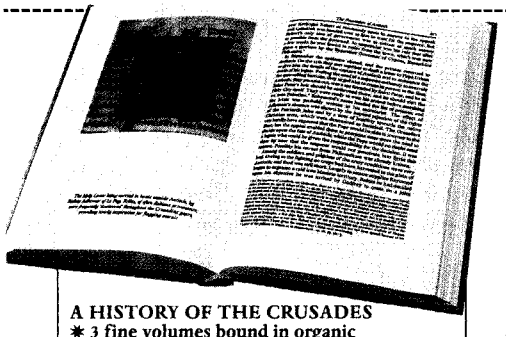

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Budget fallout: In *New York Times*, "New Democrat" **Robert Shapiro** cheers that "Washington's reputation for fiscal sense is slowly recovering, and activist government is returning." Shapiro, a critic of corporate welfare, has been nominated to work in Commerce Department. . . . **Paul Weyrich** of the Free Congress Foundation agrees that activist government is returning: "While Republicans were hung up on balancing the budget, the liberals were looking at what could be accomplished strategically." . . . **Newt Gingrich**, as quoted in *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, on the tobacco settlement: "Some liberals have this mythology that they can tax [the industry] out of business and they will still make payments."

■ In *The New Yorker*, the Rev. **Jesse Jackson** tells **Henry Louis Gates Jr.** "that the conservative posturing over **Paula Jones** has merely provided an occasion for an aggressive form of voyeurism. There is an obsession: they want him to *drop his pants in public*. . . . It is a very sick attack" (italics in original). . . . Jackson also criticizes Sen. **Lauch Faircloth** (R., N.C.) for curbing D.C. "home rule": "Faircloth essentially raped the democracy." Faircloth spokesman **Peter Hans** responds, "Sen. Faircloth is not backing off his belief that Washington, D.C., needs professional management. It's too bad that Rev. Jackson and **Marion Barry** don't put as much effort in cleaning up the nation's capital as they do in planning protests." **Patrick Buchanan** writes that "by stripping [Barry] of powers conferred in a free election, Mr. **Clinton** and Congress are saying—no matter how loudly they deny it—that the people of Washington are unprepared for democracy and just not ready for home rule. . . . Where is the American Caesar, Gen. **Douglas MacArthur**, when we really need him?"

■ Campaign watch: **Al Salvi**, 1996 Republican senatorial candidate in Illinois (profiled in *NR*, Oct. 14, 1996), is considering running again, but is drawing flack for repudiating former pro-gun position. . . . Conservative Michigan Gov. **John Engler** (R.) polls below 50 per cent against possible foes, according to EPIC/MRA. . . . **Ron Unz**, chairman of "English for the Children" campaign in California, writes that "our effort to ensure that the initiative is not perceived as anti-immigrant or anti-Latino is also doing extremely well. We've now received a large amount of substantial media coverage, . . . and nearly all has been very accurate and even favorable." . . . In switch, Sen. **Phil Gramm** (R., Tex.) supports ethanol tax breaks. *Wall Street Journal* quotes him saying, "I've got corn growers in my state, but I also have friends in Iowa." (Not many, if his 1996 primary vote is any guide.)

■ Press watch: In *The American Enterprise*, **Rupert Murdoch** speaks his mind about a *New York Times* columnist: "Life is too short to be reading **Tony Lewis**." . . . In July/August *American Journalism Review*, **Delia M. Rios** reports on "A Bogus Statistic That Won't Go Away": the claim that gay and lesbian teenagers are 2 to 3 times more likely to commit suicide than other teens and account for 30 per cent of youth suicides. Rios notes that ex-Gov. **William Weld** (R., Mass.) "cited the suicide 'statistic' as a driving force behind his state's creation of a Governor's Commission on Gay and Lesbian Youth." . . . *Washington Post* Travel section runs cover story: "Forget the Alamo! Today's San Antonio has little to do with that symbol of doomed Anglo imperialism. It's a thriving capital of Hispanic culture, and a magnet for multicultural tourism." . . . Discussing battle between Weld and **Jesse Helms**, chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Committee, *Time* columnist **Margaret Carlson** decries "Washington's willingness to negotiate with terrorists who happen to run committees."

"We've survived three Food & Drug Administrations."

■ Russian President **Boris Yeltsin** fires Justice Minister **Valentin Kovalyov**, caught on video cavorting in sauna with several nude young women. Meanwhile, rule of law continues to suffer in Russia; latest casualties are **Mikhail Manevich**, the 36-year-old deputy governor of St. Petersburg, and his wife, he killed, she wounded by Mafia gunfire. Russian business leaders have started a blacklist of Western media guilty of "purposeful, overtly provocative articles" on lawlessness including *Forbes*, *Washington Times*. . . . Swedish journalist **Maciej Zaremba** reveals that Sweden continued until 1976 its forced sterilization program to rid society of "inferior" racial types and to encourage Aryan features. . . . China continues to flex its muscles in contest over oil-rich reefs and islands of South China Sea. The Philippine Navy recently evicted 21 Chinese "fishermen" who had set up a communications camp on tiny Scarborough Shoal. The Chinese government described the squatters as "amateur radio hobbyists." Right. . . . Kyodo news service reported that Japanese government recently redoubled efforts to keep China's pro-democracy movement from using island nation as base of operations. Chinese dissidents have been barred from entering Japan since 1989. . . . President Clinton, in reversal of U.S. policy, and over written objections of Joint Chiefs of Staff, joins Canadian-led Ottawa Process seeking a global ban on anti-personnel land mines. As with Chemical Weapons Convention, chief violators of international conventions on land mines—Russia, China, et al.—are not part of process. Speculation is that feel-good factor and celebrity pull of treaty (even **Princess Di** has signed on) were too much for Clinton to resist, but *Toronto Star* offers another explanation: Clinton considers Canadian Prime Minister **Jean Chrétien** "a superior human being."

■ In southern California, **Stacy Adams** is suing YMCA for firing her as a lifeguard because she's deaf. . . . In northern California, **Christian Mortenson** of San Rafael, at 114 the oldest man alive, still smokes cigars.

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THE WEEK

■ Boy, we take a week off and look what happens! Here it is, the whole sordid story, *nothing* held back, and directly excerpted from wire-service reports: "EDGARTOWN. President Clinton's vacation dizzying swirl. Princess Diana, Clinton, Barbra Streisand's wedding, Tiger Woods. Clintons. Maybe not. Bliss Broyard, Mary Steenburgen and Ted Danson, nineteenth-century farmhouse. President and Mrs. Clinton partied. They went sailing. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, Victoria Reggie, 52-foot schooner, Mya, sons Patrick and Ted, and Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg and her husband, Ed, saxophonist Richard Sherr, 'Hail to the Chief.' John-John. Chelsea, 17. John F. Kennedy Jr., nudity, September issue of *George* magazine, *says* he shot a 79. First Lady. Merv Griffin, Carly Simon, Jimmy Buffett, William Styron, wife Rose. Private plane, Katharine Graham, the *Washington Post*. President Clinton, Hillary Rodham Clinton, 'several intense exchanges of words' about [heh heh heh] a game of Scrabble. Paulo Flecha de Lima, Brazil's ambassador to the United States, and his wife, Lucia. Official denials. Is Diana with Dodi Fayed, heir to Harrod's department store in London? As for Streisand, despite numerous denials, James Brolin, nuptial news. The Clintons. On the other hand, Michael Jordan."

■ The Midwest Republican Leadership Conference is a gathering of the GOP faithful, not a Philadelphia Society or Christian Coalition meeting. That those assembled nonetheless cheered as Steve Forbes, Dan Quayle, and other presidential aspirants who blasted Beltway GOP accommodationism should prove that opponents of the budget deal have won the argument at the grassroots. Conservatives, disaffected from the GOP establishment, are looking for a national spokesman not beholden to its orthodoxies.

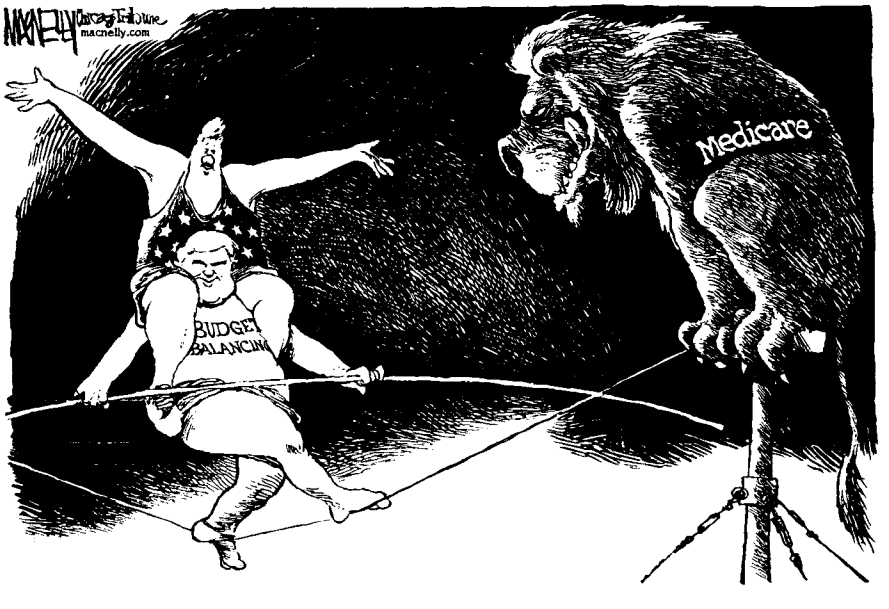
■ Sen. Fred Thompson (R., Tenn.) was greeted warmly by the party faithful in Indianapolis, perhaps because no one in the audience had received one of the sweeping subpoenas his Government Affairs Committee has served on conservative public-advocacy groups. Thompson ignored his committee's mandate to investigate "illegal and improper activities in connection with the 1996 federal election campaign," and permitted committee Democrats to ransack the files of some 14 conservative nonprofit organizations, including the National Right to Life Committee (NRLC), Citizens for a Sound Economy, the Christian Coalition, and the Heritage Foundation. Rather than preventing this Democratic harassment, committee Republicans instead subpoenaed 12 *liberal* groups, including the National Education Association, the AFL-CIO, and the Sierra Club. The NRLC's attorney believes the subpoenas "pose a substantial threat to the free-speech and free-association rights of citizens' groups and unions." Indeed, one committee investigator admitted the subpoenas represent a "fishing expedition." The AFL-CIO has called the subpoenas violations of the First and Fourth Amendments. Peter Flaherty, president of Citizens for Reform, fully complied with the subpoena, but said afterward: "In the face of evidence of [the White House's and the Democratic National Committee's] massive illegality, this committee would rather harass groups that have merely exercised their First Amendment rights."

■ Is it just our take, or is it Clinton Administration strategy to commit so many acts of apparent corruption that Congress will brown-out trying to investigate them?

■ Since our last issue, Newt Gingrich has: named a *ne plus ultra* liberal Republican, Jim Greenwood (R., Pa.), director of long-term planning; said that "with modern weapons evolving, there's no reason that women can't play a major role in defense," including combat; promised to undo the Clinton Administration's undoing of welfare reform; and signaled his interest in running for President in 2000. C'mon, Newt: you can bat better than .250.

■ Buried in the fine print of the budget deal—John Kasich's "dream come true"—was a scheme to pay hospitals *not* to train doctors. This would solve our latest health-care crisis: the "doctor glut" you've no doubt noticed in the waiting room. Taxpayers will subsidize their own disadvantage as consumers. But at least the era of big government is over. And we're winning the debate.

■ Jeff Jacoby in the *Boston Globe* quotes Sen. Kennedy



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touting a poster boy for racial preferences—Dr. Patrick Chavis, the man who entered medical school ahead of Allan Bakke twenty years ago even though Bakke had higher grades. "Today he is a successful ob-gyn in central Los Angeles," declared the senator, "serving a disadvantaged community and making a difference in the lives of scores of poor families." And comparing Chavis favorably to Bakke (now a Minnesota anaesthesiologist), Tom Hayden and Connie Rice of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund asked rhetorically in *The Nation:* "Who made the most of his medical education?" That is a question, as Jacoby points out, that they probably now wish they hadn't asked. For Chavis has been found guilty of gross negligence and incompetence in treating three patients, one of whom died. The details of the case are stomach-churning, but Jacoby's reflections on it are admirably unhysterical and clear-headed. The single example of Chavis is not a conclusive argument against race preferences. But it is a reminder that when medical schools admit students with poor scores on social or racial grounds, they will produce fewer good doctors. And indeed—since only 49 per cent of black students pass the medical exam nationwide—fewer doctors in general. The main sufferers will not be those who drop out, nor the Bakkes competing with them, but patients—both black and white.

■ The Rolling Stones announced yet another tour, but denied that it is being sponsored by the AARP.

■ By all accounts the Ronald Reagan Office Building, nearing completion a few blocks from the White House, is too big (one-third more floor space than the Empire State Building), too expensive (three-quarters of a billion dollars), and ugly (a mausoleum-like structure spread over five city blocks). Did we also say inappropriate? The two agencies slated to occupy it—the Environmental Protection Agency and the Agency for International Development—would be out of business had Ronald Reagan prevailed against Congress. If the economy were not so strong—thanks in no small part to Reaganomics—this white elephant would have gone the way of the air controllers' union. Ironies that only Reagan, in his prime, could have done justice to.

■ It is not often that we cover New York City Council races, but then it is not often that candidates for the New York City Council boast about reading NATIONAL REVIEW. Frank Borzellieri, running for a seat in Queens, has become a TV talk-show figure. The local press calls him a "kook" for saying, among other things, that illegal immigrants should be "rounded up and deported." In a city whose mayor says that illegal immigrants should get welfare benefits without even the one-year delay required by state law, that is indeed certifiable.

■ Liberals scoff at the notion that Chile's free-market pension system might have anything to teach Social Security reformers here. All right then: how about Britain's?

Battleships Turn Slowly

The compass shifts ever so slightly,
Displaying a bias to port.
The gulls keep engorging the garbage,
But midships the Teamsters cavort
As salaries teeter toward full-time
And downsized executives gloat.
In Washington, Greenspan looks sallow.
On Wall Street, smart money takes note.

—W. H. VON DREELE

A new study by Robert Moffit and Louis Enoff for the Heritage Foundation details the success of partial privatization there. The median real return on workers' investments is 9 per cent a year, and Britain is reducing its national debt. U.S. debt-busters, take note.

■ Journalist and Clinton courtier Sidney Blumenthal has gone to work for the White House, and a *New York Times* story on his hiring seemed to end with a mordant little dig: "A beat is just an assignment but a slut is who you've become maybe." The next day the *Times* explained that the ninth word of that sentence, which is from a play by Blumenthal himself about journalists, was supposed to be "slot." The *Times* explained that the typo was a transcription error, but why apologize? Oft hath the pressure of a typo led to some beautiful thought.

■ Rounding out a busy month, Mr. Blumenthal threatened to sue on-line rumor-monger Matt Drudge for posting a false report that Blumenthal had abused his wife. (Drudge belatedly apologized.) Now Blumenthal may know how President Bush felt during the 1992 campaign when hard-copy rumor-monger Sidney Blumenthal wrote a false report that Bush's World War II bailout from a burning airplane was panic rather than heroism. Unlike Drudge, Blumenthal never apologized.

■ Some homosexuals seek to change their ways, and some practitioners of "reparative therapy" say they can help. The American Psychological Association, convinced that any unhappiness over homosexuality results purely from social prejudice, passed a resolution urging therapists, in effect, to try to talk their patients out of trying to change. In the world of "choice," some choices are less equal than others.

■ The twentieth anniversary of the death of Elvis Presley gave rise to nostalgia, celebration, and merriment, including such jokes as the following: What is the difference between Elvis and Al Gore? Elvis may still be alive.

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Culture of Corruption

IN THE endgame of the election of 1800, the bitterest in American history, Alexander Hamilton wrote of his enemy Thomas Jefferson that "there is no fair reason to suppose him capable of being corrupted." Most of the Founders knew of each other that they would not go beyond certain limits. Under William Jefferson Clinton, these limits are repeatedly overstepped.

The latest instances involve Ron Carey, the new hero of the labor movement, and the ubiquitous Johnny Chung. Mr. Carey as President of the Teamsters had no sooner won his strike against UPS, to a media chorus of "There Once Was a Union Maid," when the Feds ordered a rematch between him and his union rival, James P. Hoffa, on the grounds that Carey's campaign for the union's top spot had been marred by questionable contributions. Federal prosecutors are examining memos by Richard Sullivan, the finance director of the Democratic National Committee, about Democratic donors who might cough up for Carey (including Gail Zappa, widow of hippie rocker Frank). Sullivan has said through a lawyer that, "to the best of his knowledge," no such money was actually raised, which is legalese for "*I'm* innocent."

Carey's response to the unknown contributions was to funnel Teamster money to specific candidates for public office (which happens to be illegal activity for a union). "I can't think of a more important goal," reads another memo, this one from the chief of the Teamsters' political fund, than "to turn out a huge vote that helps defeat [Jesse] Helms." Who says the investigation of Clinton campaign finances is Asian-bashing? Here is an apparent case of laundering money through good old Irish-American working stiffs.

But lest the Asian connection be forgotten, up popped Johnny Chung, with a story that, in order to meet former Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary, he was asked to give $25,000 to an O'Leary "charity," Africare. Chung's discussion of this shakedown with Tom Brokaw on NBC News was a comic classic. "Were you surprised" at being asked to write a check? Brokaw wondered.

"I begin to understand a little better," replied Chung, "but I am still a little bit surprised."

"Yeah. Who picked up the check?" Brokaw pursued.

"There's one gentleman, present himself as the 'Energy Department official,' " said Chung. He also said he gave $50,000 to Hillary Clinton's aides Evan Ryan and Maggie Williams, as the price of bringing in five friends to meet the First Lady. "Tom. I'm still a new kid in town over there, but at that time . . . my light bulb goes on and I begin to understand." Lars-Erik Nelson of the *New York Daily News*, a strict and sober liberal, said this was paydirt: nothing to do with soft money or campaign-finance reform, but money for access, pure and simple.

These revelations have led Mark R. Levin of the Landmark Legal Foundation to demand that Janet Reno appoint an independent counsel to examine "the possibility that Hillary Clinton, Hazel O'Leary, and their agents violated federal bribery statutes." Finally.

What difference will it make? If the past is prologue, none. Chinese money, the FBI files, cronies in the Travel Office, interference in the investigation of the Foster suicide, Whitewater—they never go away, but they never amount to anything. Why not?

Partly there are too many scandals. Richard Nixon did one thing, and perished. Bill Clinton is touched by half a dozen, and they crowd each other out. Partly Clinton lowered the bar for himself during his first campaign by surviving his philandering and draft-dodging scandals.

But primarily it is a matter of moral sense. Richard Nixon always knew at some level that he was guilty. (He looked as if he were guilty of everything.) For political effect Clinton can work himself into shows of emotion which he purges through repentance. But he does not believe in guilt, and so he stonewalls with impunity.

Among the Founders, one shared this quality. Hamilton's letter which makes the grudging tribute to Jefferson is primarily a warning against that man—Aaron Burr. Burr lost the election of 1800, and had to wait 192 years.

Camelot Still Swings

George *shows John-John in the nude;*
Joseph got annulled,
While a minor cousin leaves
Babysitters gulled.
Teddy's out to pasture, so
When a kid behaves
Like old Joe, his sandwichboard
Urges, "Jesus saves."

—W. H. VON DREELE

Black and Blue

FOUR New York City policemen are accused of brutalizing, in unspeakable ways, Abner Louima, a Brooklyn man they had arrested. The cops are white and Louima is black, and so the city has hunkered down for yet another racial passion play during a mayoral election campaign.

The incident comes at a time of falling crime rates. Under Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, New York has become the safest large city in the country. He accomplished this by getting tough on crime intelligently—pursuing small offenses in ways that signaled street-level vigilance.

One of the accused cops has a black fiancée, so the relevant charge against him and his colleagues is brutality,

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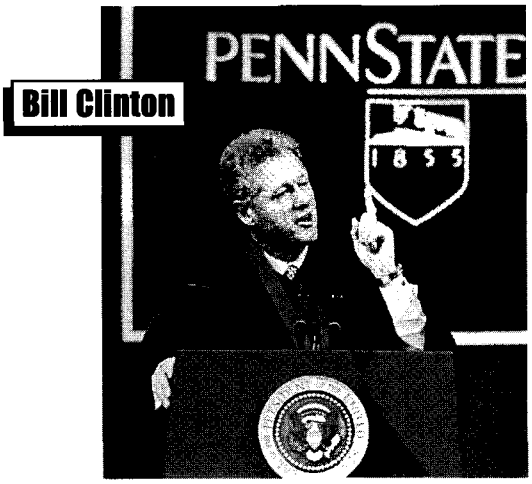

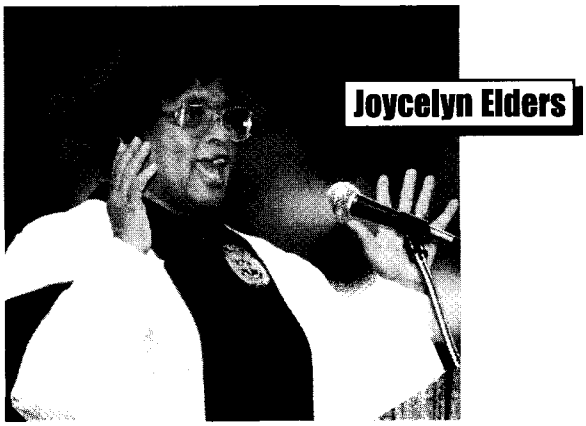

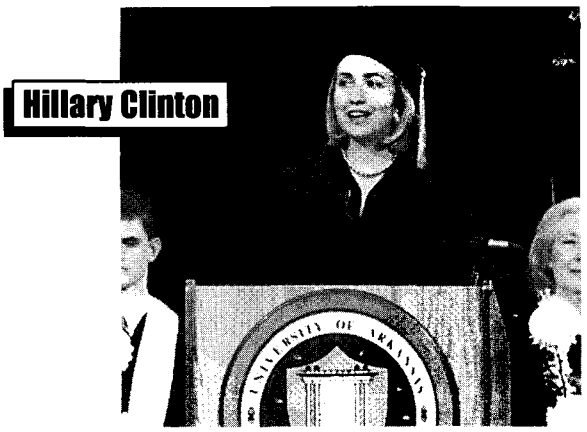

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not racism. Conservatives have become more sensitive to police brutality after a series of law-enforcement blunders, and worse: Ruby Ridge, Waco, the manhandling of pro-life demonstrators, capricious enforcement of asset-forfeiture and RICO laws. Many of these excesses won praise from liberals: when Giuliani, as a federal prosecutor, led securities traders from their offices in handcuffs, the media applauded. Even when his victims proved innocent, Giuliani refused to apologize.

There will always be cops intoxicated by their badges, cops who feel they are beyond the laws they are supposed to uphold. The solution is to be as tough on criminals in blue as on criminals in mufti.

George McGovern, Individualist

He doesn't like the nanny state.
I gather it began to grate
When George took on a country inn
And Washington wiped off his grin
With forms in triplicate to file.
It's nice to read about his bile,
But some of us were anti-Fed
Thumb-sucking in the nursery bed.

—W. H. VON DREELE

E. Coli Alarums

UNLIKE many of the health scares around, the new *E. Coli* bug—EC-0157:H7—is a real hazard. It is an aggressive toxin-producing variant of one of hundreds of *E. Coli* bacteria which inhabit the intestinal tracts of most warm-blooded animals, including humans. In cattle the H7 mutant of EC-0157 produces no ill effects, which makes it extremely difficult to track in the animals, but in many humans it produces a toxin

Right Data

IMMIGRANT groups are lobbying vigorously to undo welfare reform —and understandably: foreign-born residents are nearly 50 per cent more likely to receive welfare than are native Americans. Economists George Borjas and Lynette Hilton found that 20 per cent of immigrant households received some form of welfare in the early 1990s, compared to 14.1 per cent of native households.

Earlier studies, focusing on cash benefits only, had shown a much smaller gap. But the traditional cash program—AFDC—isn't nearly as popular, or as expensive, as noncash transfers such as Medicaid, food stamps, and rent subsidies—which are also far more frequently received by immigrants.

Nearly 1 in 10 people living in the U.S. is foreign born, the highest percentage since the 1930s, according to a 1996 Census Bureau survey. And Borjas and Hilton's analysis (see chart) shows a widening "welfare gap" between the immigrant and native-born populations. As a result, the foreign-born, 9.3 per cent of the population, account for approximately 14.6 per cent of the costs of means-tested entitlement.

This isn't to say they come here solely for welfare. Immigrant unemployment is just under 5 per cent. Yet that jobless rate is significantly above the rate for natives, which was slightly under 4 per cent as of the Census Survey in 1996.

Most immigrants who can't find work go home within a year. Unfortunately, those who do find work don't do terribly well: median annual income of immigrant workers who came to the U.S. since 1990 is just $10,875, compared to $17,835 for natives. More than one-fifth—22.2 per cent—of all immigrants live in poverty, against 12.9 per cent of American-born residents.

For many elderly immigrants, welfare is clearly the draw. Just look at Supplemental Security Income, a program that provides cash payments to the elderly, blind, and disabled. Within the "elderly" (65 or older) part of the program, immigrants account for 29 per cent of all recipients. Among aged recipients not qualifying for Social Security, immigrants make up a whopping 63 per cent. In effect, SSI enables immigrants to enjoy the benefits of Social Security without contributing a cent to the system.

Certain programs are favored by specific ethnic groups. Mexican immigrants, for example, are 50 per cent more likely to receive energy assistance than Cuban immigrants, while Cuban immigrants are more likely to receive housing subsidies. SSI is heavily favored by Chinese. These variations can't be explained by demographic, economic, or regional differences among ethnic groups. The key variable, say Borjas and Hilton, is history: the more "exposed" an ethnic group has been to a particular program in the past, the more likely that new arrivals from the same group will participate in that program. The lesson? In earlier years ethnic groups gave new arrivals job tips. Now they instruct them on welfare.

— ED RUBENSTEIN

NATIVES V. IMMIGRANTS
Percentage Receiving Benefits

	1984-85		1990-91	
Benefit	**Natives**	**Immigrants**	**Natives**	**Immigrants**
AFDC	2.8%	2.6%	2.9%	4.4%
SSI	3.7	5.1	3.7	6.5
Medicaid	8.4	11.0	9.4	15.4
Food Stamps	6.6	7.6	6.5	9.2
Energy Assistance	2.9	2.8	2.3	2.1
Housing Assistance	4.0	5.7	4.4	5.6

Source: George Borjas and Lynette Hilton, "Immigration and the Welfare State," *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, May 1996.

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which attacks the intestines and can eventually clog the kidneys—with sometimes fatal results. The Centers for Disease Control estimate that H7 kills about 250 people each year and may cause illness in ten thousand.

H7 found in hamburger meat sold in Colorado recently caused the closing of the Hudson meat company's plant in Columbus, Nebraska, and a "recall" of 1.2 million pounds of meat patties. But experts describe this as typical Washington posturing. According to Gary Acuff, food microbiologist at Texas A&M: "You are giving consumers an impression that raw meat can be cleaned up and made totally safe. It can't be. You just have to cook the stuff properly in your kitchen or barbecue; 160 degrees kills H7."

Acuff cited the Burger King chain, which was the major customer of Hudson's plant. Not a single case of H7 poisoning from Burger King hamburgers has been reported, Acuff notes: "They train their people well and make sure they cook the hamburgers properly, so it did not matter that they got meat with some H7. The stuff was killed in the cooking."

If you really want to be sure your meat is free of vicious microbes so that you can safely eat it rare, there is a simple solution—buy meat that has been irradiated. Irradiation is routinely used on spices, cereals, some fruits, poultry, and pork. The only trouble is that to irradiate red meat you need approval from the Food and Drug Administration, which has declared it a "food additive" subject to its jurisdiction.

After the last H7 outbreak, in which four people died, industry groups endorsed irradiation as an option for meat processors, and the leading operator of irradiation plants in the country filed with the FDA a formal petition for permission to irradiate. Three years later it still languishes in Washington.

Why? Fran Smith of Consumer Alert, a conservative consumer group, says the FDA is intimidated by the "whole collection of leftist and Naderite groups" which oppose anything nuclear, and has filed the petition in its "Too Hard" cabinet. Put it on a bumpersticker: No Nukes. Eat E. Coli.

Norman Ture, R I P

NORMAN B. Ture, architect of the 1981 Reagan tax cut, died on August 10 at age 74. His influence on tax policy began in the early 1950s when, as a newly minted University of Chicago PhD, he worked for Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills. The speech Chairman Mills gave in 1963 introducing the Kennedy tax cut was reportedly written by Ture. At the time, Keynes ruled the economic-policy roost. But Norman Ture went in another direction. He developed much of the technical analysis behind "supply-side" economics. Interestingly, he opposed dropping large numbers of people from tax rolls (a modicum of tax pain should be universally felt, he thought, to reinforce in people's minds the cost of government).

In 1981 President Reagan appointed him Under Secretary of the Treasury for Tax and Economic Affairs. That class of appointees included Paul Craig Roberts, Martin Anderson, and Lawrence Kudlow. Ture was probably the only one of them taken seriously by academic economists —an honor he doubtless viewed with mixed feelings. He resigned in protest over the 1982 tax bill.

Ture was a major contributor to "The Real Reagan Record," the August 1992 special issue of National Review on the economic legacy of the Reagan Administration, which he had done so much to shape. The econom-

Bill Puts Up the Presidential Feet

The end of summer, *Congress* takes a rest.
Once more o'th'*Vineyard* I shall make conquest
And, after months of diets, really eat,
Hobnob with *Kennedys*, play golf (and cheat).
It's time to kick the shoes off, lose the stress;
No worries more, not even *UPS*.
The *Teamsters* won the strike, though it was scary;
Now my investment's paying off in *Carey*.
What though some judge says his election's void,
Or that the legal bloodhounds are deployed
To find the *Union* money thought to be
(By some) new-laundered through the *DNC*?
The rank and file will now be so euphoric
That stuff like that will seem quite prehistoric.

Thus unemployment's low, the market high,
So all *my* past the world will let slide by.
No more than small embarrassments my deeds,
Like cruel eugenics practiced by the *Swedes*.
Sometimes I feel this new place where I'm at
Is paradise—but so was *Montserrat*
Until self-satisfaction's healthy glow,
As magma, made the old volcano blow.
Yet what, you've got to wonder, 'ld bring me down?
Offering a hundred Gs to *L. D. Brown*
To keep him quiet? But Brown said it was done,
And no one noticed! Hey! That ain't no fun!
The dogs of *Party* bark with might and main,
But who's afraid? The *Media* hold their chain.
Meanwhile, *Newt* plots his parries and attacks:
Come th'year 2000—back to the *Flat Tax*!
E'en *Gore* can hit off that familiar pitch:
"My God!" (he'll cry) "A tax break for the rich!"
No, *God's* in's *Heav'n*, all's well in my *D.C.*
And *NOW* (in Utah) touts *Polygamy*.
Hot damn! By May, such women and their clones
Will praise me that I hit on *Paula Jones*!

—Juvenal

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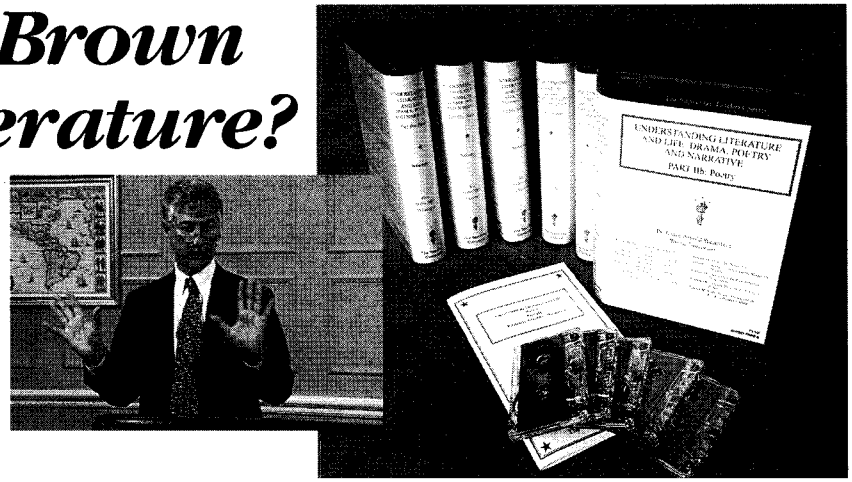

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ic fraternity will miss him, even as the economy benefits from the long-term effects of his analyses.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Who was pulling whose leg? JMcF ["Notes and Asides," July 28] cited a sentence from Evelyn Waugh's letter to the Archbishop of Westminster—"In the provinces [things] are *tohu bohu* (if you will forgive a quotation from a language otherwise unknown to me) . . ."—as "the funniest line Waugh ever wrote . . . an invented couple of words from a language not known, unidentified, and certainly not used within reach of London."

You joined in the merriment, not bothering to set him right. Or is it possible—one trembles to think it—that you have finally met an arcane word in the English language with which you are not on speaking terms?

JMcF asks how one would know what *tohu bohu* means. Simple. Just look it up in any unabridged dictionary, where you'll find that it means "chaos, disorder, confusion." As Waugh obviously knew, it comes from Hebrew.

He was a dazzling stylist, but verbal invention was not his game. His letter was straightforward, and he expected the archbishop to understand it. Although Waugh, who didn't like Jews any more than he liked Americans or most other people, took pains to note that Hebrew was a language "otherwise unknown" to him, it *has* been taught at Oxford (and the Vatican) for quite a few centuries.

You *were* kidding, weren't you?

Cordially,
Rosanne Klass
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

. . . Mr. JMcF calls *tohu bohu* "a great device—an invented couple of words from a language not known, unidentified, and certainly not used within reach of London. But the effect is terrific."

Mr. McF errs in thinking Waugh invented the phrase. The second verse of Genesis, in the King James version, states: "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." In the original Hebrew, "without form and void" is "*tohu bohu*."

This particular quote from Waugh's correspondence demonstrates his knowledge of the Bible rather than his inventive humor. But the effect is still terrific.

Sincerely,
Shari Hillman
Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Bill:

"What language, one wonders, was spoken in Waugh's provinces. . . ." The language is Hebrew, at Genesis I:2. *Tohu bohu* (more literately, *thohu wa-bhohu*), "emptiness and desolation," is translated in the 1611 English Bible as "without forme, and voyd." The phrase was current among Victorians, in and out of vicarages, as a learned witticism, and meant something like Oliver Hardy's "one fine mess."

with best wishes,
Guy [Davenport]
Lexington, Ky.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your man JMcF wonders what Waugh meant by saying that, on matters of liturgy, things were *tohu bohu* in the provinces. Hebrew, don't you know; *tohu* (תֹּהוּ) means "nothingness" or (as an adjective) "without form," and *bohu* (בֹּהוּ) means "waste" or "void." Hence Genesis I:2: "And the earth was without form, and void" (with the conjunction, pronounced *tohu vabohu*).

I don't know how things are in Roman Catholic churches. On *our* side—well, some verse 2, some verse 3.

Cordially,
Barton Swaim
Charlotte, N.C.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Tohu bohu is taken from Genesis in Hebrew, "without form, and void." It's found in Merriam's unabridged and in the New Shorter Oxford English dictionaries as an English word. In fact, Ronald Reagan used it in his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*

Best regards,
Dan Pratt
DLPratt123@aol.com

Dear Mr. Buckley:

A wonderful juxtaposition of items: the painfully thoughtful obituary for Gerhart Niemeyer and the painfully superficial treatment of Evelyn Waugh's remark on *tohu bohu* (that should actually read *tohu vabohu*).

And now, perhaps, you will understand better what Waugh thought of life in the provinces. I, for one, think Waugh knew more than he let on about Hebrew and the mother religion. Certainly Mr. Niemeyer did.

Sincerely,
U Harold Males
University Heights, Ohio

Dear Mr. Buckley:

. . . you have perhaps already heard from many rabbis, priests, ministers, professors of Hebrew, and seminarians concerning JMcF's hilarious display of ignorance and your correspondingly clueless response . . . Or were you just testing your readers?

Your devoted reader,
Robert Hellam
Seaside, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hellam: Our readers often know more than the editor-at-large. Cordially, **—WFB**

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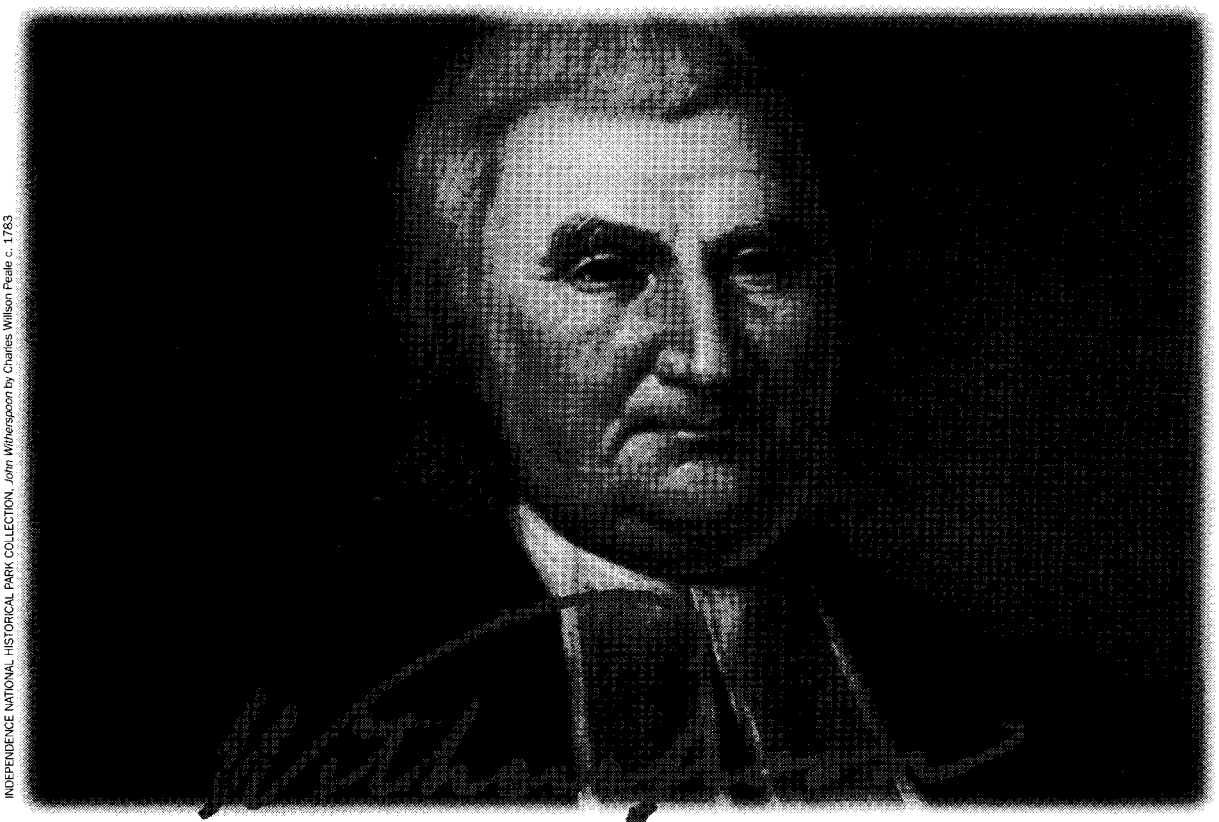
225 years ago, this man was teacher to a U.S. President and Vice-President, 3 Supreme Court justices, 21 senators, 29 congressmen, and 56 state legislators.



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MATTHEW SCULLY

Roman Genn

SAN FRANCISCO

THOSE lawyers sure know how to throw a convention. I have never seen anything quite like it: 13,000 lawyers of the American Bar Association, 2,000 guests, 2,500 meetings, 1,525 featured speakers, a 375-page schedule, 23 hotels, a fleet of buses shuttling around the clock. A press room covering 9,200 square feet, 200 phone lines, 12 Internet connections. And documents—every law manual, journal, study, or handbook you ever dreamed of owning. To quote an ABA press release, "150,000 pounds of materials" borne in on "five semi-trailers," plus another "450,000 pounds of sundry documents produced on site." It was "the largest gathering of lawyers ever in one place."

I figure at a total of 600,000 pounds of documents, and 15,000 total members and guests, I was entitled to exactly 40 pounds of material. As my footman did not accompany me on this trip, however, I was able to carry off just 23 pounds. The documents are now piled here right beside me awaiting my study and review.

Well, maybe a few preliminary observations are in order first. One thought might bear upon this very mass of material. Why is there so much of it? The law necessarily involves paperwork and documentation. But you get the feeling after a week with the ABA that in the legal profession these days, quantity is everything. In what other walk of life would they try luring you to their convention with brochures touting "1,525 confirmed speakers"? Success in law seems to be measured now by volume, and accomplishment in tonnage.

I missed a lot in the blur of events, but one thing that stands out was the ABA EXPO 97. You walk in there, a hangar-sized ballroom at the Hyatt, and the first thing you notice is that nearly every one of the 185 services and products for sale is aimed at expanding legal practices and raising their profits, without any apparent sense of limits. This is now taken as the self-evident and proper aim of each attorney and practice.

There were the obvious operators like the man who handed me a pamphlet for something called Injury Helpline. The way this works is, you buy into an 800 number they advertise in targeted TV markets around America, "targeted" meaning their ads will be aired during *Rolanda* and afternoon reruns of Seventies sitcoms. They'll refer the injured and aggrieved to you, in exchange for which you pay a monthly fee but keep (as a banner over their booth puts it) "profits from cases, cases, cases!" They also sell a book called *Guerrilla Marketing Attack for Attorneys*. "Maximize Marketing $$$" says the brochure of a similar outfit, FreeAdvice.com, which will find you slip & fall accident cases, illegal-immigration cases, drunk-driving cases, whatever. "You keep all the fees you generate."

But even moving on to more respectable-looking booths, what's striking is the common theme. It used to be you had the dirty-shirt personal-injury lawyers who are always with us, but then the starchy legal types who seemed to retain some sense of belonging to an honorable profession. Civil litigation used to be recognized as by definition an unproductive enterprise. In the grand economic scheme, it's all overhead. Now it's seen as just the opposite. Litigation is a giant industry all by itself, producing trouble, legal fees, and little else, without even much pretense any more about the purpose of it all.

The higher-end vendors will help you form class actions or consolidations for "mass torts" cases. They'll find you medical experts, product-liability experts, experts specializing in other areas of law, experts in most anything—all "screened" for previous courtroom experience, as one brochure puts it, "for those intangible personal qualities that make for a compelling witness."

"Please send me more information on the following Mealey titles," says a leaflet from Mealey Publications: "Asbestos, Biotechnology, Breast Implants, Emerging Toxic Torts, Superfund, Tobacco," and so on. You'll get this "often on the same day a story breaks," the better to get in on the deal early.

I guess I am the last person in America to discover there is no such thing any more as a plaintiff lawyer hanging out his shingle and waiting for clients to come a-calling. You have to be aggressive today. You need a marketing strategy. You need data bases, litigation support services, client finders, jury profilers, witness screeners. "Law," as Mealey's puts it, "is *business*," and indeed there is even a regular publication called *Mealey's Attorney Fees* devoted entirely to breaking news on the fee front: "Missouri Appeals Court Affirms Attorneys' Fee Award in Class Action." "Sixth Circuit Affirms Contingency Fee, Interest in $103.5-Million Case."

Take even a futile but lofty-sounding project like The World Law Institute Inaugural Forum, soon to be hosted in Atlanta by Jimmy Carter and Mikhail Gorbachev. Along with world peace and the rule of law, I notice, the Institute also seeks to spread the benefits of our own damage-award system—in which lawyers get a third or more of the swag—out across the planet.

The whole idea of unlimited jury awards and contingency-fee litigation is,

Mr. Scully, formerly NR*'s literary editor, is a writer in Arlington, Va.*

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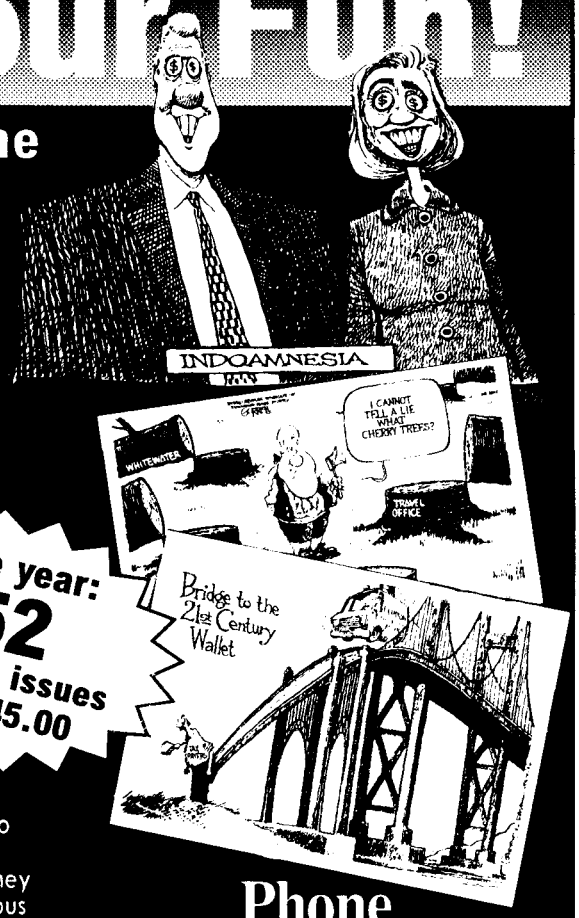

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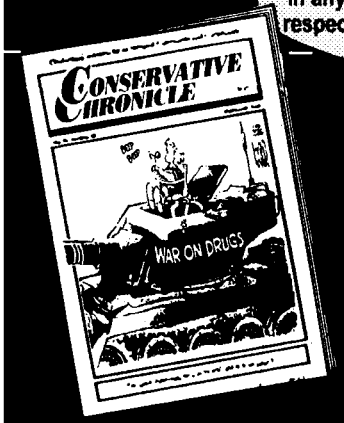

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we forget, almost exclusive to America, and even here of recent origin. Lawyers speak of the contingency-fee principle (needed to draw "competent attorneys" to "risky" cases, thereby giving the common man "access to our courts") as if it were of hallowed lineage dating back to the Magna Carta. But in Europe to this day it is considered a corrupting influence precisely because it inflates the costs of litigation and makes the lawyer himself a party to the suit. It clouds the judgment with thoughts of money.

I am certain of this because, during a period of long reflection in the Hyatt lobby, I spotted a group of eminent-looking men who turned out to be the Supreme Court of Ireland. The first thing American lawyers visiting Europe remark upon, they tell me, is the absence of any contingency-fee incentives. Our attorneys just can't figure out why European courts have not adopted this vital reform yet. The answer, to paraphrase Justice Hugh O'Flaherty, is that it twists the purpose of civil proceedings, which is not to make lawyers rich but to remedy specific wrongs and apply justice to the case at hand. Ireland, he notes, hardly lacks for litigation. Indeed, without a contingency system to drive up costs, the ordinary person probably has greater access to counsel and courts.

There are ten basic doctrines a lawyer may invoke at settlement time to increase his fees.

I have this from a Supreme Court, so there will no objection or appeal here. If I learned anything during a week with 13,000 lawyers, it is this: They are far too preoccupied with cases, cases, cases—neglecting justice, justice, justice. The contingency system and lawyer advertising, the latter declared a protected right just twenty years ago, are equally insidious and should be undone by Congress, with the go-ahead from any five Justices who want to save their profession from further shame and self-destruction.

Deciding which of the 2,500 meetings to attend was, like law itself, a constant weighing of greater and lesser goods: Should I take in that three-hour, 26-lawyer roundtable at the Renaissance on "The Global Economy—Implications for Law and Legal Practice"? Of course. But that means giving up the three-hour, 11-lawyer "Hot Topics in Environmental Law" across town at the Westin St. Francis. And on and on, dilemma upon painful dilemma.

Needed was a delicate balance, and above all one giant act of self-mortification: I would have to give up the ABA House of Delegates. All two days of deliberations. No exceptions. No loopholes. Not one debate on any of the 112 issues being considered. I met up with some Federalist Society critics of the ABA handing out their *ABA Watch* leaflets, and they made the point that this 525-member "House" passes resolutions on all kinds of public matters having nothing to do with law. (This year the ABA was Resolved that states shall not pass English-only laws, Resolved that something be done about homelessness and poverty, Resolved that "the Hague Convention" shall be adopted by Congress.) This is true: many of the ABA's 1,000-plus official policies on the books are irrelevant to law. But I'm not so sure it's something to worry about. What's more, this criticism overlooks the tremendous value of the resolutions and other documents issuing from the ABA House of Delegates. I support the work of the House, and with me are the stockholders of Xerox, Kinko's, and U-Haul.

The program directed reporters to "Presidential Showcase Events" like House debates and Justice Anthony Kennedy's "Law and Belief" address (". . . We must restore civility to every part of our legal system and public discourse. . . ."). We weren't really supposed to attend lawyer-to-lawyer workshops. But I think of programs as living documents and so went anyway, passing much of my time in the Litigation Division, with 57,387 members the ABA's second-largest group, and the Labor & Employment Division, with 19,862 the seventh but fastest-growing division. (If you really want a statistic to mull over, the largest ABA group is the Young Lawyers Division—109,476 lawyers who have hardly begun to make their mark in the world.)

I learned and profited much from these sessions. For example, in "Successful Settlement Negotiations: Taxability of Damages in Employment Cases," I picked up some pointers in limiting tax exposure of punitive damages and lawyers' fees, "a very evolving area." Key point: Since damages for pain and suffering are now taxed under IRS Ruling 93-88, but damages for physical injuries are untaxed, cast your legal claims accordingly. Don't say "emotional trauma." Say "insomnia, headaches, nausea." Keep it physical.

In "Judicial Independence" I listened to nine attorneys and judges discussing the need for a judiciary free from the political pressures of the moment. The lights were then dimmed so we could watch one in a series of focus groups commissioned by the ABA. Then someone briefed us on an ABA/Gallup poll just completed. It all went to show the importance of keeping the legal profession above the hurly-burly of popular pressures, and if anyone doubts this they have polls and focus groups to prove it.

But the real highlight was a class called "Proving and Defending Attorney Fee Petitions in Employment Litigation." Waiting for this workshop to begin I skimmed *Employment Termination Rights and Remedies*, an imposing leather volume of 1,065 pages that could be Blackstone's, except that if you gave it to Blackstone, he wouldn't have a clue what it was about. Like its companion volume *Mental and Emotional Injuries in Employment Litigation*, the book could better be titled *How to Avoid Work and Get Something for Nothing*. The thing is full of "doctrines," diagnoses, and worker disabilities like "Hypochondriasis," "Adjustment Disorder," "Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder," "Histrionic Personality Disorder"—all actionable if an employer fails to accommodate the sufferer. People win millions of dollars making such claims. Even "Malingering" gets the full legal treatment: though without any known "organic explanation," for that very reason a malingerer might be left feeling "vulnerable" and thus "subject to mistreatment." Denial of proper attention could be actionable.

ENTERING the class, I felt signs of the disease coming on in myself, but it turned out to be a very instructive session. There are, I discovered, ten basic doctrines a lawyer may invoke at settlement time to increase his fees. Variously called "upward adjustments" or "multipliers," and each "supported by a substantial body of case law," they are: 1) Risk. 2) Undesirability. 3) Novelty and Difficulty. 4) Unpopularity. 5) Complex Issues Dealing with a Difficult Adversary. 6) Delay. 7) Preclusion of Employment. 8) Superior Quality of Work. 9) Exception-

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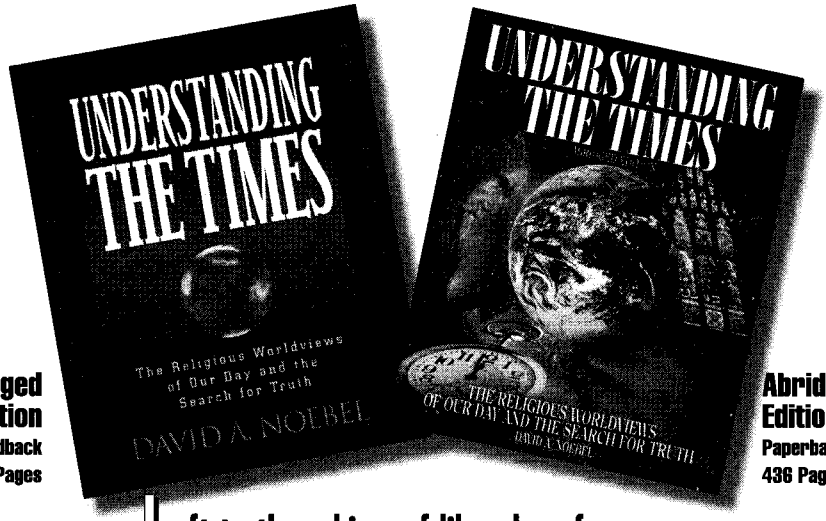
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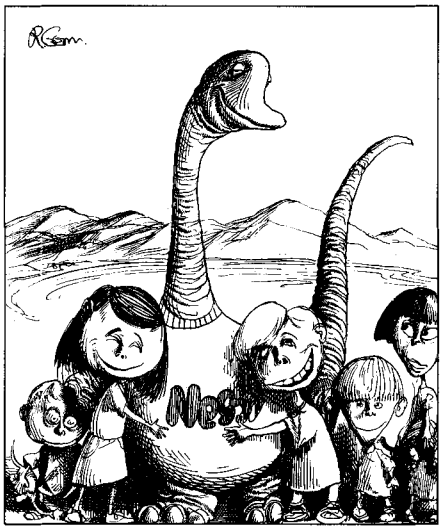
al Results. And 10) Burden of Justifying Fees. Note, please, 7 and 10: bill for time you could have worked were it not for the distraction of the work you did. And if you're forced to defend your bill, bill for that time too.

In other fields, this is known as bill-padding. Sometimes, it's called fraud. In the legal profession they used to call it grounds for discipline, if not disbarment. Now it's called an "upward adjustment," meaning a downward adjustment for whatever party is being fleeced in the case at hand. If the doctrine carried over into journalism, I would right now be preparing my Preclusion, Complexity, and Undesirability case against NATIONAL REVIEW. In the fifty or so ABA sessions I visited, the odd person here or there could be seen with pen in hand. This was the only workshop I attended where everyone was taking notes. □

Loch Roswell?

ANDREW STUTTAFORD



Roman Genn

DRUMNADROCHIT

YOU don't believe that a saucer crashed at Roswell, New Mexico? After all, there were, they say, witnesses. Sort of. Military men, a rancher, maybe some archaeologists. Well, to the folks over by Loch Ness that is nothing. They have got a saint, Columba no less, who allegedly saved a swimmer from a "savage beast" in the loch over a thousand years ago.

And it doesn't stop there. The legend survived, and so did the monster—or its descendants—to reappear before John Mackay and his wife in March 1933. Interestingly, they were the proprietors of the Drumnadrochit Hotel, which overlooks the loch. Other sightings soon followed. The world press picked up the story, and the Drumnadrochit Hotel filled its empty rooms.

The sightseers have never really gone away. Drumnadrochit is today still Nessteria's epicenter, visited by well over one hundred thousand people each year. That's not bad for a little Scottish village. To find it, take the hopelessly inadequate A82 west from Inverness. Be prepared to drive slowly behind tour buses, and wait until you see that Barney profile and long green neck rising from the waters. Not inappropriately, it's a fake, a concrete creature wallowing in a Pond Ness rather than the more majestic loch nearby. Nevertheless, it signals arrival at the "Official" Loch Ness Monster Exhibition Centre.

Official it may be (who says?), but it is not alone. The *Original* Loch Ness Visitor Centre is just down the road. Relations between the Loch Ness pair are not too good. Asking at the Official for the way to the Original is as well received as asking a Montague for directions to the Capulet place.

After all, why go elsewhere when the Official Centre is, it claims, the home of the authoritative exhibition? It is certainly impressive, a multi-media presentation with spooky music, "authentic relics of the search" (if not of the monster), clever illuminations, and tantalizing talk of creatures that may, just, perhaps, have survived the Ice Age. Showroom dummies with ZZ Top beards are dressed as ancient Celts. Was the monster their folk memory of dragon-prowed Viking longships? Other mannequins, similar faced but with late-disco-era hair, prefer to be more scientific, crouching in a bathysphere or standing on the deck of a research vessel. They stare out blankly at the tourists, who gaze vacantly back.

Perhaps they should go and see the movie at the Original. There's speculation, scenery, and a good collection of eyewitnesses. A sturdy lot they are too: a priest, honest-looking men in tweed caps, slightly old-fashioned rural faces out of an episode of *Miss Marple*. Exactly the sort of people that Agatha Christie warns us not to trust.

And how right she was. The Loch Ness story is a handbook of human error, more damaging to the notion of eyewitness evidence than Johnnie Cochran. Some people see what they want to believe. An otter becomes a monster's neck, a wave a plesiosaur's wake. Others just make it up. Baron Muenchausen should have settled in Drumnadrochit. He'd have found plenty of hoaxers only too pleased to lend his tales a hand. Or a hippopotamus foot (the 1934 "tracks"). Even the "Surgeon's picture" (the famous one, with what looks like an umbrella handle coming out of the water) was probably a model attached to a toy submarine. Or so says one confession. Which may itself be a hoax.

But there have been serious attempts at research as well, if often of a rather British kind. Cameras have gone adrift and negatives been lost. American money has been asked for (and criticized). Nevertheless, the loch has been surveyed, scrutinized, and sonared. And little has been found. To be sure, there has been an ambiguous photo or two, even a mysterious echo, but little more. Less conventional approaches have done no better. Everything has been tried—psychics, a wizard, bacon. All failures. Perhaps an earlier exorcism was to blame.

We may never find out. The science may be against Nessie, but proving a negative (in this case, that the monster does not exist) is never easy. And the nature of the loch does not help. More than 800 feet deep, 24 miles long, and a mile wide, Loch Ness contains the greatest volume of fresh water in the United Kingdom. The waters themselves are dark, stained with peat. Visibility is poor. To some, underwater photographs from the 1970s can show a flipper, a gargoyle-like head, or "anal folds." To others the pictures merely

(*Continues on page 84*)

The science may be against Nessie, but proving a negative is never easy.

Mr. Stuttaford is a writer in New York City.

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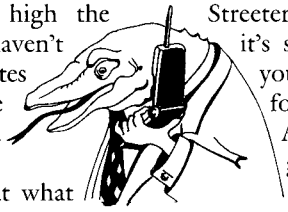
GEKKO

WE'RE coming up to the time of year when the markets have tended to hand out some brisk reminders that there is a force of gravity. For the past several months, investors have been able to tell themselves that however high the market, bear markets haven't started until after interest rates go up. So buying on the dips in both the bond and the stock markets has been a pretty good strategy. But what happens when the Fed, along with market-driven interest rates, starts raising the cost of money? Would that matter any more, now that my self-indulgent boomer cohort has turned into big savers?



First off, let's dispose of the notion, now popular in CNBC commercials, that we've turned into a nation of savers. The savings rate is at a near historic low, below 5 per cent of disposable income. Of course, who needs to save when the stock market is doing your saving for you? Instead of buying generic toothpaste and eating at home, you just have to look up your mutual fund on its Internet page.

There's a reason for this overoptimism. It turns out that there is someone else's money doing the work for you. Along with our record highs in securities prices, special-prosecutor employment, and microprocessor speeds, we also have a record proportion of net foreign purchases of U.S. bonds and securities. Back when it was morning in America, in 1984, net foreign buying of our securities amounted to 2 per cent of our GDP. At the peak of late-Eighties hysteria about the Japanese buying up America, it hit 3 per cent, before dipping into net disinvestment between 1991 and 1994. This year, foreigners are buying U.S. stocks and bonds in amounts in excess of 4 per cent of GDP, and the proportion is still rising.

In other words, by this measurement we now inspire twice the confidence in the rest of the world that we did in the Eighties. And 4 per cent is a very big number. It is well over twice our budget deficit, for example. So we have been able to use their savings to pay for both the budget deficit and a lot of our recent capital gains.

In the old energy-boom days, Wall Streeters would ask promoters: "If it's such a good deal, why can't you sell it in Oklahoma?" Now foreigners might well ask: "If American paper is such a good deal, why can't they sell it in New York?" They might be more inclined to ask this question when the pickup in Europe becomes more visible. There is the beginning of a recovery in growth rates on the Continent—a recovery, mind you, that will leave far too many unemployed. But it will start to require more capital, and we're going to miss that. A revival in Japan seems further off for the moment, but even now there's strong capital spending. Yes, there's financial disaster in the rest of Asia, but taken together the Asian tigers and China are only a third the size of the U.S. economy. Without realizing it, we have come to depend on others' weakness for our market's success. Foreign money is inherently jumpier than domestic. When the flows slow or reverse, we have a problem.

"You should know we're a very young, aggressive company . . . "

■ When I lived in Canada, the superiority of the public sector as a leading force in national development was demonstrated by the country's electric utilities. Thanks to central planning at the provincial level, and to cheap financing available because of the guarantees of a prudent government, Canadians had vast transmission networks and huge, gleaming, Canadian-made generators. In Ontario, those generators were safe Atomic Age wonders, not like the unclean weapons reactors we had in the insensitive, profit-maximizing States.

Little is left of this dream world apart from a pile of yellowing brochures and an even bigger pile of compounding debt. Despite a lingering fondness for Fidel Castro, the Canadians have had their attitude problem with the U.S. downsized over the past decade, so that you don't get lectures any more of the sort I had to endure over my years there. But the consequences of the overbuilt provincial utilities linger on. Investors should take note of a recent development. Ontario Hydro was forced to shut down 7 of the utility's 19 power reactors at a cost of C$6 billion to C$8 billion. That is a lowball estimate, by the way.

But that is the good news compared to another party favor at the taxpayers' table, one that is getting less play. There is also C$15 billion in additional decommissioning costs which these brilliant central planners did not put aside and which will have to be paid by the taxpayers or the utility ratepayers—in short, by the public in one name or another. By the way, the "safe" reactors the money bought leaked like the Justice Department. Repairs and modifications will add billions more to the tab.

And given the new deregulated electricity market next door in the States, the high-cost centrally planned reactors are not going to be competitive. That means that provincial taxpayers/ratepayers will be picking up perhaps C$50 billion or more in "stranded costs" for their electric utility. That's over C$6,000 for every man, woman, and child in the province. Thanks for the life lesson, guys.

■ Clinton dropped a postcard to Al Gore. "Had a wonderful time doing nothing for the past three weeks. Now I know what it's like to be VP."

—JOHN DIZARD

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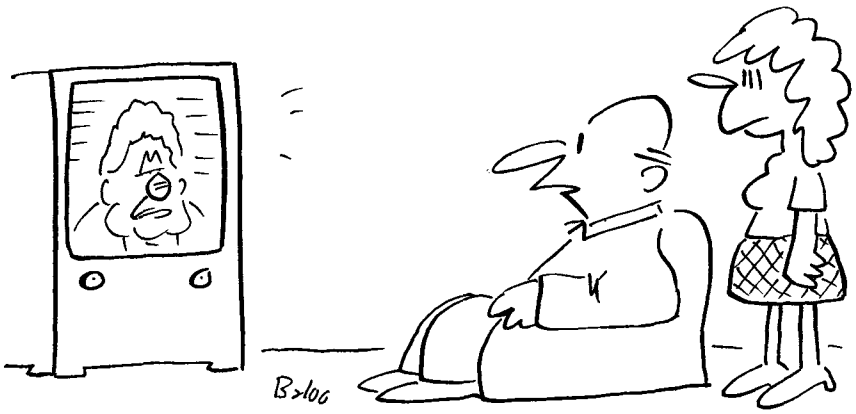
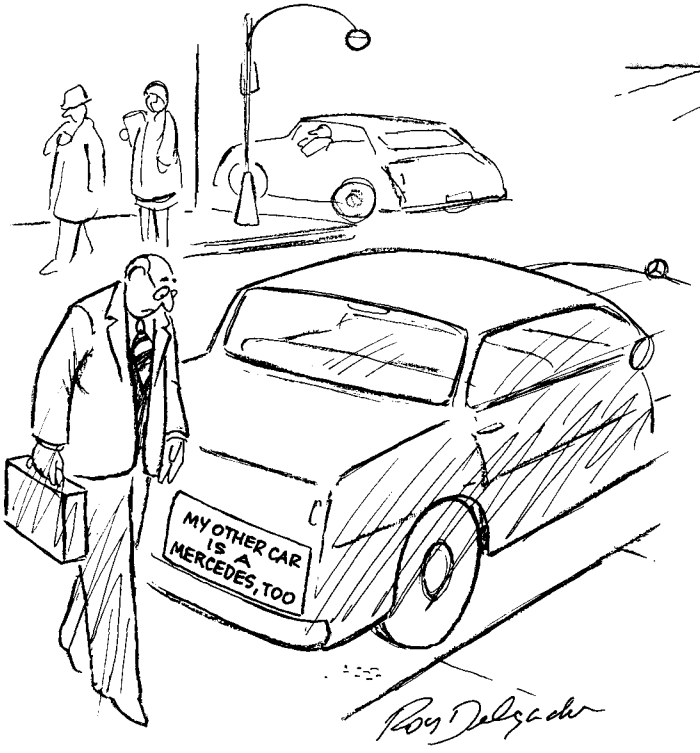
Some Months Later

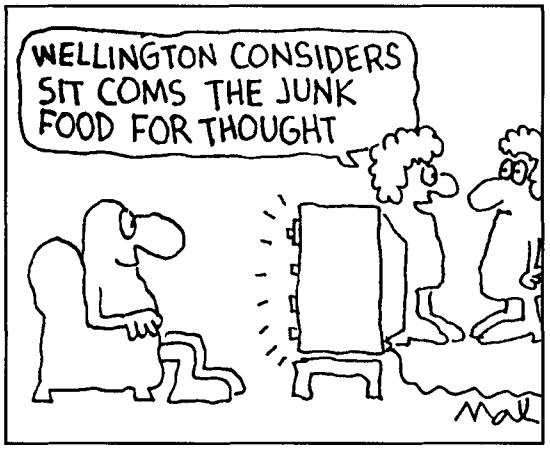
Something's rotten. Serbska Serbs
Glare at NATO in the 'burbs,
While in Belgrade, Slobodan
Rules the rump left like a con.
Meanwhile, Mladic, fancy free,
Summers near the cobalt sea
As the troops (they're out in June)
Studiously shun High Noon.

—W. H. von Dreele



"That's a new one — now he says the cat ate the budget agreement."





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KEITH WINDSCHUTTLE

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MICHEL Foucault opens his book *The Order of Things* with a paragraph that has become one of his most famous. Foucault describes a passage from "a certain Chinese encyclopedia" that, he claims, breaks up all the ordered surfaces of our thoughts. By "our" thoughts, he means Western thought in the modern era. The encyclopedia divides animals into the following categories: "a) belonging to the Emperor, b) embalmed, c) tame, d) sucking pigs, e) sirens, f) fabulous, g) stray dogs, h) included in the present classification, i) frenzied, j) innumerable, k) drawn with a very fine camelhair brush, l) *et cetera*, m) having just broken the water pitcher, n) that from a long way off look like flies." Foucault writes that, thanks to "the wonderment of this taxonomy," we can apprehend not only "the exotic charm of another system of thought" but also "the limitation of our own." What the taxonomy or form of classification reveals, says Foucault, is that "there would appear to be, then, at the other extremity of the earth we inhabit, a culture . . . that does not distribute the multiplicity of existing things into any of the categories that make it possible for us to name, speak and think." The stark impossibility of our thinking in this way, Foucault says, demonstrates the existence of an entirely different system of rationality.

In May 1995 I gave a paper to a seminar in the Department of History at the University of Sydney, Australia. Although most of the postmodernists in the department declined to attend, they deputized one of their number, Alastair MacLachlan, to reply and, they hoped, to tear me apart. My respondent opened his remarks by citing Foucault and the Chinese taxonomy. Didn't I realize, he chided, that other cultures have such dramatically different conceptual schemes that traditional assumptions of Western historiography are inadequate for the task of understanding them?

There is, however, a problem rarely mentioned by those who cite the Chinese taxonomy as evidence for these claims. No Chinese encyclopedia has ever described animals under the classification listed by Foucault. In fact, there is no evidence that any Chinese person has ever thought about animals in this way. The taxonomy is fictitious. It is the invention of the Argentinian short-story writer and poet Jorge Luis Borges.

This revelation would in no way disturb the assumptions of the typical postmodernist thinker, who believes that the distinction between fact and fiction is arbitrary anyway. Foucault himself openly cites Borges as his source. The example is now so frequently cited in academic texts and debates that it is taken as a piece of credible evidence about non-Western cultures. It deserves to be seen, rather, as evidence of the degeneration of standards of argument in the Western academy.

THE American ethnographer Marshall Sahlins cites Foucault and the Chinese taxonomy as part of his case against his opponent Gananath Obeyesekere, in what has developed into the most hotly contested debate in anthropology of recent times. In his 1992 book, *The Apotheosis of Captain Cook,* Obeyesekere denied the thesis of Sahlins that the natives of Hawaii in 1779 had regarded Captain James Cook as their returned god Lono. Obeyesekere claimed that the Hawaiians had too much "practical rationality" to mistake an Englishman, who wore strange clothes, spoke no Hawaiian, and knew nothing of their religious beliefs or practices, for one of their gods. In his 1995 book *How "Natives" Think*, Sahlins replied that Obeyesekere, although Sri Lankan, is captive to Western concepts, a man who cannot think outside this form of rationality and who imagines that Western thought constitutes the universal mind of humanity. However, says Sahlins, the existence of radically different systems of classification like that of the Chinese encyclopedia is evidence that different cultures order their perceptions in radically different ways.

Should we assume that the National Heart Foundation has become possessed of a different rationality?

Sahlins does not rely entirely on fictional evidence but also cites some findings by anthropologists. He gives the example of the Chewa people of Malawi, who classify certain mushrooms in the same group with game animals, rather than with plants, on the basis of the similarities of their flesh. For the Chewa, domestic ducks are not classified with birds, nor with wild ducks.

Unfortunately for Sahlins, it is not difficult to show that this more empirical type of evidence still provides no support for his claim. Let me give one sim-

Mr. Windschuttle is the author of, most recently, The Killing of History: How Literary Critics and Social Theorists Are Murdering Our Past, *from which this article is adapted.* *Copyright ©1997 by Keith Windschuttle. Reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Inc.*

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ple example. I have in front of me a recent document from the National Heart Foundation of Australia. It contains a table classifying plant and animal products. It puts the following items into one group: skim milk, lean red meat, skinless chicken, fresh fish, egg whites, bread, pasta, all fruit and vegetables, legumes, water, tea, coffee, fruit juices. And it links the following together into a second group: coconut oil, butter, whole milk, fried meat, bacon, sausages, egg yolks, croissants, milkshakes, coffee whiteners.

According to the Sahlins view, this table should be a demonstration of the mentality of a radically different culture, which, like the Chewa, puts plant and animal products into the one category. Should we assume that the National Heart Foundation has become possessed of some unfathomably different rationality? Sadly, the answer is more mundane. The first category comprises foods low in cholesterol and saturated fat; the second, foods high in cholesterol or saturated fat.

Surely it is obvious that within any one culture, different uses generate different classifications. There is nothing surprising about a tribe that puts domestic ducks and wild ducks into different categories. We make exactly the same distinction in Western culture, else we would have little use for the words "domestic" and "wild." Indeed, when we classify animals and plants for our own consumption we use groupings not dissimilar to those of the Chewa.

The big difference between our culture and theirs is that we also have a method of classification derived from the science of biology. In fact, biology is the most obvious example of a science whose classifications derive objectively from nature, despite the claims of postmodernists that such a thing is impossible. If animals or plants do not reproduce with each other, they do not constitute a species. This is a taxonomy that existed in nature eons before the emergence of Western science; indeed, it would have existed even if human beings had never evolved to discover it.

SAHLINS places his biggest single emphasis on the "different rationality" of the Hawaiians because of the nature of the charge made against him by Obeyesekere. The Sri Lankan had accused the American not only of not properly understanding the Hawaiian mind but also of perpetuating European myths. As a non-European, Obeyesekere said he was able to spot a European myth when he saw one, and the belief that the natives mistook the white explorers for gods is in this category. The idea that Cook was taken for a god first appeared in print in the oral histories of Hawaiian beliefs recorded by American missionary schools in the 1830s. Since some of these texts contain a number of decidedly non-Polynesian concepts—for instance, that before the Europeans arrived the natives were led by Satan and "living in sin"—the Hawaiians' oral histories had obviously been contaminated by their subsequent conversion to Christianity.

From Obeyesekere's perspective, two issues are raised. First, Sahlins's reputation as an ethnographer who can read a culture of "the other" in its own terms is seriously called into question. Like the missionaries, he seems just another American with a low opinion of the gullible native mind.

Second, there is the broader issue of theoretical interpretation. The theoretical framework in which Sahlins is operating derives from the French structuralist Claude Lévi-Strauss, who proposed that tribal mentalities are locked within their cultures. Events that European "common sense" might suggest would explode their world view—such as the arrival of English sailors with vastly superior technology and with tales of other countries and peoples far beyond the limits of the world previously imagined by the natives—do not have this shattering effect, since people cannot take off their culture as they take off their clothes. Obeyesekere, on the other hand, says that Cook's visit did have a profoundly disruptive impact on Hawaiian culture, all in a matter of weeks. Hence, major events *can* change people's ideas rapidly, and so structuralist theory does not provide a good account of native mentalities in the post-contact period.

The reason there can be such divergent opinions on this issue is that, apart from Hawaiians' memories of their former religion recalled fifty years later, the principal evidence about native beliefs in 1779 comes from the diaries and journals kept by officers and sailors during the relatively brief visits by the English ships. These men had only a smattering of the local language and gleaned what they could of native religious beliefs from observation of their ceremonies.

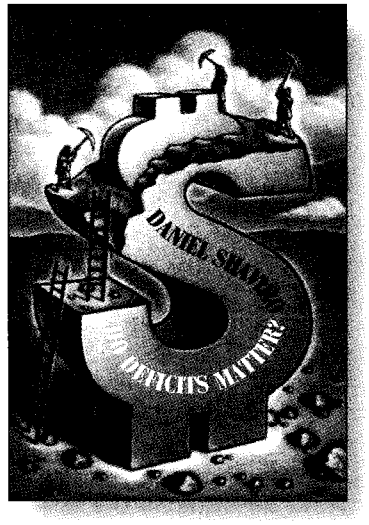
When Cook landed on Hawaii in January 1779 he landed at Kealakekua Bay, close to the site where the procession associated with the Makahiki Festival began and ended. Sahlins's thesis is that Cook was greeted by the natives as the manifestation of Lono—a god associated with peace, games, and agricultural fertility—and worshipped by both commoners and priests as the god. The priests took him to their temples for the appropriate ceremonies.

Cook departed the island but returned ten days later to repair a sprung mast. His return, however, coincided with the period dominated by the warlike god Ku. There were no welcomes this time; rather, the people and their chiefs were sullen and insolent. After an attempt to take the high chief Kalani'opu'u hostage for the return of a stolen cutter, Cook was turned upon by the natives and killed. According to Sahlins, the Hawaiians assaulted Cook because, in the season of Ku, Kalani'opu'u eclipsed the authority of Lono and killed his embodiment to usurp his godly powers.

Obeyesekere's counter-claim is that, instead of treating Cook as a god, the Hawaiians treated him as a chief, most probably to enlist his support in the interminable warfare with the chiefs of other islands in the group. Cook was an obvious foreigner: he did not speak the

DO DEFICITS MATTER?

by Daniel Shaviro



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Hawaiians' language and knew nothing of their religion—unlikely behavior for an Hawaiian god. And instead of conforming to Lono's mythical procession around the island by land, Cook circled the island by sea.

Moreover, the rituals the islanders performed on Cook's arrival show he was not regarded as a god; for example, he was made to genuflect in a temple before an image of the god Ku. This was something a chief could do but a god could not. At the ceremony, Cook was wrapped in red tapa cloth, a garment that other chiefs wore. The Hawaiian chiefs and priests did not prostrate themselves before Cook as they would before a god. Only the common people prostrated themselves, as they normally did for their chiefs. While Cook was certainly given the name Lono, it was not unusual for chiefs and priests to be given divine names. One of the priests who greeted Cook was also named Lono.

Above all, Cook's death did not conform to Hawaiian beliefs about the legendary clash between Lono and the chief. This clash happened during the Kal'i ritual in which the king comes ashore with his warriors to confront the god, who stands before his temple. A warrior of the god attacks the king with spears. One of these touches the king and he dies a symbolic death as a foreign being, but at the same time is reborn as a Hawaiian sovereign. A sham battle ensues in which the king emerges as conqueror. Sahlins argues that Cook met his death because the warriors of King Kalani'opu'u were re-enacting the Kal'i ritual. But he also acknowledges that the events on the fateful day, February 14, 1779, diverged in a number of ways from the detail of the ritual.

This is where Sahlins loses the argument. There is so much discrepancy between his own account of what Hawaiian religion expects to occur between Lono and the warrior king, and what actually happened. First, when Cook went to Kalani'opu'u's house he was not treated as some kind of hostile god who had returned "out of season." He was still regarded highly by the Hawaiians, who prostrated themselves before him and, while he waited for Kalani'opu'u to waken, presented him once again with gifts of pigs and red tapa cloth. Second, in the Kal'i ritual, it is not the god who comes in from the sea but the king. He then confronts the god on shore. Sahlins acknowledges this but still insists that the scene was "reminiscent of the climactic ritual battle, the Kal'i, but played in reverse. The god Lono (Cook) was wading ashore with his warriors to confront the king." However, even in this "mirror image" version, the "cosmic confrontation" did not occur in the way Sahlins says it did. Cook was not killed while wading ashore but had been on land for hours. When the attack occurred, the English were running through the water away from the beach, trying to get to their boats. Third, the king himself did not initiate any confrontation with Cook. If he was the "upstart" representative of Ku, he appeared completely unaware of it himself until his wife persuaded him that Cook threatened his life. In direct opposition to the ritual, it was Cook, the supposed manifestation of Lono, who was the aggressor.

The credibility of Sahlins's account thus depends on his readers' accepting the notion that so many aspects of the ritual could actually be "played in reverse" and that the ancient Hawaiians would see it that way, despite their religious traditions. On the other hand, a "Western bourgeois" interpretation would read the events in far more prosaic fashion. Kalani'opu'u's wife was worried that if he went with Cook he would suffer the same fate as Kalimu, who had just been shot by Cook's blockading party. So the Hawaiians attacked the English to save their king's life. The central issue comes down to a matter of choice between anthropological "readings" of the events on the beach that day, and the "bourgeois" reading is less inconsistent and inherently more probable. Plainly, it is the reading by Sahlins that imposes its own interpretation on the native mind.

And not accidentally. Anyone who adopts a structuralist approach has already decided a great deal about how the story of what happened in history will be told. Structuralism imposes the primacy of culture onto history in the same way that Marxism imposes the primacy of the class struggle. It believes the world is made of language and culture in the way that Marxism believes the basis of society is the means of production. In postmodernist jargon, both structuralism and Marxism "decenter the subject"—they reduce or omit the impact of the individual upon history. Every one of these concepts and assumptions is a product of Western social theory and, from the perspective of "the other"—such as the ancient Hawaiians who believed that the gods were immanent in animate and inanimate objects alike—makes no sense at all. □

The Mismeasures of Gould

J. PHILIPPE RUSHTON

"[Steven Jay] Gould occupies a rather curious position, particularly on his side of the Atlantic. Because of the excellence of his essays, he has come to be seen by non-biologists as the pre-eminent evolutionary theorist. In contrast, the evolutionary biologists with whom I have discussed his work tend to see him as a man whose ideas are so confused as to be hardly worth bothering with, but as one who should not be publicly criticized because he is at least on our side against the creationists."

YEP, that's *the* Steven Jay Gould—Harvard paleontologist, best-selling science popularizer, *Natural History* magazine columnist, and media superstar—in the opinion of John Maynard Smith, one of the founders of modern evolutionary theory. Smith's skepticism about Gould is pervasive among his peers. Daniel Dennett's brilliant 1995 book, *Darwin's Dangerous Idea,* was largely devoted to dispelling Gouldian misinformation. John Alcock, author of standard animal-behavior textbooks, recently described Gould as "consistently employing the same limited set of debating techniques and stylistic devices . . . while simply ignoring evidence to the contrary."

This civil war among evolutionists has now burst into the open. Gould struck back, with his trademark deceptive elegance, in *The New York Review of Books* (June 12, June 26, August 14), house organ of the New York intelligentsia that has long been his real constituency.

Mr. Rushton is professor of psychology at the University of Western Ontario in London. This article is adapted from his review in the refereed academic journal Personality and Individual Differences, *Vol. 23, pp. 169-180.*

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The point at issue between the evolutionists and Gould seems arcane. Does evolution proceed gradually or through "punctuated equilibrium"—immobility interrupted by transforming upheaval? Gould's preference for the latter reflects his left-wing politics—for evolutionary upheavals, read social revolutions. Yet it may also be traced to his refusal to admit that systematic differences, probably evolutionary in origin, exist among human beings.

That same refusal regularly distorts Gould's 1981 *The Mismeasure of Man*, now reissued in a "revised and expanded" edition (Norton, $13.95). *The Mismeasure of Man* (which in its first version sold 250,000 copies, was translated into ten languages, and became required reading for undergraduate and even graduate classes) dealt with questions that are delicate, controversial, and (to the scientific layman) even discomfiting: IQ, brain size, sex, and race. It did so by unscrupulously mishandling the evidence. The new version—described by the publisher as "an acclaimed classic that refutes the conclusions of *The Bell Curve*"—is expanded but hardly revised. It regurgitates character assassinations of deceased scientists, misrepresents their work despite published refutation, and studiously withholds 15 years of new research that contradicts every major scientific argument Gould puts forth.

Perhaps the single most devastating development for Gould: new research on brain size. Was he asleep throughout the 1990s—called, with good reason, "The Decade of the Brain"?

Gould originally charged nineteenth-century scientists with "juggling" and "finagling" brain-size data in order to place Northern Europeans at the apex of civilization. Implausibly, he argued that Paul Broca, Francis Galton, and Samuel George Morton, all "finagled" in the *same* direction and by *similar* magnitudes using *different* methods. Gould asks us to believe that Broca "leaned" on his autopsy scales when measuring wet brains by just enough to produce the same differences that Morton caused by "over-packing" empty skulls and that Galton caused with his "extra loose" grip on calipers while measuring heads! Yet even before *Mismeasure*'s first edition, new research was confirming the work of nineteenth-century pioneers. Gould neglected to mention that Leigh Van Valen had already established a positive correlation between brain size and intelligence in 1974.

Subsequently, of course, discoveries using Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI), which creates a three-dimensional image of the living brain, have shown a strong positive correlation (0.44) between brain size and intelligence. And there is more. *The National Collaborative Perinatal Study*, as reported by Sarah Broman and her colleagues, showed that head perimeter measured at birth significantly predicts head perimeter at 7 years—and head perimeter at both ages predicts IQ. Recent studies also show that head size and IQ vary with social class. It is now clear that the nineteenth-century pioneers were right.

The first of the MRI studies were published in the late 1980s/early 1990s in leading, mainstream refereed journals

Roman Genn

like *Intelligence* and the *American Journal of Psychiatry*. My colleagues and I routinely sent Gould copies and asked him what he thought. He never replied. Now he has chosen to withhold all these data from his readers.

Indeed, in the 1996 edition he deletes the very section of his own 1981 book that discussed the brain-size/IQ relation. In 1981, he had pooh-poohed Arthur Jensen's report (in *Bias in Mental Testing*) of a 0.30 correlation between brain-size and IQ—but he omits this dismissal, without explanation, from the revised version. I can only infer that when Gould read Jensen's review of his book (which he mentions), he realized that Jensen's correlation was based on Van Valen's 1974 review and so could no longer be dismissed as "just Jensen." And, given the weight of the new evidence, simply repeating this section verbatim would have destroyed his entire thesis. He therefore left it out.

Is it reasonable, however, to expect brain size and cognitive ability to be related? Yes. H. Haug in 1987 found a correlation of 0.479 between the number of cortical neurons and brain size in humans. Gould dismisses differences in brain size as "trivial." But a difference of one cubic inch in brain size translates into a very nontrivial millions of cortical neurons and hundreds of millions of synapses—a significant difference in mental activity and potential.

It is, of course, relationships between brain size/IQ and sex and race which, understandably, arouse the most anxiety. Some critics have even suggested a social taboo on discussion and research in these fields. That would run counter to the entire tradition of scientific inquiry. Be that as it may, it is surely indisputable that if such research *is* to be conducted, it must be done accurately and scrupulously. And here Gould fails again.

An absolute difference in brain size between men and women has not been disputed since at least the time of Broca (1861). Gould, however, claims that the sex difference disappears when appropriate statistical corrections are made for body size or age of people sampled. But when he used multiple regression to remove the simultaneous influence of height and age, he succeeded in reducing the sex difference by only one-third. He then invoked additional unspecified age and body parameters, claiming that if these could be controlled the entire difference would disappear.

David Ankney in 1992 questioned Gould's methodology. He re-examined autopsy data on 1,261 American adults and found that at any given body surface area or height, men's brains are heavier than women's. His research—since confirmed by my own 1992 survey of 6,325 U.S. Army personnel—attributes only about 30 per cent of the sex difference in brain size to differences in body size.

Admittedly, the brain-size studies present a paradox. Women have proportionately smaller brains than men but, apparently, the same intelligence scores. Ankney suggests that the difference in brain size may relate to those intellectual abilities at which men excel—namely, spatial and mathematical ability—which may require more "brain power" than do verbal abilities. Other theories are that men average slightly higher in general intelligence than do women, and finally that these particular differences in brain size have nothing to do with cognitive ability at all, but reflect greater male

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muscle mass and physical coordination in tasks like throwing and catching.

Similarly, Gould denies that brain weight varies with race. He repeats verbatim his 1981 claim that Samuel George Morton—a giant of nineteenth-century American science—"unconsciously" doctored his results on cranial capacity to prove Caucasian racial superiority. Yet he must know that John S. Michael reported in *Current Anthropology* in 1988 that he had checked Morton's work and found very few errors—and these not in the direction that Gould asserted. Instead, Michael found errors in *Gould's* work.

In my own published work, uncited by Gould, I have shown that brain sizes vary systematically by race—but not to the benefit of Caucasians. For what it is worth, Mongoloids average about a cubic inch more than Caucasoids and over three cubic inches more than Negroids. This result has been corroborated many times since 1980, and by every available technique. And these findings are in line with the (by now) accepted IQ results: the average IQ scores for "African," "Latino," "White," "Asian," and "Jewish" Americans are 85, 89, 103, 106, and 115, respectively. Of course, whether these differences are the result of genetic or environmental influences, and whether (or to what extent) they are remediable by purposeful action—these remain matters of dispute.

GOULD'S faults extend well beyond sins of omission to include sins of commission. His "new" edition repeats the same false accusations about individuals that have been thoroughly refuted since 1981. Thus, Gould leaves unmodified his denigration of Sir Francis Galton as "a dotty Victorian eccentric." This was rightly described by Cambridge statistician A. W. F. Edwards in the *London Review of Books* (1983), as "a thoroughly tendentious portrait." Edwards pointed out that Gould, in a book full of references to correlation, multiple regression, principal-components analysis, and factor analysis, totally failed to inform his students that this whole statistical methodology was pioneered by Galton—and to measure human intelligence.

He also repeats his trashing of Sir Cyril Burt, the eminent British educational psychologist, who reported a heritability for IQ of 77 per cent for identical twins reared apart. After his death in 1971, Burt was widely accused of fabricating his data. However, five separate studies of identical twins raised apart have now corroborated his findings. Two meticulously researched books, by Robert B. Joynson and Ronald Fletcher, have vindicated Burt, describing how he was railroaded by anti-hereditarian zealots. Gould ignores them.

Gould's most inflammatory allegation is to blame IQ testers for increasing the toll of the Holocaust. His thesis is that early IQ testers claimed Jews as a group scored low on their tests. This finding was then allegedly used to support passage of the restrictive Immigration Act of 1924, under which Jewish refugees were denied entry in the 1930s. Gould even claims that Henry H. Goddard in 1917 and Carl C. Brigham in 1923 labeled four-fifths of Jewish immigrants as "feeble-minded . . . morons."

In both cases, this has repeatedly been shown to be untrue. For example, Goddard was testing to see if the standard Binet test identified what were then called "high-grade defectives" as well among immigrants as it did among native-born Americans. (It did.) He explicitly did *not* assert that 80 per cent of Russians, Jews, or any immigrant group *in general* were feeble-minded.

Gould repeats his account despite widely disseminated refutations. Historian of psychology Franz Samelson began setting the record straight in the journal *Social Forces* as early as 1975. Mark Snyderman and the late Richard Herrnstein, writing in *The American Psychologist* in 1983, corroborated Samelson's conclusions and showed that the testing community in general did not view its findings as favoring immigration restriction, and that Congress took virtually no notice of intelligence testing in framing the legislation.

The eminent historian Carl N. Degler, in his 1991 book *In Search of Human Nature*, took Gould to task for ignoring contradictory information. He points out, for example, that the high scores of Orientals did not prevent them from being excluded from immigrating—and that their scores would have embarrassed any attempt to make IQ the basis of immigration policy. Daniel Seligman debunked Gould's anti-testing propaganda in his book *A Question of Intelligence*. Herrnstein and Charles Murray, in their book, *The Bell Curve*, also highlighted the issue in a special boxed section. Gould reviewed *The Bell Curve* (twice!). Yet he ignores

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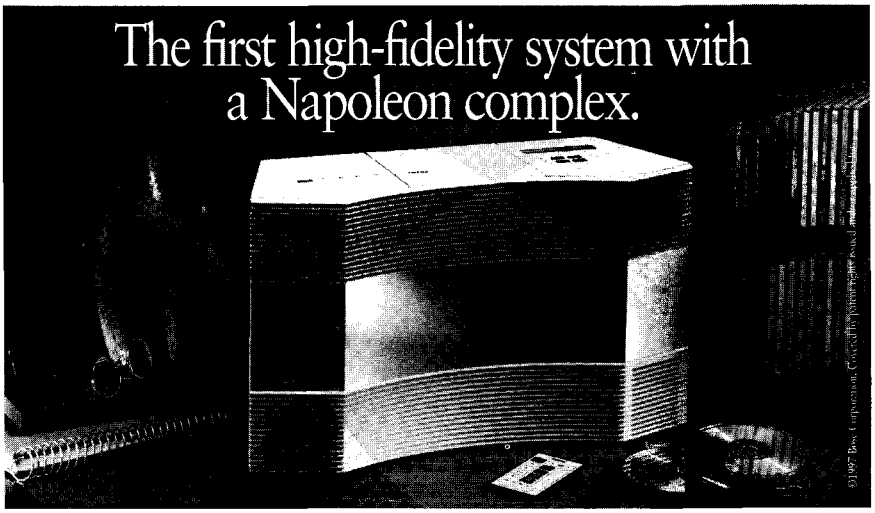

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all these counter-arguments in his "revision."

Indeed, in his account of *The Bell Curve*, Gould charges Herrnstein and Murray with "disingenuousness." He then withholds from readers the fact that their book was principally an empirical analysis of social stratification drawn from the 12-year National Longitudinal Survey of Youth. Most high-IQ 17-year-olds, blacks as well as whites, went on to occupational success in their late twenties and early thirties. Many of those with low IQs, both black and white, went on to welfare dependency. Thus IQ tests are predictive.

Gould's attack on *The Bell Curve* focuses on its use of the "general factor of intelligence," or *g*, which psychometricians hypothesize underlies tests of mental ability. Gould likes to leave his readers chanting the mantra, "*g* is nothing more than an artifact of the mathematical procedure used to calculate it." But every major study shows that different IQ tests tend to be significantly intercorrelated, suggesting an underlying commonality. Thus Nathan Brody, Arthur Jensen, and John Carroll have all provided detailed empirical and analytical demonstrations of the reality of *g* (including, incidentally, a strong correlation with brain size). Gould ignores them all.

Gould employs another technical trick as well as attacking *g*: he continues to argue that findings about IQ differences *within* groups cannot be applied to differences *between* groups. (Curiously, he does not object when environmentalists use nutrition as an explanation of both within-group and between-group differences.) Research has found that racial differences are more pronounced on subtests that are highly heritable than on less heritable tests. This clearly supports the genetic hypothesis. Gould ignores it.

And most transracial adoption studies provide evidence for the heritability of racial differences in IQ. For instance, Korean and Vietnamese children adopted into white American and white Belgian homes were examined by E. A. Clark and J. Hanisee, by M. Frydman and R. Lynn, and by M. Winck *et al.* Many had been hospitalized for malnutrition. But they went on to develop IQs ten or more points higher than their adoptive national norms.

Gould does refer to adoption studies—but only to a German finding of "no difference" between pre-puberty mixed-race children fathered by black soldiers and those fathered by white soldiers. He also mentions a similar result in Minnesota which seems to refer to an early report of the famous Minnesota Transracial Adoption Study. That study has subsequently found, however, that marked black/white differences emerged by age 17. (Environmental influences typically wash out by adolescence.)

FINALLY, Gould continues to ridicule the "ape in some of us" hypothesis proposed by Cesare Lombroso (1836–1909), the founder of criminology. Lombroso argued that many criminals were throwbacks to man's ancestral past, and that "natural-born criminals" could be identified by anatomical signs of primitiveness. (Contrary to Gould, however, Lombroso also believed that criminal behavior could arise in "normal" men.)

The reader of *Mismeasure* will search in vain, however, for even a dismissive reference to recent evidence that criminal behavior does indeed have a biological basis. Adrian Raine has reviewed several studies using MRI, Computerized Tomography, and Positron Emission Tomography to inspect the brains of violent and sexual offenders. He tentatively concluded that frontal-lobe dysfunction was associated with violent behavior, including rape. Further, it has been long established that criminals tend to have lower IQs than non-criminals. So, given the relation between brain size and IQ, Lombroso's finding of a smaller brain in criminals is probably correct.

Even the most deeply held views cannot justify withholding of evidence and character assassination.

Nor does Gould feel compelled to let his readers know that Lombroso's ideas have now received considerable support from behavioral genetics. Studies reported by Raine, David Rowe, and myself show that criminality is substantially more likely to be shared by identical twins than by fraternal twins. This clearly suggests a genetic factor, since both sets of twins share environments, but only identical twins have identical genes. Similarly, American, Danish, and Swedish studies of children adopted in infancy show that adopted children were more likely to be criminals if their biological parents—rather than their adoptive parents—were also criminals.

Even Lombroso's theory of bodily markers is not as far out as Gould would have you believe. It is now understood that drugs in pregnancy or other "insults" to the fetus may disturb its brain development and simultaneously produce a minor physical anomaly (MPA). For example, fetal ears start low on the neck and gradually drift upward. An insult to development can stop this and result in low-set ears—an observable MPA. Thus, the number of MPAs is a rough index of (perhaps hidden) central-nervous-system anomalies.

For children raised in unstable families, Raine found that the number of MPAs at age 12 was related to violent behaviors at age 21. More generally, Raine even found that antisocial children often had more facial deformities, as judged by expert plastic surgeons.

In suppressing the hypothesis that genetics matter in crime by sneering at the long-dead Lombroso and ignoring the latest research, Gould is actively obstructing scientists from finding ways to spare both future victims and delinquents—who, in their own fashion, are also victims. It is thus Gould who is—in Lombroso's words—the delinquent man.

Gould tells us that he originally considered titling his book *Great Is Our Sin,* from Charles Darwin's remark: "If the misery of the poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin." He avers that the scientific study of human differences in mental ability is nothing but an apology for elitist European enslavement and oppression of the rest of the world. This has become the apostle's creed of the adversary culture. However, even the most deeply held views cannot justify withholding evidence, engaging in character assassination, and repeating unfounded charges despite refutations.

"May I end up next to Judas Iscariot, Brutus, and Cassius in the devil's mouth at the center of hell if I ever fail to present my most honest assessment and best judgment of evidence for empirical truth," swears Gould on page 39 of his new introduction. By his own standard, Gould has consigned himself to the innermost circle of hell. But science, fortunately, is neither religion nor politics. Gould can save himself by owning up to the facts and ending his career of relentless special pleading. □

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Burke, Ireland, and America

In the 1770s, Edmund Burke favored independence for America, but not for Ireland—Was he being inconsistent? Venal? Or was he applying the same principles to radically different situations?

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

EDMUND Burke was elected to Parliament in December 1765, in time to take part in the great debate over the Stamp Act. Burke favored repeal, and it seems to have been he who swung his party—the faction of the Whigs led by Lord Rockingham—in that direction. His speech urging the repeal of the Stamp Act, on February 3, 1766, ends with the words: "We have nothing . . . for it, but to let [the colonists] carry across the ocean into the woods and deserts of America the images of the British Constitution; the Penates of an Englishman, to be his Comfort in his Exile, and to be the pledges of his fidelity and to give him an interest in his Dependency on this country."

Horace Walpole, who belonged to a different faction of the Whigs and always had mixed feelings about Burke, noted in his memoirs for January 1766, referring to an earlier speech by Burke on the same subject: "There appeared in this debate a new speaker, whose fame for eloquence soon rose high above the ordinary pitch. His name was Edmund Burke, an Irishman, of a Roman Catholic family, and actually married to one of that persuasion."

Walpole's reference, although implicitly hostile, is substantially accurate. The question arises: Is there a link between Burke's support for the American colonists, and his attitude to Ireland? I think there is, although the evidence is not decisive, and the question is complex.

One of Burke's greatest speeches on America, "On Conciliation with America" (March 1775), presents an idealized view of Ireland's relations to Britain as they stood in the mid 1770s: "It was not English arms, but the English Constitution, that conquered Ireland. . . . This has made Ireland the great and flourishing kingdom that it is, and from a disgrace and burden intolerable to this nation, has rendered her a principal part of our strength and ornament."

In writing in this idealizing vein, Burke ignored the Penal Laws against Catholics still in full force in Ireland. A few years later, in 1778, Burke was enabled—largely because the American war had been going badly ever since the defeat of General Burgoyne at Saratoga in October of 1777—to secure a significant relaxation of those laws in the Catholic Relief Act. From this point on until the end of the American war three years later, there is a complex and uncomfortable interaction between Burke's position on Ireland and his position on America. On the one hand, the Americans' victory at Saratoga—their first major victory of the war—led the French, who had been fighting the British on other fronts in the New World, to join forces with the Americans. The British feared that the French, emboldened by widespread Irish disaffection, would also decide to invade Ireland. It was this British anxiety that enabled Burke to secure the major concession of the Catholic Relief Act. On the other hand, the same mood induced Britain to make major concessions to the Protestants in Ireland. Burke feared that these concessions might eventually lead to independence for "Ireland" — which in the prevailing circumstances would in reality have meant independence for the dominant Irish Protestants, rendering impossible Burke's chief objective: the elimination of all Catholic disabilities. This tension lasted, as far as Burke was concerned, until General Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown in 1781.

The focus of Burke's concerns was the Irish Volunteers, an exclusively Protestant armed body which was fearful of an invasion by France which was still, in the 1770s, deemed to be Catholic. With the lucidity of fascinated malice, Horace Walpole put his finger on the nub of the matter. In October 1779, when the Volunteer movement was

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at its height, Walpole wrote: "The Irish have 28,000 men in arms . . . I dare to say that Mr. Edmund Burke does not approve of those proceedings, for the 28,000 are all Protestants."

Burke was uneasy, but found it impossible to express his uneasiness. His party leader, Lord Rockingham, heartily approved of the Irish Volunteers, whose peculiar position—pro-American and anti-French—though internally strained, was congenial to all the Rockinghams, with the exception of Edmund Burke. For all of Ireland at this time, the question of a possible French invasion was exceedingly fraught, and especially so for the Catholics, Burke's people (although he himself was nominally a Protestant, owing to his father's more or less forced conversion).

Before Saratoga, Irish Catholics showed little interest in America; they may well have been put off by the enthusiasm of Irish Protestants for the American cause. But after Saratoga, most of them probably hoped for a French victory, although they did not say so, for that would have put their lives in danger, to no good purpose.

Irish Catholics could indulge in more candid discourse when beyond the reach of Protestant power. Richard O'Connell, an officer in the French army at this time, said: "Would to God that we were, at this moment 200,000 strong in Ireland . . . I would kick the members [of Parliament] and their Volunteers and their Unions and their Societies to the Devil! I would make the Rascally spawn of Damned Cromwell curse the hour of his Birth!"

Even in Ireland an O'Connell, in the remote family fastness of Derrynane in County Kerry, could afford to give the Irish Volunteers the cold shoulder, provided he did so discreetly. Richard O'Connell's cousin Maurice was invited by a Protestant neighbor to help to establish a Corps of Volunteers in the borough of Iveragh. His reply is masterly, in its use of the style and vocabulary of absolute loyalty in order to convey a complete refusal of any practical support: "I am fully convinced that the Roman Catholic gentlemen of Iveragh would readily unite with their Protestant neighbors . . . to form a Corps did they think such a measure would meet the approbation of the Legislature. They would, in common with every Catholic of standing in Ireland, be exceedingly happy by every means in their power to give additional weight and strength and security to the kingdom; but what can they do while the laws of their country forbid them the use of arms? Under such circumstances, I look upon it to be their duty to confine themselves to that line of conduct marked out for them by the Legislature, and with humility and resignation wait for a further relaxation of the laws, which a more enlightened and liberal way of thinking, added to a clearer and more deliberate attention to the real interests and prosperity of the country, will, I hope, soon bring about."

ON THE surface, the politics of Ireland in 1778 presented a spectacle of unprecedented harmony. Protestants were arming for the defense of their country, and Catholics—those heard from, that is—were supporting their Protestant defenders. The political conjuncture in Britain was more favorable than ever before to the two Irish causes closest to Burke's heart: Catholic emancipation and free trade. Frightened by possible Irish disaffection in the context of the threatened French invasion, the administration of the Tory prime minister, Lord North, decided, as we have seen, on a limited measure of Catholic relief. It also decided, though it later temporarily changed its mind, on a limited relaxation of the restrictions on trade, under which Ireland was forbidden to sell manufactured goods, or much of anything else, to any country (including Britain's colonies) other than Britain. In April and May of 1778, Burke spoke in the Commons in support of the Irish Trade Bills, linking these to events in America: "Ireland was now the chief dependency of the British Crown, and it particularly behooved this country to admit the Irish nation to the privileges of British citizens." Burke's point was that America was as good as lost.

Most Irish Catholics probably hoped for a French victory in America, although they did not say so, for that would have put their lives in danger, to no good purpose.

The Irish Trade Bills were unpopular in Britain, and a backlash set in. Burke acknowledged in the Commons that his support for these bills might result in his being "deprived of his seat." Burke adds that he "should not blame [his constituents] if they did reject him: the event would afford a very useful example, on the one hand of a senator inflexibly adhering to his opinion against interest and against popularity; and, on the other, of constituents exercising their undoubted right of rejection; not on corrupt [grounds], but from their persuasion that he whom they had chosen had acted against the judgment and interest of those he represented."

In 1780, Burke in fact lost his seat. In a speech withdrawing from the contest, he made the only public revelation in his life of the depth of his feelings about the Penal Laws: "In this situation men not only shrink from the frowns of a stern magistrate; but they are obliged to fly from their very species. The seeds of destruction are sown in civil intercourse, in social habitude. The blood of wholesome kindred is infected. Their tables and beds are surrounded with snares. All the means given by Providence to make life safe and comfortable, are perverted into instruments of terror and torment. This species of universal subserviency, that makes the very servant who waits behind your chair the arbiter of your life and fortune, has such a tendency to degrade and abase mankind, and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind, which alone can make us what we ought to be, that I vow to God I would sooner bring myself to put a man to immediate death for opinions at once, than to fret him with a feverish being, tainted with the jail-distemper of a contagious servitude, to keep him above ground an animated mass of putrefaction, corrupted himself, and corrupting all about him."

For Burke the period 1779–80, with the continuing rise of the Volunteers, was one of increasing difficulty. He expressed some of his reservations about the Volunteers in a

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speech in the Commons on March 12, 1779: "Were there not at this very time 11,000 land-forces actually under arms in Ireland without any kind of subordination to the government or any part thereof? . . . Not that he blamed those soldiers. Both the officers and the men, he was sure, deserved every compliment that could be paid them. But was it possible for that House to sit down tamely under such a fact? For his part, he was determined not to sit down before he had sifted the matter to the bottom. With respect to the influence of the noble lord [North], if it produced anything at all, it was one eternal scene of anarchy and confusion. But what alas! was that compared with the anarchy that the noble lord had raised through the whole continent of America?"

Burke's political friends had difficulty in understanding why he took this view of the Irish Volunteers. From the viewpoint of a typical English Whig, the Volunteers were a thoroughly admirable body. That they were true Whigs, their pious observation of the Whig festivals of July 12 and November 4 amply attested. Their patriotism was demonstrated by their voluntary enlistment to resist the French. They were a standing demonstration that Whigs could be pro-American and anti-French at the same time: a point it was important to make, and difficult to get across once the French had become the allies of the Americans. If the Volunteers were admirable in themselves, so also was their political agitation. Their objective, free trade, was also a Whig objective, whose most eloquent advocate in the British Parliament was Edmund Burke. In defying unconstitutional and corrupt practices in Britain and Ireland under the governmental system of George III and his secret advisors, the Irish Volunteers were acting in the best Whig tradition.

Burke's incapacity to communicate seriously with Rockingham and the other Whigs on the subject of Ireland did not matter much in his first 12 years as an MP, because Ireland was not then a matter of pressing concern in British politics. But in 1778, under the French invasion threat, Irish affairs shot to near the top of the British political agenda, and they remained there for four years. Burke's colleagues now engaged in animated discussion of Irish affairs, about which they knew little. Burke, in contrast, knew far more than he could tell about this painful and dangerous subject. It was with Rockingham in particular that communications broke down. As an Irish landlord, Rockingham supported the Irish Volunteers without thinking very deeply about them. When Burke urges the need for a "light and delicate touch" concerning the results of the Volunteers' activities, Rockingham can't see what he is talking about. When Burke warns against the danger of crying, "Danger!" Rockingham cries, "Danger!" at the top of his voice. Burke could not get his message through because the mask he was in the habit of wearing in these particular matters had become also a gag. In other matters, notably American affairs, Burke's influence over Rockingham remained great, even decisive, right up to Rockingham's death in July 1782. In relation to the subject of Ireland he became a tongue-tied and irritable passenger in a vehicle which he felt to be traveling in the wrong direction.

On April 19, 1780, Henry Grattan formally launched the struggle for the legislative independence of Ireland. He introduced the Resolution: "that His most excellent Majesty by and with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Ireland are [*sic*] the only power competent to enact laws to bind Ireland." This was the move Burke had been dreading: a proposal for legislative independence for an exclusively Protestant Irish Parliament.

Burke was now committed to supporting American independence while opposing the independence of his own country, Ireland. This puzzled contemporaries, including friends like Charles James Fox. It is among the puzzles which some twentieth-century historians "solved" by assuming Burke's motivations to be purely opportunistic and venal. But in fact his position is perfectly consistent in principle. He supported independence for America because he saw it as a genuine case of a people demanding its freedom. Grattan's demand for "independence" for "Ireland" is bogus: it means freedom, not for a people, but for a dominant caste, setting it free to perpetuate its domination over the disfranchised and oppressed majority of the population.

Burke could not get his message through, because the mask he was in the habit of wearing in the matter of Ireland had become also a gag.

The distinction is tenable. Yet Burke never explicitly articulated it in a parliamentary debate. More than that, he distracts attention from it. During one debate, he said that "he thought himself called upon not to decline giving his opinion on a subject in which local attachments might be supposed to interfere with his duty."

This was misleading: Burke's strongest "local attachments" did not, as he implies, join him to those in Ireland who were demanding legislative independence, but to the unwilling subjects of those who were making that demand. His picture of himself as an impartial imperial legislator in the Roman style, bound by no ties of affection to any particular group of people, is most unlike the real Burke. This is a persona he assumes at times of stress, as in the Ireland passage of "On Conciliation with America."

HOWEVER large Ireland loomed in the minds of Burke and his contemporaries, it was the course of the American war that dominated this period. Ever since the Battle of Saratoga, in October of 1777, Parliament had witnessed a battle of wills between George III and Rockinghams' Whigs, whose effective leader in the House of Commons was Edmund Burke. In June 1779, George III wrote: "I do not yet despair that with the activity Clinton is inclined to adopt and the Indians in the Rear that the Provinces will even now submit . . . Before I will ever hear of any Man's readiness to come into Office I will expect to see it signed under his hand that he is resolved to keep the Empire entire and that no troops shall be consequently withdrawn from thence nor independence ever allowed." In that last, critically important sentence, the person King George had in mind was Rockingham, the leader

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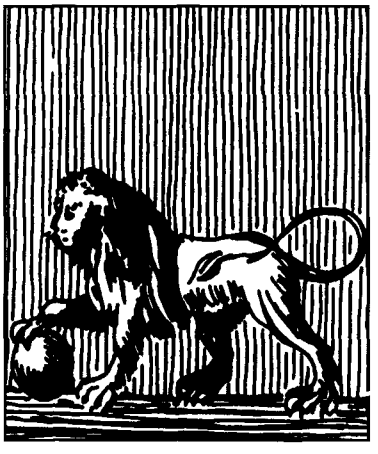
both of parliamentary opposition in general and specifically of opposition to the war in America.

So matters continued until November of 1781, when the news reached London of the surrender of Cornwallis and his army to Washington at Yorktown. The King was determined to carry on the war, by defending the possessions still held by the Crown forces. However, the position of his chief ally in Parliament, Lord North, had been seriously weakened, though not made untenable, by the events at Yorktown. What rendered it untenable was a motion proposed by Lord John Cavendish on March 8, 1782, declaring "that the calamities and expense of the times have proceeded from want of foresight in the ministers." Unlike previous resolutions, this was a motion of no confidence. Both the identity of the mover, and the wording of the motion, are significant. Cavendish was a leading Foxite and nominal leader of the Rockingham party in the Commons; the real leader was Burke, as had been abundantly proved in the two previous sessions. All the previous resolutions had been moved by MPs not belonging to the Rockingham party. By now Burke was the most experienced as well as the most astute and energetic parliamentarian of the opposition, and there can be no doubt he was in charge of parliamentary strategy and tactics for the Rockinghams during these momentous weeks.

An amendment to the motion was moved by Charles Jenkinson, a loyal creature of the King's. The Jenkinson amendment carried, but by a margin of only ten votes: 226 to 216. So narrow a margin was almost equivalent to a defeat. North wrote to King George: "After such division Lord North is obliged to repeat his opinion that it is totally impossible for the present Ministry to conduct His Majesty's business any longer."



The King asked for time and got the Lord Chancellor, Edward Thurlow, to sound Rockingham about "forming an Administration, upon a broad bottom and public views." Thurlow reported to George III Rockingham's conditions for entering an administration. The report began: "On Thursday, March 14, the Marquis came to the Lord Chancellor and said: 'The King must not give a Veto to the independence of America.'"

From the style alone, I am confident that these words—the words that were to end King George's hopes of carrying on a "defensive" war against America—are Burke's. Rockingham, left to himself, would either have set no precondition at all, which is probable, or would have wrapped up his precondition in such courtly phraseology that the King would later have been able to wriggle out of it. In the formulation actually used, the meaning is absolutely plain, at the cost, in terms of the conventions of the time, of pushing discourtesy to the verge of treason. George III may well never before have read or heard a sentence beginning with the words, "The King must not."

The substance of that curt message must have been as startlingly obnoxious as the style. Parliament, even after Yorktown, was not calling for the independence of America; the topic had not been mentioned in any of the resolutions carried or even proposed; it had not even been a theme of debate. Nor was the King at all prepared for any such demand coming from Rockingham. He had laid down that precondition before, in the abortive negotiations of 1780, but North had apparently so toned down Rockingham's message that the King thought Rockingham "evasive" about America. The message received through Thurlow is so far from being evasive that it was designed to preclude evasion on the part of the King.

George resisted for a while—and even wrote out a letter of resignation—but eventually submitted. He consoled himself a year later with the following Royal Reflection: "I cannot conclude without mentioning how sensibly I feel the dismemberment of America from this Empire, and that I should be miserable indeed if I did not feel that no blame on that account can be laid at my door, and did I not know that knavery seems to be so much the striking feature of its Inhabitants that it may not in the end be an evil that they become Aliens to this Kingdom."

LET US, in conclusion, return to the subject of Ireland, as it stood immediately after the American War. Burke's tongue-tied inhibitions about his Catholic associations had permitted Rockingham and Fox to commit themselves to the cause of legislative independence for Ireland. It was the second Rockingham administration which, in 1782, carried through the British Parliament essentially the proposition which Grattan had put to the Irish Parliament on April 19, 1780. Grattan himself believed that Burke had been among those who had then tried to stop him. In his memoirs of his father, the younger Grattan wrote that those who had hitherto appeared as friends of Ireland, the Whigs, "were deterred, some by influence, others by threats, and many by offers and blandishments held out to them, of every kind and description—title, place, and pension. At length, recourse was had to Edmund Burke: even he had been applied to; and he had written to Ireland, condemning these extremes, as they were called, and advising them to stop; 'Will no one speak to this madman?' [he said.] . . . 'Will no one stop this madman Grattan?'

"Such were the feelings and expressions of Mr. Burke, who, though an Irishman, spoke in the phraseology of what he called his 'better and his adopted country.' Such was the language applied to those who struggled for the liberties of their country."

Grattan, like so many others, attributes a perceived anomaly in Burke's conduct to a base motive. Grattan genuinely thought of himself as struggling for "the liberties of his country," which he was brought up to think of as a Protestant country; he could not grasp Burke's resistance to liberties which did not include liberty for Catholics.

Burke's acquiescence in the passage of a measure to whose original introduction he had been so vehemently opposed may appear tame. I think, however, that there is no

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basic contradiction. What had alarmed Burke about Grattan's proposal in 1780 was its tendency. It seemed to be heading in the direction of real independence for the Irish Protestant nation. But what was actually passing through the British Parliament was very much less than that. Legislative independence was largely a sham, as Burke well knew. The British Parliament could at any time withdraw the legislative independence it was now granting, as it was to withdraw it 18 years later.

In nationalist retrospect Burke's hostility to the Volunteers would appear as treacherous: an Irishman siding with England against Ireland.

Burke could accept "legislative independence." He was determined, however, that his friends should proceed no further along the road of concessions to the Irish Protestant version of the Irish nation.

Fox, as Secretary of State in the Fox–North coalition government, aided him in stopping any further movement along this road. Fox wrote to Northington, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: "If they [the Volunteers] are treated as they ought to be—if you show firmness, and that firmness is seconded by the aristocracy and Parliament—I look to their dissolution as a certain and not very distant event; if otherwise I reckon their Government, or rather Anarchy, as firmly established as such a thing is capable of being . . . Volunteers, and soon, possibly, Volunteers without property, will be the only Government in Ireland, unless they are faced this year in a manful manner . . ." Coming from Fox, these robustly anti-Volunteer sentiments are remarkable. It looks as if Burke must have been working on him, and finally brought him round.

In the event, strong measures were not necessary. The Volunteer movement split and dissolved. Even a mild measure of concession to Catholics seems to have been too much for most of them.

IN nationalist retrospect Burke's hostility to the Volunteers would appear as treacherous: an Irishman siding with England against Ireland. Burke, who had to deal with contemporary realities and not with the retrospective fantasies of the future, did not see it that way. He and Theobald Wolfe Tone, who deeply disagreed about so much, had one basic objective in common. Both men wished, and strove hard in their different ways, to bring about the end of the Penal Laws—Tone by seeking eventually to break the connection with England for the benefit of all the Irish, Catholic and Protestant alike. (This led, in 1798, to his court-martial and death, after the failure of the French invasion he had encouraged.) Tone's approach to both the Irish and the American questions was the same.

As for Burke, from 1765 to 1775 he tried to stay the movement toward American independence through timely concessions and the renunciation of imprudent British pretensions. Only in 1778, when all that had failed, did he reluctantly decide that American independence would have to be recognized. And in 1782 he and Rockingham succeeded in imposing the acceptance of that conviction on George III. So with Ireland. In 1778 he had achieved, at the cost of his seat at Bristol, the Catholic Relief Act. (Later, in 1793, he was to achieve another far-reaching measure, bringing Catholic emancipation near to completion.) But though his approach to the two questions was identical, he saw the circumstances—always a key concept with him—as vastly different. With the awkward exception of slaves and slave-owners, the Americans were a people, fighting for their freedom. The Irish Volunteers were merely a caste, which denied to a majority of the Irish people the freedom they demanded for themselves. Burke saw in the Volunteer movement a potential for creating an independent Ireland, dominated by a caste which could not let go, thus perpetuating the Penal Laws. Wolfe Tone would have detested that as much as Burke did, but he does not seem to have seen the danger. (In any case that particular danger had passed by the 1790s, the period of Tone's greatest activity.)

If Tone's ideal had been realized and a mass movement, unifying Catholics and Protestants, had come into force, and if the members of that movement had risen in arms to demand the independence of Ireland, I believe that Edmund Burke would have reluctantly counseled, as he did with America, the recognition of Irish independence. But Tone's ideal was not realized, though nationalist fantasists pretend that it was in 1798; nor has it been realized since. Northern Ireland today is a monument to the unreality of Tone's vision of two centuries ago, while the Republic of Ireland, supposedly dedicated to Tone's ideals, is virtually homogeneously Catholic.

We can conceive of Burke's recognizing Irish independence in the imaginary conditions postulated by Tone. But in the real conditions of his time, he would never have recognized the form of Irish independence that threatened to materialize. Instead of that the Fox–North coalition, advised by Burke, would have been prepared to use force; the threat is implicit in Fox's use of the word "dissolution" in his letter to Northington. And in 1783, with the American War over, the use of force by Britain was a practical option, as it had not been in 1779. General Burgoyne could have had a victory at last. As it was, the Volunteers dissolved themselves. The political purposes on which they had agreed—free trade, which was real, and "legislative independence," which was largely spurious—had been secured. There was nothing left, on which they could agree, that could arouse the old enthusiasm.

The Irish volunteers disappear from history in 1783, but they left behind them a memory and a residue. The memory, being vague and confused, was exploitable for the purposes of nationalism by physical force, as was done half a century later by Thomas Davis, the founder of the Young Ireland movement.

But the residue became potent in Burke's own day and was to plague him. The residue consisted of those—mainly Dissenters—who had hoped to enlist Catholic support for a radical program. This was the seedbed of the Irish Jacobins, with whom Burke would have to contend in the following decade. □

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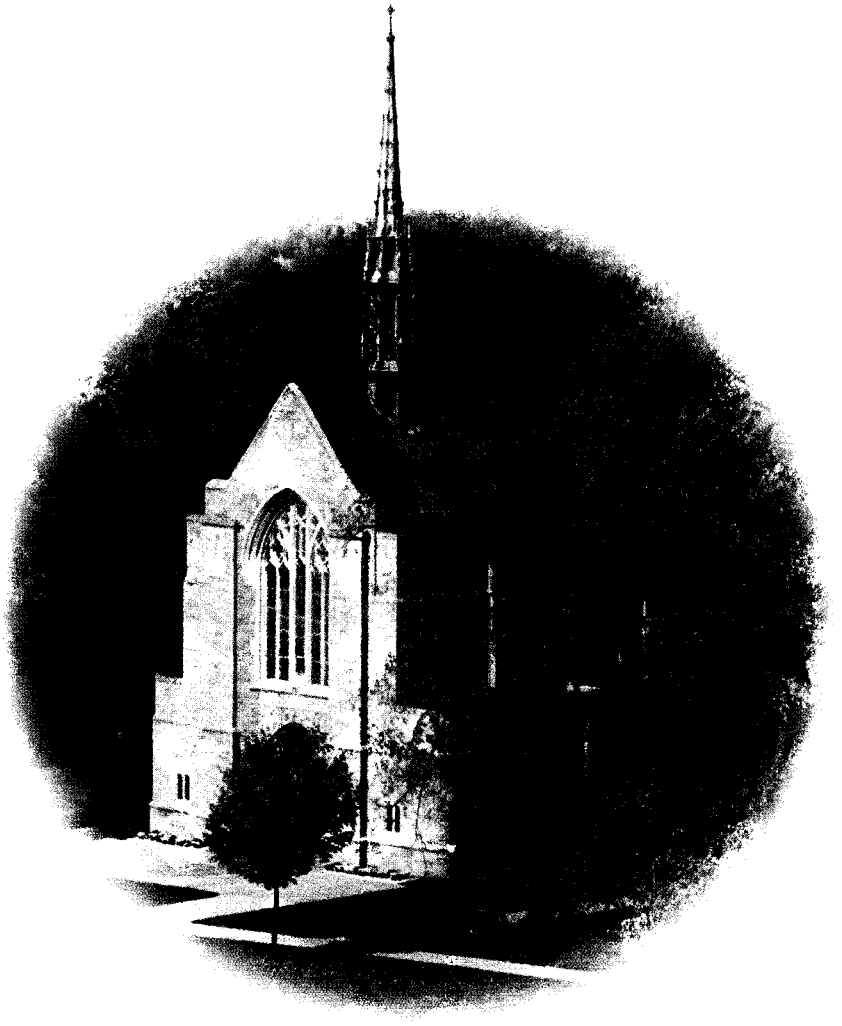

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AMERICA'S SCHOOLS: Still Failing After All These Years

BARBARA LERNER

WHAT do the latest round of international test results released June 10 tell us about how American students are faring in the Nineties? President Clinton and his friends in the education establishment say they prove we've made great progress since 1983 when the famous report *A Nation at Risk* warned us that our kids were dangerously far behind their foreign peers.

That was Clinton's spin, and the press bought it. "The findings may startle people used to thinking the worst of the schools, but they are consistent with generally positive trends in national tests," wrote James Bennett in the *New York Times*. His colleague Peter Applebome quibbled about the size of the great leap forward, calling *A Nation at Risk* "brilliant propaganda," echoing the trendy revisionist line that we never were as far behind as it said we were. Still, he agreed with his peers: we are doing much better now. Chalk up one more for the consensus.

And a sorry consensus it is, because what it really proves is that, when it comes to educational test results, press and pols alike suffer from selective amnesia.

Here are the facts. The latest round of international tests was conducted in 1994 and 1995, and American 4th graders, 9- and 10-year-olds, mainly—call them "the Tens"—did us proud. On the science test, especially, Tens from 26 nations took it, and our Tens outscored 23 of them, coming in third, a little behind Japan and Korea but significantly ahead of Tens from other developed nations.

Good news? Sure. Progress? No—no change at all, at this age level. Because what press and pols forgot is the fact that our Tens did quite well in the first round of international tests in the Sixties and Seventies too, especially on the Science test. Tens from 15 nations took it then, and, then as now, our Tens scored third. Japan was ahead of us then too. Sweden's Tens edged us out for the Number 2 spot that time, but, then as now, our Tens were ahead of Tens from a host of developed nations.

So why are pols and press so sure there has been such a big, positive change? Because although they forgot how well our Tens did in the past, they remember the most arresting sentence in *A Nation at Risk*, the one-sentence summary of our competitive standing after the first round of international tests in the Sixties and Seventies. Here it is again:

> The results for the United States were these: Out of 19 tests, we were never ranked first or second; we came in last 3 times; and, if comparisons are limited to other developed nations only, the U.S. ranked at the bottom 7 times.

I wrote that sentence—*A Nation at Risk* lifted it, verbatim, from an analysis of a mass of test data I published in *The Public Interest* in 1982. And I'm here to tell you there's no contradiction between it and the good news about our Tens. Because what I summarized in that sentence was the performance of our older students as well as our younger ones, and it was the dismal scores of our older kids in general and our 17- and 18-year-old high-school seniors in particular that made the news so bad.

I summarized the good news too, and pointed to the place where the good news about our kids begins to turn into bad news, the place where American kids, who start out so bright and eager and ready, begin turning into the academic laggards we graduate from high school. Press and politicians ignored that summary then too. Here it is again:

> Here, it is important to note that there is virtually unanimous agreement that there was no decline in achievement in the first half of elementary school in the 1960s or in the 1970s. Instead, there were improvements in many areas. . . . The decline in student achievement scores over the last two decades begins in about the fifth grade. . . .

That's what happened last time, and press and politicians need to pay attention, because it looks as if it's happening still. The scores of today's seniors won't be released until next spring, but we do have the scores of our 8th-graders. They show what the *Times*'s James Bennett calls "a mysterious sag." But it isn't mysterious at all. It's a repetition of an old pattern—our pattern, a pattern that is the opposite of the English one.

English kids start out slowly in the early years, perform erratically in the in-between years, then soar ahead in the high-school years, producing graduates who are at or near the top in international competition when it matters most, at the end. Our kids do just the reverse. They score above average in the first four primary-school grades, sink to the average level in the next four, and then decline farther and faster in high school, ending up far below average.

We know that happened to our kids in the past, and we know why: because American schools stopped enforcing standards for academic achievement and discipline for older students in the late Sixties. Older students, after all, resist. They don't just do what grown-ups tell them, the way little kids do.

Mrs. Lerner is a writer, psychologist, and attorney in Chicago.

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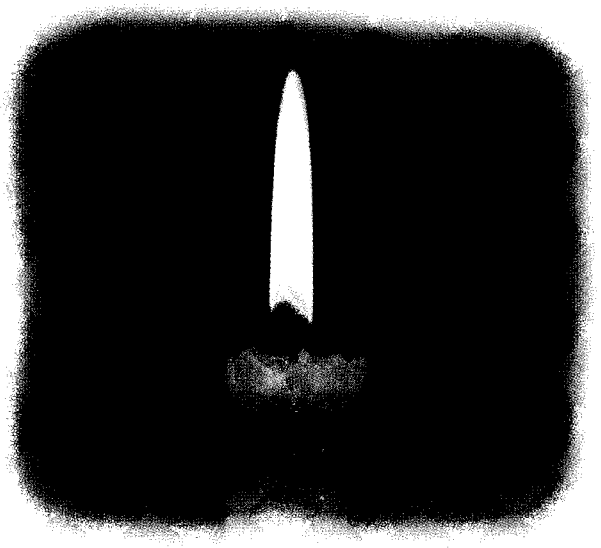

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They do it only if they believe the grown-ups doing the telling are serious. And they know whether we are serious or not by the consequences. In most American schools from the late Sixties on, the reality was, and still is, that nothing happens to our older kids if they don't meet whatever standards we claim we have. They stay in school, get promoted, graduate on time, and go on to college, whether they've learned anything or not.

That's our problem, and President Clinton's latest package of education reforms doesn't really address it. He's all for higher standards, of course, but he's against making them mandatory and against making promotion or graduation or anything at all hinge on them. He did toy for a while with making some of his new financial subsidies for college tuition dependent on a B average, but quickly abandoned that idea. No matter; it wouldn't have worked anyway. Without an external standard that can't be bullied or fudged—an objective test kids must pass to move ahead—it would only have increased the already excessive pressure on American teachers to inflate their students' grades.

The resistance to real standards is fierce. Most education and child-welfare lobbying groups prefer to concentrate on the pre-school years, insisting that if we just do right by our kids in those early years, it will immunize them against later school failures, the way early vaccinations immunize them against diseases. It's an extremely popular argument, but a profoundly mistaken one. Not because it isn't important to do right by our kids in the early years, but because education is nothing like a shot. Educating children is like feeding them—a thing you must do over and over again, every day, year in and year out, through all their growing years. Until we clearly recognize that and act on it, we're not likely to win in the end.

Educating children is like feeding them—a thing you must do over and over again, through all their growing years.

Judging by the results of domestic tests of our high-school seniors now, we're not likely to have much to crow about when their international test results are available in the spring. Right now, with our economy booming thanks to all the restructuring we did in the Eighties, we're too complacent to care much, but watch out. Other countries are restructuring too now, and if their Seniors continue to leave ours in the dust, we'll pay the price for it, a few years after Bill Clinton leaves office. □

Academic Rights

When public education fails, minorities with few other advantages are particularly hurt.

GLYNN CUSTRED

LAST November the people of California passed Proposition 209 (the California Civil Rights Initiative) which prohibits preferential treatment based on race, ethnicity, or sex in public contracting, public employment, and public education. During the campaign many who agreed in principle with the initiative were concerned about the effect it might have on minority inclusion, especially in college and university admissions. It was asked over and over again, "If you take preferences away from them, what will you give them in return?"

This of course is the wrong question. What we should be asking is why so many minorities fail to qualify for college in the first place. This shifts attention from how colleges can accommodate themselves to low-performing minorities, and toward the real problem of why the public schools are preparing so few minority students for college admission in the first place.

In fact this goes to the very heart of the problem of social and economic inequality, for the kind of universal education which the public schools are supposed to provide is essential not only for college admission, but also for training and retraining in all occupations. Moreover, in modern society education helps to determine everything from income levels and social class all the way to physical and mental health. The more education, or intellectual capital, which people possess, the greater their chances of advancement—regardless of race and ethnicity.

The unequal distribution of intellectual capital begins with the informal education children receive in the home. With ineffective formal schooling, the gap between those children who arrive at school with more of this vital resource and those who arrive with less will grow wider and wider, eventually creating a permanent gap between the two. Mass universal education is therefore one of the most powerful engines for social equality a modern society possesses. If, however, this engine does not work well, the initial gap will persist and become evident in inequalities throughout the entire society.

By almost every measure American K–12 public education is a failure. This is revealed not only by comparisons with other countries, but also by growing dissatisfaction among parents and increasing complaints by employers about the inadequate preparation of their work force. Although everybody is hurt by this massive failure, minorities suffer even more because of their initial disadvantage.

THERE are a number of reasons why our schools are so bad. Among them is the stubborn adherence by the education establishment to such demonstrably failed methods as bilingual education, which deprives children who speak little or no English of full access to the national language; "whole language" teaching, which replaces effective reading with what amounts to a psycholinguistic guessing game; and "integrated math" (analogous to whole language reading), which transforms instruction into a game designed to allow students to

Mr. Custred is a professor of anthropology at California State University at Haywood.

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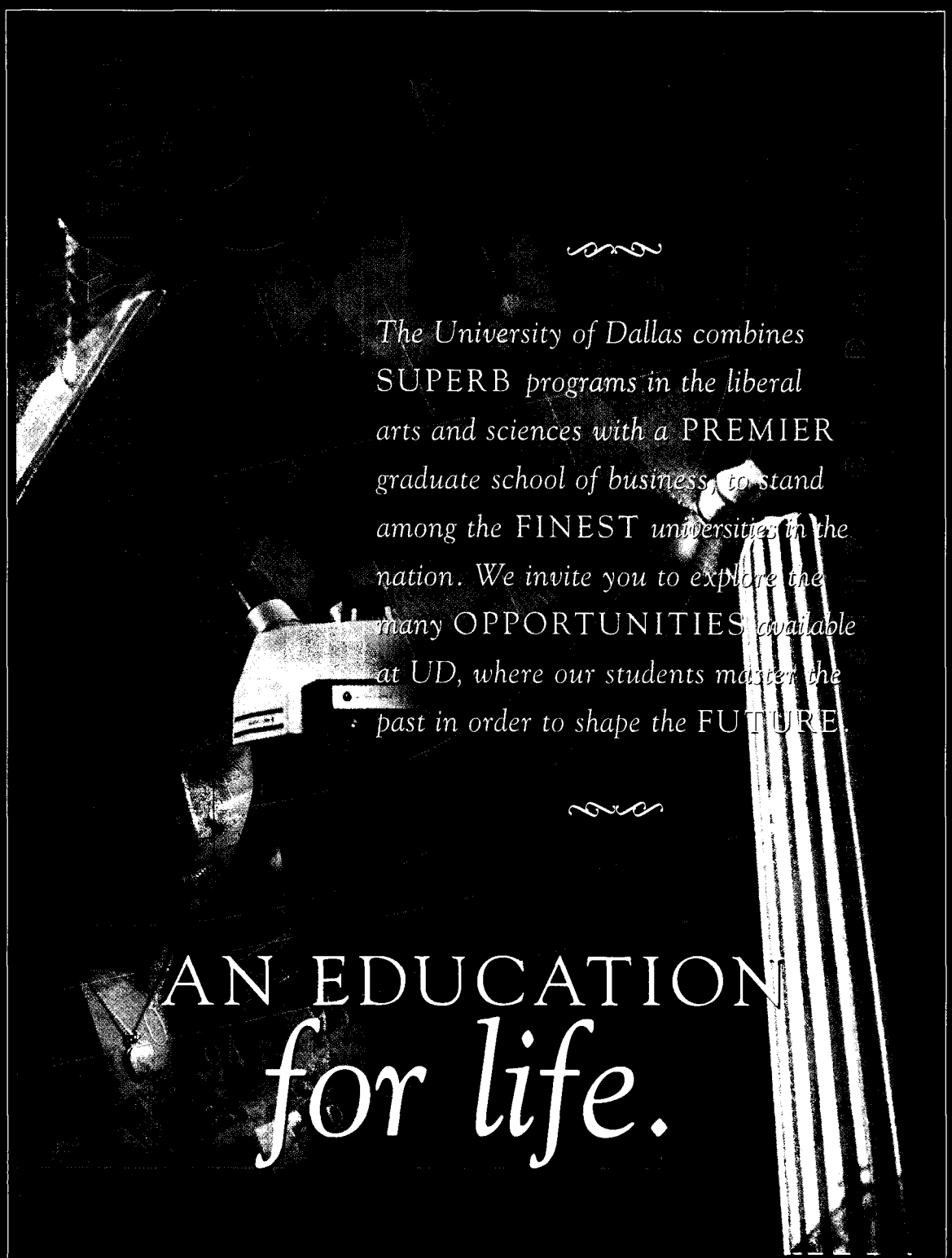
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"discover" math for themselves at the expense of computational skills and accuracy in calculation.

Behind all this is an educational ideology, derived from "progressivism," which has become a rigid orthodoxy masquerading as continual reform in an effort to cover its failure. This orthodoxy rejects knowledge-based education and those methods traditionally associated with it, among them teacher-directed instruction, drill, individual study, and memorization. These methods, say the educationists, numb critical thinking and turn students away from learning. In its place they advocate the "naturalistic," "project-oriented," "hands-on" approach where the teacher is replaced by a "facilitator" who coaches while the students "discover" for themselves the skills they need for "lifelong learning."

They've Got to Be Carefully Taught

AT MY daughter's pre-school it's time for all the children to learn that they are different from one another. Even though these kids are at that remarkable age when they are thoroughly color-blind, their teachers are spending a month emphasizing race, color, and background. The little tots are being taught in no uncertain terms that their hair is different, their skin is different, and their parents come from different places. It's Cultural Diversity Month.

I hadn't really given much thought to the ethnic and national backgrounds of Sarah's classmates. I can guarantee that Sarah, being two and a half, gave the subject absolutely no thought. Her teachers, however, had apparently given it quite a lot of thought. They sent a letter asking each parent to contribute to the cultural-awareness effort by "providing any information and/or material regarding your family's cultural background. For example: favorite recipe or song." All well and good, unless your culture isn't *diverse* enough.

The next day I take Sarah to school and her teacher, Miss Laura, anxious to get this Cultural Diversity show on the road, begins the interrogation.

"Where are you and your husband from?" she cheerily demands.

"We're Americans," I reply—less, I must confess, out of patriotism than from sheer lack of coffee. It was barely 9:00 A.M.

"Yes, of course, but where are you *from*?" I'm beginning to feel like a nightclub patron being badgered by a no-talent stand-up comic.

"We're native New Yorkers."

"But where are your *people* from?"

"Well," I dive in with a sigh, "my family is originally Irish on both sides. My husband's father was from Czechoslovakia and his mother is from the Bronx, but her grandparents were from the Ukraine."

"Can you cook Irish?"

"I could bring in potatoes and beer for the whole class."

Miss Laura doesn't get it.

"Look," I say, "we're Americans. Our kids are Americans. We tell them about American history and George Washington and apple pie and all that stuff. If you want me to do something American, I can do that."

She is decidedly unexcited.

A few days later, she tells me that she was trying to explain to Sarah that her dad is from Ireland.

"Wrong," I say, "but go on."

"He's *not* from Ireland?"

No, I sigh. He's from Queens. I'm from Ireland. I mean I'm Irish—that is, my great-grandparents were. Don't get me wrong, I'm proud of my heritage—but that's entirely beside the point. I told you we tell Sarah she's American.

"Well, anyway," she smiles, "Sarah thinks her Daddy's from *Iceland*! Isn't that cute?"

Later in the month, Miss Laura admits that her class is not quite getting the whole skin-color thing. "I tried to show them how we all have different skin," she chuckled. Apparently, little Henry is the only one who successfully grasped the concept. He now runs around the classroom announcing to anyone who'll listen, "I'm white!" Miss Laura asked the children what color her own skin was. (She is a light-skinned Hispanic, which would make her skin color . . . what? Caramel? Mochaccino?). The kids opted for purple or orange. "They looked at me like I was crazy!" Miss Laura said. I just smile.

The culmination of Cultural Diversity Month, the day when the parents come into class and join their children in a glorious celebration of multicultural disparity, has arrived. As I arrive I see a large collage on the wall depicting the earth, with all the children's names placed next to the country they are from. Next to my daughter's name it says "Ireland." I politely remind Miss Laura that Sarah is, in fact, from America and suggest that, by insisting otherwise, she is confusing my daughter. She reluctantly changes Sarah's affiliation to USA. It will be the only one of its kind on the wall.

The mom from Brazil brings in a bunch of great music, and the whole class is doing the samba and running around in a conga line. It's very cute. Then I get up to teach the children an indigenous folk tune from the culture of Sarah's people, passed down through the generations from her grandparents to her parents and now to Sarah—a song called "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." First I explain to the kids that Sarah was born right here in New York—and that's in what country, Sarah? Sarah looks at me and says, "France." I look at Miss Laura, who just shrugs.

I stand there in my baseball cap and sing my song. The teacher tries to rush me off. I say, "Don't you want them to learn it?" They took long enough learning to samba! I am granted permission to sing it one more time. The kids join in on the "root, root, root" and the "1, 2, 3 strikes you're out," but they can see their teacher isn't enthusiastic.

So now these sweet, innocent babies who thought they were all the same are becoming culturally aware. Two little girls are touching each other's hair and saying, "Your hair is blonde, just like mine." Off to one side a little dark-haired girl stands alone, excluded. She looks confused as to what to do next. She knows she's not blonde. Sure, all children notice these things eventually, but, thanks to the concerted efforts of their teachers, these two- and three-year-olds are talking about things that separate rather than connect.

And Sarah only knows what she has been taught: Little Henry is white, her daddy's from Iceland, and New York's in France. —SUSAN BRADY KONIG

Mrs. Konig has been an editor of Seventeen, *staff writer for the* Washington Post, *and contributor to* Travel & Leisure, Ladies' Home Journal, *and* Us.

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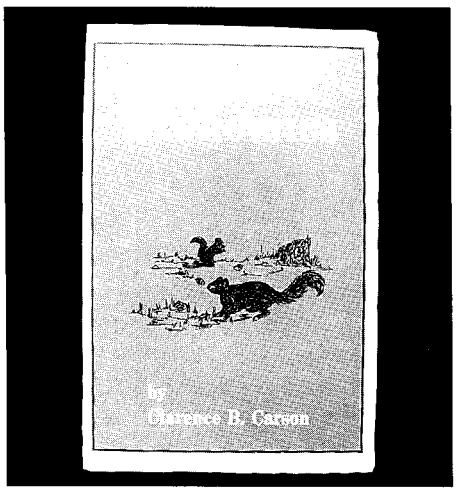

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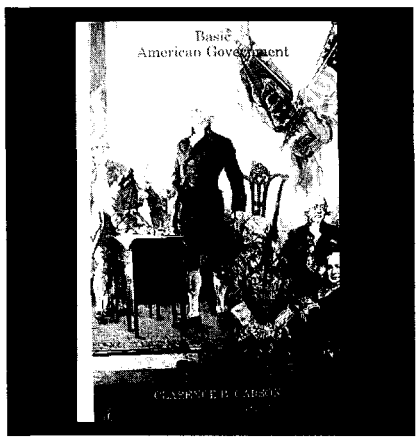

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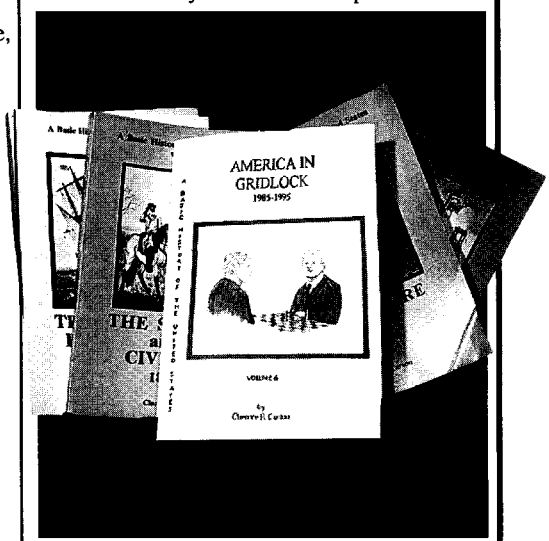

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Or as the shop-worn doggerel goes, "The sage on the stage gives way to the guide on the side."

The notion that all learning should be "naturalistic," like the untutored learning of the mother tongue, and that public schools must institutionalize this process in all domains, flies in the face of common sense, long experience, and scientific research. It also ignores the practical realities of providing mass education for a heterogeneous population.

Another fallacy is that knowledge is less important than knowledge-seeking skills, since the explosion of knowledge today makes it impossible to learn everything about a subject. Thus schools shouldn't bother with "mere facts" but should focus instead on teaching "accessing skills" and such "higher order" or "metacognitive skills" as "critical thinking," "problem solving," etc.

However, since critical thinking is not a detachable tool but instead involves thinking critically *about* something, the more knowledge one possesses (in domains such as literature, carpentry, history, brick laying, mathematics, etc.), the more analogies one will have at one's disposal for thinking critically about something new. To emphasize "critical thinking" as an all-purpose skill while de-emphasizing knowledge actually serves to decrease a student's ability to think critically.

The formalistic-tool concept of learning is consistent with the bureaucratic mindset which elevates form and process over substance. It is, however, at variance with what we know about learning. Yet despite clear evidence of failure the education establishment not only pugnaciously defends its ideology, but also aggressively spreads it at every opportunity. To make matters even worse, the trend among education bureaucrats today is actually away from education, as defined by academic goals, and toward indoctrination, which attempts to mold attitudes in accordance with current fads, whether they be self-esteem and feel-good psychology, or the political correctness of post-modernism and multiculturalism. The results will be a dumbed-down and propagandized population with minorities lagging even further behind.

In short, rather than grapple with the tough problems of educating minority children, the education establishment supports a coercive and punitive regime of racial and ethnic preferences designed to engineer proportional representation. The regime of preferences, however, is drawing to a close, and the next frontier of civil rights is opening up. Battles fought on this new front will be waged against this determined establishment in an effort to shake it loose from our institutions of public education. This will take the form of struggles for magnet schools, charter schools, school choice, and the necessary breaking of the monopoly of teacher certification now held by university schools of education. We can be sure that the educrats, with their vast resources drawn from public revenues and with their effective organization, will resist these measures at every step and in every way possible.

What will we give minorities once preferences disappear? The answer is that "we" *are* "they," united in a common struggle to take back our schools and thereby to advance better education everywhere, and in so doing to promote the more equal distribution of the important resource of intellectual capital among all our children. □

The New School

Charter schools offer the benefits of both public schools and private schools.

CHESTER E. FINN JR., BRUNO V. MANNO, LOUANN BIERLEIN & GREGG VANOUREK

THE fast-spreading charter-school movement is challenging three hoary axioms about American education: that only private schools can elude bureaucratic micromanagement, that worthwhile school choice can be achieved only through vouchers, and that the left-leaning politics of public education have barred the schoolhouse door against any encroachment by entrepreneurial capitalism.

No, this familiar trio hasn't been vanquished, and this is no time to relax. But all three assumptions are in retreat before what some are calling the "reinvention of public education"—a battery of new sorts of schools and educational practices, among which charter schools are the most significant. Today, some seven hundred of these are in operation, enrolling about 170,000 youngsters. Twenty-nine states have authorized charter schools. In some jurisdictions—notably Arizona, Michigan, California, Colorado, Texas, and Massachusetts—they have become major parts of the education-reform scene. In the District of Columbia, despite a rocky start, the prospect of a dozen charter schools is the brightest spot in a grim picture.

What exactly is a charter school? Visualize a hybrid, a public school with some of the most highly prized features of private schools. As a public institution, it is open to all who wish to attend, paid for with tax dollars, and accountable to state or local authorities for good performance (especially student achievement) and decent behavior (e.g., non-discrimination). It has authority to operate for a specified period—normally five years—and gets its charter renewed only if it delivers good results. In the manner of a private school, however, it is self-governing, free from most regulations, able to hire whomever it likes, in control of its own (secular) curriculum, and attended only by youngsters whose parents choose it.

No such schools existed five years ago. That they enjoy wide bi-partisan support today—President Clinton has called for three thousand of them by decade's end—indicates the appeal of this concept. But opposition is intensifying, too, and there are signs that the charter label is being applied loosely. Indeed, some states that boast of "charter laws" actually enacted such weak measures that the teachers unions are applauding—because any schools created on those terms will lack real independence in vital areas such as personnel.

The authors are on the research staff of the Hudson Institute. Their new report is available on the web at http://www.edexcellence.net

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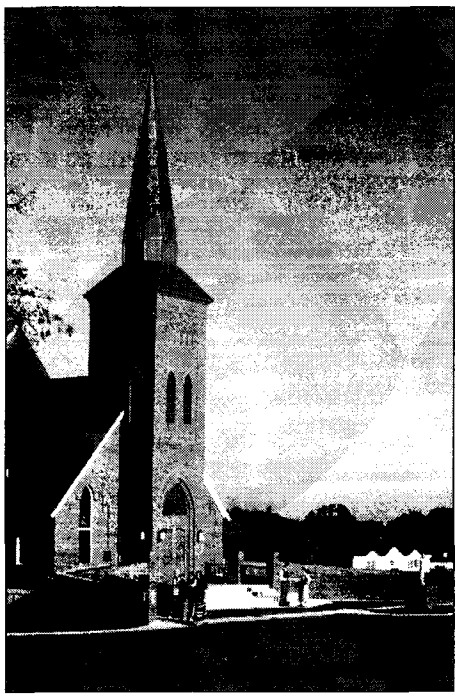
ACADEMIC FREEDOM?



At too many colleges today, "academic freedom" means the freedom to lock God out of the curriculum, leaving a slavish dependency upon today's fads. In stark contrast to this worldly vision, fortunately, a truly Roman Catholic college is to be "completely dedicated to the research of all aspects of truth in their essential connection with the supreme Truth, **who is God.**" (*Pope John Paul II*)

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That's so, for example, with the "charter" laws of Kansas, Georgia, Mississippi, and Rhode Island.

Still, "independent public school of choice" is no longer an oxymoron. Nor is it unique to the United States. Margaret Thatcher's England headed down this path first with "grant-maintained" schools that opt out of their local school bureaucracies and become self-governing, funded by block grants from Whitehall. New Zealand has made all its public schools quasi-independent.

Some U.S. charter schools (especially in California) are former public schools that wrested their freedom from the superintendent's office. Several states permit private schools to convert to charter status, too. But most are start-from-scratch schools, founded by parents, teachers, community organizations, even for-profit firms.

Yes, capitalism is welcome in much of the charter world. Companies that design and manage schools are springing up and either obtaining their own charters or (more commonly) contracting to run schools whose charters are held by parent or community groups. Several small firms are managing two or three charter schools apiece this year, and two nationally known outfits (the Edison Project and Educational Alternatives, Inc.) are responsible for more—a full dozen in Edison's case. Whether they'll yield a profit for their investors remains to be seen—but the schools appear to be educational successes.

The educational choices afforded by charter schools are dazzling.

Instead of running entire schools, other private firms are taking small bites from the charter apple, furnishing, for example, hot lunches, tutoring, testing, or technology. Some of this is happening in regular public schools, too. Elementary/secondary education is a $300-billion enterprise, and private vendors (school-bus companies, textbook publishers) have marketed their wares to it for decades. What is changing is the willingness of schools to entrust instructional and managerial responsibilities to outside sources.

How significant are the educational choices afforded by charter schools? With the crucial exception of religious choice, they're dazzling. In a town where all the regular schools are "progressive" or "child-centered," a back-to-basics charter school is a treasure for disgruntled families. We've also been in communities whose 1950s-style public schools don't suit 1990s-style yuppie parents. In such situations, a charter school that offers open classrooms, mixed-ability grouping, and "developmentally appropriate" instruction is a pearl beyond price.

The price, moreover, is zero—at least, for the customers, because charter schools don't charge tuition. For low-income families in particular, the

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charter option is an extraordinary boon.

That is why, contrary to critics' claims that these schools would skim off already-fortunate kids, we find that 40 per cent of charter-school pupils come from families poor enough to qualify for federal lunch subsidies. Half are minorities (compared with one-third of the kids in conventional public schools). Charters also appear to be enrolling many disabled and non-English-speaking students.

Some families are even leaving private schools for charters—11 per cent of the enrollment in our sample—and others (3 per cent) are switching from homeschooling to charters. Another 5 per cent of charter pupils are former dropouts.

As for results, the charter phenomenon is too new for pupil achievement to be fully appraised. But early signs are promising. Test scores in Massachusetts and Arizona, for example, indicate that charter schools are doing better than conventional schools, with similar or tougher kids.

We've spent the past two years studying these schools—visiting sixty of them in fourteen states and interviewing hundreds of their constituents. A few are places we wouldn't send our own kids; one or two were a little weird. But the great majority of these schools are what most families crave: small, safe places with coherent academic missions and high standards, schools led and staffed by people who believe in those missions and care about kids' actually meeting the standards, schools full of students and teachers who want to be there—not least because nobody is obliged to remain.

We also gathered survey data from students, parents, and teachers. The numbers attest to the needs these schools

Abstaining from Sex Education

"LAST month," warned Debra Haffner, president of the Sexuality Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS), "the Federal Government released guidelines for a new program that has as its 'exclusive' purpose teaching the social, psychological, and health gains to be realized by abstaining from sexual activity."

Miss Haffner's April letter sounded the tocsin for a massive state-by-state effort, mounted in the legislatures and the press, to block the teaching of abstinence in the schools. So when public health officials from all fifty states, *contra* SIECUS, submitted grant applications to install such programs, conservatives counted it a coup.

The $50 million in "abstinence ed" grants will constitute the first significant counterbalance to the $200 million in family-planning funds dispensed annually under Title X of the Public Health Service Act. Title X funds have played a major role in advancing the SIECUS agenda of "comprehensive sexuality education"—early and intensive instruction in sexual anatomy and technique, uninformed by any value base but the moral autonomy of the child and the purported objectivity of the educator.

"Enacted in 1970," says Gracie Hsu, policy analyst for the Family Research Council, "Title X was supposed to help reduce the unplanned-pregnancy rate, especially in the teenage population. However, Title X has not only failed to reduce the teenage pregnancy rate, but teenage reproductive health has drastically worsened in every category." Miss Hsu cites explosions in the incidence of adolescent abortion, sexually transmitted disease, and unwed motherhood as spawn of the Title X approach.

In reaction to the persistence of these problems, Congress authorized $250 million in abstinence-education grants under Title V of the Welfare Reform Act. The five-year program creates a "laboratory of the states" in implementing a new approach to sex education. With timely assists from two House committee chairmen—Tom Bliley at Commerce and Bill Archer at Ways and Means—the language of the act fairly represents the position of moral traditionalists. The legislation funds only programs which promote abstinence from premarital sex as "the expected standard for all school-aged children." Title V refers to abstinence as "the only certain way to avoid out-of-wedlock pregnancy, sexually transmitted diseases, and other associated health problems."

Of the various items on the social conservatives' agenda, reforming sex education seemed unlikely under this Administration. President William Jefferson Clinton is, in word and deed, the most ardent advocate of comprehensive sexuality education ever to occupy the Oval Office. But within two years of his first inauguration, Clinton's preferred approach had suffered stunning setbacks, both as politics and as policy.

Joycelyn Elders's elevation to the post of Surgeon General answered no right-wing prayers—but it should have. An advocate of school-based instruction in petting and auto-eroticism, and of condom distribution, Dr. Elders proudly publicized the obscurer tenets of the sex-education orthodoxy. What she said wasn't new. Tens of thousands of professionals—teachers and teachers-in-training—had heard comparable messages routinely through in-service seminars or department offerings. What Dr. Elders brought to the debate was publicity. Through her, the average American achieved a general notion of what present-day sex ed actually amounts to: one part cerebral petting zoo, one part flash-card anatomy. The Surgeon General's anti-religious, anti-family, anti-male diatribes translated the esoterica of sex educators into street English.

WHILE Dr. Elders's subsequent public traumas eroded the political viability of comprehensive sexuality education, a group of its academic friends were undermining its intellectual credibility. In "The Failure of Sex Education," Barbara Dafoe Whitehead described sex education as "a policy crafted outside the precincts of the academy. It is not rooted in a discipline, or even a set of disciplines, but can best be described as a jumble of popular therapies and philosophies, including self-help therapies, self-esteem and assertiveness training, sexology, and certain strands of feminism" (*Atlantic Monthly*, October 1994).

In 1993—nearly thirty years after SIECUS first described the general the-

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meet and the high levels of satisfaction that they are producing. Consider five bits of evidence:

First, charter students and parents both report clear educational improvement. Among children who performed "poorly" in their previous school (as judged by their parents), for example, nearly half are now doing "excellent" or "above average" work. Students of all races report sizable academic gains.

Second, students and parents *like* their charter schools. Three-fifths of the kids say their teachers are better. Half are more interested in their schoolwork. Three-fifths say the charter school is safer and has better discipline than the school their child would otherwise be attending. Four out of five plan to keep their child in the charter school as long as it's available.

Third, families and teachers are turning to charter schools for educational reasons. When asked why they chose their present school, charter parents' top answers are small size, higher standards, the schools' educational philosophy, greater opportunities for parental involvement, and better teachers. Major factors cited by teachers include school philosophy, class size, the presence of like-minded colleagues, committed parents, and greater teacher authority.

Fourth, satisfaction levels are highest when it comes to educational matters (curriculum, teaching, etc.) and lowest in peripheral areas (food, sports, etc.), indicating that charters are successfully deploying their limited resources on the basics. When we asked students what they like best about their charter school, the most frequent answers were: "good teachers," "they teach it until I learn it," and "they don't let me fall behind." Not

ory—researchers began to disaggregate the impact of the various strands of "comprehensive sexuality education." The analyses were authored not by partisans of the Christian Right, but by luminaries of peer-reviewed medical research journals.

In "Factors Influencing First Intercourse for Teenage Men," researchers Leighton Ku, Freyn Sonenstein, and Joseph Pleek studied the relationship between sex education and sexual initiation by instructional topic. They divided sex education into four content categories: biological knowledge, birth-control methods, AIDS education, and "resistance skills"—how to say "no" to sex.

The researchers reserved their greatest ire for role-playing with no hint as to the expected outcome.

"In analysis of the full sample," wrote Ku and associates, "prior AIDS education and resistance skills are each associated with significant decreases in the risk of first intercourse (AIDS education: 26 per cent reduction; resistance skills: 29 per cent reduction). Significant increases in the odds ratios were detected for prior instruction in birth control (30 per cent increase) or in the biological aspects of sex (32 per cent increase)."

Put simply: what worked in postponing sexual activity among teens, and its attendant ills, was *fear* (AIDS awareness) and *directive abstinence* (resistance skills). What accelerated teen sex was adult validation of pre-marital carnal knowledge. But for the caveat that fear of God might replace fear of AIDS, this is what the Religious Right had always maintained.

This study of first intercourse, published in the November/December 1993 *Public Health Reports*, undermined the foundations of comprehensive sexuality education by revealing its implicit behavioral tendencies. It remained for a blue-ribbon panel, commissioned by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), to dismantle it in detail.

Reviewing the literature on school-based sex-education programs for their effectiveness in preventing teen pregnancy, co-authors Doug Kirby (ETR Associates), Janet Collins (CDC), Marion Howard (Emory University), Freya Sonenstein (Urban Institute), and Laurie Zabin (Johns Hopkins) compiled the best available teen-sex surveys and implementation data on sex-education programs. Based on their synthesis of best practices, Kirby and his colleagues—strong sex-education advocates, all—challenged the SIECUS orthodoxy platitude by platitude in the May/June 1994 issue of *Public Health Reports*.

Programs that reduced teen pregnancy were not open-ended in their objectives, but based on "the development of conservative group norms." Teachers were not neutral facilitators of morally autonomous wards, but active advocates who "presented a clear stand and emphasized clear behavior values." In effective programs, teens were provided information that "was not unnecessarily detailed or comprehensive." Rather, instruction focused on encouraging desired behaviors.

The researchers reserved their greatest ire for "role-playing" in which the instructor/facilitator gave no hint as to the expected outcome.

Comprehensive sexuality education as promoted by SIECUS was shown to be as methodologically inept as it was theoretically perverse.

Despite their string of victories, legislative, political, and intellectual, advocates for Judaeo–Christian sexual absolutes remain cautious—particularly those who have fought these wars the longest. At a recent Washington conference of abstinence educators and their allies, a persistent theme was the facility with which a hostile bureaucracy could hijack congressional intent. Already Rep. Bill Archer has fought (and won) a sharp battle with the Department of Health and Human Services to assure that the governors—mostly Republican—will remain involved in approving Title V grants. But horror stories are accumulating in the states: from Nebraska, a directive to combine abstinence programs with the findings of a hostile panel; from Tennessee, a program to fund after-school sports with Title V funds; from Wisconsin, a proposal to base abstinence grants on their compatibility with SIECUS guidelines.

THEIR unexpected congressional victory on sex education leaves triumphant conservatives in possession of a land-mined field in hostile terrain, occupiers of a forward position in a defensive war. What is best about Title V is that the outcome is now in doubt—an improvement from the consequences of Title X. The state-by-state grant process enables conservatives to intervene in what public-school children are told about the facts of life at levels of government closer to home. If a "laboratory of the states" is not what we would wish for our children, it is certainly preferable to mandatory moral freefall. —RICHARD NADLER

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a bad pupil's-eye summary of what schools are supposed to do.

Finally, the teachers prize the professional opportunities they find in charter schools. More than 90 per cent are satisfied with their school's educational philosophy, with their fellow teachers, and with their students; over three-quarters are pleased with their school's administrators and the level of teacher decision-making, and they like the challenge of starting a new school. Fewer than 3 per cent would rather teach elsewhere.

TENS of thousands of American families have chosen to avail themselves of these new-style schools. Yet the charter movement has reached a fateful intersection. If it is able to follow one path, thousands of these schools-of-choice will develop, offering true educational alternatives for millions of families. Down the other path lies a future not too different from the present: a handful of schools serving a smallish population of determined parents and students who had fared poorly elsewhere.

The second path, alas, seems the likelier. The foes of charter schools—both teachers unions and their allies in the education establishment—are doing their utmost to block access to the first. In fact, the foes are now almost as wary of charter schools as of vouchers—not least because the charter idea has wider political appeal and is spreading faster.

Statutory caps on the number of charter schools are a favorite weapon of the establishment. In Massachusetts, where the legislature just inched up its 25-school limit, the Commonwealth received 123 proposals over the past three years. In Texas, which recently raised the ceiling from 20 to 100 schools, nearly 300 applications are expected. (The Lone Star State has about 6,300 public and 1,300 private schools.) When New Jersey issued its new charter application package a couple of months ago, over 500 requests for copies arrived within days.

Discriminatory financial arrangements are another weapon. Capital funding for charter schools is almost non-existent today—which is why so many of them operate in shabby, rented quarters. Only a few states grant them per-pupil operating budgets equal to those of conventional schools. Most jurisdictions don't turn on the fiscal spigot until the kids arrive (i.e., no start-up funding). Several permit local school boards to charge fat "overhead" fees. And Washington—despite Mr. Clinton's professed support and the popularity of the charter concept among GOP lawmakers—comes nowhere near assuring these schools the federal aid that their students would get in ordinary public schools.

A third weapon is lingering bureaucratic control of crucial parts of a school's finances or program. Recall that the whole idea of chartering a school is to give it operating freedom in return for results-based accountability—the reverse of traditional school practice, which micromanages the production process while turning a blind eye to the quality of the product. A well-crafted charter program keeps a few essential rules in place (in matters such as health, safety, and civil rights) and checks the backgrounds of would-be charter operators and staff. It sets academic standards for the schools to attain. But that's it. All else hinges on whether a school delivers the results it promises—and can attract and hold customers.

That's how it's supposed to work. But in many jurisdictions the enemies of charter schools have kept reels of additional red tape in place. Most California charters have no real fiscal autonomy. New Jersey's charter law retains a form of teacher tenure. North Carolina won't let charter teachers participate in the state retirement system unless their school is under the thumb of a local board. In Colorado local boards can maintain constant anxiety by issuing charters that last only a year at a time.

So long as barriers like these remain in place, charter schools will remain a modest educational sideshow rather than a widely accessible alternative.

That's today's battleground, and charter foes have recently enjoyed many victories on it. Enabling bills were killed this year in Washington state, Alabama, Indiana, Missouri, Nevada, Virginia, and Tennessee. Gov. Pataki's once-robust proposal is barely breathing in Albany. The new statutes in Illinois and Pennsylvania are weak. And where charter schools got off to a strong start, their enemies are regrouping. Raising the cap in Massachusetts was a bloody political ordeal—and half the Bay State's new charters will be subordinate to local boards and unions. In Colorado, Gov. Roy Romer recently vetoed a bill to give charter schools a fairer financial shake; although Romer was an early charter booster, Colorado's potent school board and teacher groups finally bent him to their will. (That means just a few dozen charters in a state with 1,400 conventional schools.)

Not all charter opponents are found on the left, however, or in the school establishment. Many conservatives have been skittish about these schools because they are a sub-species of "public" education and susceptible to reversals of fortune at the hands of government.

Obviously, charter schools are not a cure-all for American education. They're not immune to curricular fads, fiscal blunders, and personnel mistakes. (That's why five have closed—or been shut down.) Nevertheless, two years of visits, interviews, and surveys have convinced us that charter schools are easily the most promising education-reform strategy around. □

Education and Race

The performance of minority students in affluent areas refutes the prevailing educational shibboleths.

ARTHUR HU

DESEGREGATION is at a crossroads. As many analysts are declaring the integration experiment a failure, Harvard's desegregation guru, Gary Orfield, keeps telling us that minority education could be fixed if only we desegregated *more*. Educators and the media routinely slam city schools for poor minority performance while holding up affluent suburban districts as models because of their better

Mr. Hu is a writer living in Kirkland, Washington.

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test scores. Yet, if Orfield is right that segregated districts don't produce equal outcomes, no one has answered the more important question, which is whether "integrated" districts produce equal outcomes.

Oddly, while the courts have used inequality as the justification for busing, Orfield himself notes in his 1991 book *The Closing Door* that there isn't much direct evidence that busing creates more equality. Almost as a footnote, he concedes that you would have to examine data broken down by race within mixed districts to prove that busing actually resulted in better performance for minorities.

The racial gap exists even in the best suburbs.

After some cursory research—a few phone calls to local school districts, a ride on the Internet—I tracked down reports that *do* chart test scores and grades against race, not only in the worst but also in the best districts. The reason that people like Gary Orfield don't have the numbers is that it's safer to uphold the myth that minorities will perform as well as their white peers in good suburban schools than to expose the reality that the racial gap exists even in the best suburbs.

Test scores and grades for blacks in integrated urban neighborhoods aren't any better than those in predominantly minority ghetto areas. Some affluent suburbs did no better than nearby urban areas, and even at the best suburban schools blacks on average lagged behind their white classmates. But a bigger secret is that even the poorest Asians tended to get better grades—if not test scores—than more affluent whites. Asians from poorer suburbs consistently outscored Euro-Americans in nearby more affluent suburbs. For all the talk about the superiority of schools in Japan or Korea, Asian-Americans are also nearly two years ahead in math, just as far ahead of their classmates as students in their ancestral lands are, even when they go to the same schools that fail other American minorities.

In short, predominantly minority schools have low test scores because minorities have lower test scores regardless of the segregation factor, not the other way around. And American schools would match Asian schools if they were dominated by Asian students. Perhaps that chilling reality is the reason that every newspaper I have contacted has chosen to ignore these data.

California's 1994 CLAS (California Learning Assessment System) test introduced massive multiculturalism and had several questions for which more than one answer was counted as correct. Yet nobody noticed that elementary-school blacks and Hispanics did just as poorly in predominantly minority areas of Oakland, East Palo Alto, and Alum Rock as in legally integrated San Francisco. At Grade 10, only 10 to 15 per cent of black students got 3 or better in math whether they went to integrated San Francisco, the segregated communities of Contra Costa County, Oakland, or Silicon Valley's Santa Clara County. Asians continue to stampede into Cupertino, home of the founders of Apple Computers, because of its excellent schools. But *US News* (April 21, 1997) highlighted the poor performance of blacks there, and they lagged the state average on the CLAS.

Meanwhile, the Asians of the Chinatown ghettos in San Francisco scored as well as children of affluent engineers in Santa Clara County. Asians in Santa Clara County scored as well as whites in posh San Ramon Valley or Cupertino. Asians in Cupertino scored as well as whites in Palo Alto, the best district in the Bay Area. Blacks in San Ramon Valley scored no better than state average for all races, while Asians there outscored every other race and community.

The *Seattle Times* annually slams Seattle's math scores (just the 50th-percentile for Washington as a whole) compared to suburban Bellevue's 67th-percentile performance, and highlights the race gap as an urban problem. But broken down by race, whites score at about 67 in either city, but blacks score *worse* in Bellevue, at 34 compared to 40 for Seattle. Seattle has an "African-American Academy," but its test scores are virtually indistinguishable from the city average. Suburban inequality is much the same at nearby Issaquah (41) and Redmond (35), even though there are no minority ghettos in the suburbs, and there has never been any news coverage of racial differences in performance there.

Seattle is one of the few cities where Asians are so poor and white parents so highly educated that white students score better even in math. But Asians still have the highest grade-point average in the city. In the suburbs, Asian 8th-graders score 74 in 59th-percentile blue-collar Renton, hopping rungs over whites in 67th-percentile Bellevue. Asians in Bellevue score 82, equal to top-ranked Mercer Island's 83. Asians in Mercer Island score an astounding 90, not far below the average at the best Lakeside private school.

Meanwhile, nobody ever asks in print why fourth-graders in nearly all-white (but poor) Edmonds or Mukilteo scored only 34 to 44, as badly as Seattle's blacks. Nobody ever demanded that they be bused into richer school districts to remedy this inequity.

The *Boston Globe* also offered no explanation why black students who entered the Metco voluntary busing program from Boston with 50th-percentile scores didn't score as well as their new suburban classmates in 88th-percentile Newton. Yet the whites from working-class Revere or Brockton have an SAT average of 411—near the national black average. No Italian-American Revere youth dripping with gold chains and roaring upon his '82 firebird could expect that sending him to Newton for four years would turn him into Ivy League material. Yet the Harvard gurus remain mystified.

Fairfax County near Washington, D.C., has a 569 (1996) SAT math average, good enough for the University of California at Riverside. But Fairfax's black average of 465 isn't any better than "Can't we just get along" Los Angeles. The black suburb of Prince George's County is among the top 30 per cent of U.S. counties in average household income. The school district proudly claims that its black students perform as well as their "counterparts" throughout the state—

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but that's only their black counterparts. Measured by Maryland's MSPAP (Maryland School Performance Assessment Program) test, it ranks as 22 of 24 districts in the state.

It is widely accepted that test scores increase with family income. However, SAT breakdowns for 1995 show that even the most affluent blacks, from families with incomes over $70,000, have average scores of 426, lagging behind whites or Asians from families with incomes under $10,000. But Asians from families with incomes under $10,000 have average scores of 482, ranking them with whites from families making $40,000. And it is not just test scores. Oakland's poor school system highlighted its low 1.8 black GPA to justify Ebonics. But GPAs aren't any better in integrated Seattle or San Francisco.

Data books and health surveys all show that even in cities like Seattle, Boston, and San Francisco where the per-capita incomes of Asians are no higher than that of blacks, it is Asians, not whites, who have the best outcomes. The omission of Asians from the local news stories is probably deliberate because their statistics don't support the thesis that racism and poverty are the reasons for poor outcomes. As much as the activists continue to deplore the model-minority "myth," except in the most distressed Asian refugee communities, Asians generally have the best grades and test scores; the lowest rates of special and remedial education, dropouts, and expulsion; the highest rates of attendance; and the lowest rates of arrest, teen pregnancy, AIDS, and substance abuse.

If civil rights can be measured by affirmative action, multiculturalism, and desegregation, then they have massively succeeded in almost every urban school district in the country. Compared with Asians, blacks in California are at or near parity among teacher hires, college faculty, staff, and principals, and they are twice as well represented among superintendents. American history books now look like African-American history books, even casting revolutionary sailors as blacks, while Asians are all but completely absent from indexes. Yet these nifty educational strategies have utterly failed to raise black grades and test scores.

Last year, with little fanfare, Lawrence Steinberg, B. Bradford Brown, and Sanford Dornbusch released a new book, *Beyond the Classroom* that offered a very different explanation from the standard "racism and poverty" for why different groups perform differently in school. "Of all the demographic factors we studied in relation to school performance, ethnicity is the *most* important . . . In terms of school achievement, it is more advantageous to be Asian than to be wealthy, to have non-divorced parents, or to have a mother who is able to stay at home full time." They found that no matter which school they looked at, Asians got the best grades and test scores, and blacks and Hispanics the worst. The problem was not the schools, but the attitudes and habits of the students themselves. The underachievers didn't fear failure, didn't study as hard, skipped class more often, and blamed their failures on racism. The overachievers didn't tolerate failure, hung out with overachievers, spent the most time studying, and attributed their success to individual effort.

IRONICALLY, it is an even darker secret that blacks and Hispanics can succeed solely on the basis of merit. Brian D. Ray, President of the National Home Education Research Institute (NHERI) did a study that shows that minority home-schoolers are in the 80th- to 85th-percentile of home-schooling students.

There are formal schools where blacks and Hispanics do well, too. The December 2, 1995, *Economist* highlights the Barclay Elementary School in Baltimore. It adopted a severe prep-school curriculum and zero-tolerance approach toward spelling mistakes to get suburban-level 60th-percentile scores in a city where failure is the norm. Seattle's Zion private school boasts test scores above average with a largely black student body. The story of how Jaime Escalante fashioned a class of Advanced Placement calculus whiz kids out of a barrio school was made into a movie.

Whitney Young Magnet High in Chicago rivals many suburban schools. With a student body that is mostly black or Hispanic, it ranks above the 99th percentile among state high schools in 8th- and 10th-grade math and writing, and has ACT (American College Testing) averages that make it the equal of Asian-dominated Lowell in San Francisco. The best SAT scores in Georgia aren't in a rich white suburb, but at Davidson Fine Arts Magnet in Richmond with a 42 per cent black student body, near an Army Signal Corps base.

At the college level, Martin Vaern Bosangue of Mt. San Antonio Community College near Los Angeles found that black and Hispanic students who took a calculus workshop and studied more hours than whites and Asians who started with higher SAT math scores wound up getting better grades than even the Asians.

Economic and race-based interventions have never been shown to achieve the equality that was set as their justification in the first place. After all, the numbers that matter are not the percentage of blacks on the staff or in the classroom, but grade point average, reading and math test scores, and hours spent on homework and attendance. As Thomas Sowell and Lawrence Steinberg observe, if students of all races worked equally hard, their disparate rates of success and failure would plausibly lead to explanations based on, on the one hand, racism and poverty, or, on the other hand, innate superiority or inferiority. When they differ on every measure of effort, what else would you expect? □

Devil's Deal . . .

Vouchers offer an opportunity for the government to seize control of private education.

RONALD L. TROWBRIDGE

JUST about every responsible conservative and Republican in America seems to be pushing choice at public and private schools through government vouchers. I have in hand "The Educational Freedom Amendment" now proposed for the California Constitution; one of the proponents is Milton Fried-

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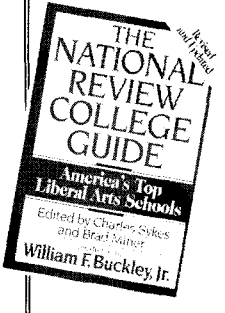
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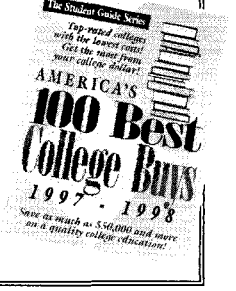

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man. William Bennett, NATIONAL REVIEW, Focus on the Family, the *Wall Street Journal*, Newt Gingrich, the Heritage Foundation, the Christian Coalition, and countless others endorse full choice. Their arguments are compelling, as far as they go, but all stop short of presenting the full argument, including the price to be paid, the downside if

'We run a serious risk that with the [government] money will go some rules.'

choice includes government vouchers for private schools. Yes, competition is desperately needed to improve public schools by eroding the monolithic control of government and unions. Yes, inner-city youths desperately need educational options. But the full price for these solutions, if private schools are included, is the virtual abolition of private education through government or judicial control.

Let's examine the major arguments of full-choice advocates and apply them to legislative and judicial history:

1. "We the people can legislate a kind of firewall Proposition 13, as was done in California, that keeps private schools 'free from unnecessary, burdensome, or onerous regulation.' " I would initially counter that "We the People" also ratified our Constitution, and look how much radical interpretation has been imposed upon that document by revisionist judges over the past two hundred years. Moreover, it defies history and common sense to argue that the recipient of largesse can forever restrict the terms of the giver. Legislators can eventually change the law, as we learned the hard way at Hillsdale College. When certain federal grants were first offered, in the mid 1960s, Congress declared that no strings would be attached. Ten years later, in the summer of 1975, the government and the courts changed the rules: if a single student at a particular college received a government grant, that would make the college a "recipient" of federal funds, therefore required to comply with centralized, political terms from Washington.

On February 28, 1984, the Supreme Court ratified that ruling in *Grove City* v. *Bell.* The Court ruled that "Title IX applies to a college that accepts no direct federal assistance but that enrolls students who receive federal grants that must be used for educational purposes." But this recipiency was "program-specific"—that is, only the specific program receiving the federal aid, not the entire college, was required to comply with Title IX. On March 22, 1988, however, Congress, under the Civil Rights Restoration Act, broadened the term "recipient" from "program-specific" to include the entire school. The Title IX language now read: ". . . the terms 'program or activity' and 'program' mean *all* [emphasis added] of the operations of . . . a college, university, or . . . a local educational agency . . . , system of vocational education, or other school system." Note the inclusion of elementary and secondary schools.

In other words, if *one* student receives a Pell grant or GI Bill–like voucher and passes it on to any private school, that entire school is subject to Title IX control.

2. "Private schools are already subject to some government regulations, enjoy some government benefits, and are therefore vulnerable to government control anyway." For example, private schools must comply with the Americans with Disabilities Act; they are the beneficiary of public police and fire protection, their teachers and students use public roads, they enjoy tax exemptions, and they are therefore recipients in this sense of government funds. Gary Bauer was asked at our college's seminar in February 1994 why Focus on the Family was endorsing government vouchers for private schools, and his response was that private schools were already subject to some government control, and that, as a result, it would be easy under the status quo for government officials, if they chose, to impose more control on these schools. True. But just because the camel's nose is under the tent does not mean that we should invite the camel fully in. Why gratuitously and conspicuously invite more government control?

"Ms. Martin! Josh is imposing his values on others again."

3. "Government control is not that bad." On June 26, 1993, I debated Polly Williams and Lamar Alexander at a NATIONAL REVIEW Institute forum. The former Secretary of Education responded that, yes, taking federal money would subject private institutions to "some rules," but those controls were really not that bad. He added, however, "What Ron said is very important. The single biggest obstacle to any sort of broad-scale program that will let the government money follow the kids to the school that parents think is best for them is what Ron said. That's the single biggest problem. . . . We run a serious risk, as Ron said, that with the [government] money will go some rules." Perhaps these "rules" were not so bad on Secretary Alexander's watch, but not all Secretaries of Education or Administrations would grant such leniency. In 1991, then-Governor Clinton signed into law Arkansas Senate Bill 264 replete with political correctness that is now being codified in Washington. This case had to do specifically with Title IX of the 1972 Education Amendments which barred sexual discrimination in funding for school programs, with school sports being the most hotly contested area.

Colleges are subject to no fewer than three federal agencies: the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs, and the Department of Education's Civil Rights Office. Lawrence Uzzell, Special Assistant to the Undersecretary of the Department of Education during the Reagan Administration, reveals that "the Department of Education regulation-writers openly dictate to schools. . . . The department enforces a total of more than one thousand pages of fine-print laws and regulations—a standing refutation of the 1950s claim that federal aid would not promote federal control."

The "Goals 2000: Educate America Act" of 1994 stipulates as a "national education goal" that "Each state plan shall include strategies for ensuring that comprehensive, systematic reform is promoted from the bottom

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up in communities, local educational agencies, and schools."

Goals 2000 is "voluntary" for states, but all fifty states have elected to adopt it. The adopting states share $340 million in federal grants. The U.S. Code for Goals 2000 runs 147 pages in length and includes, for example, the following federal controls on local education:

"[T]he gap in high-school graduation rates between American students from minority backgrounds and their non-minority counterparts will be eliminated." How will this be achieved? "All students will be knowledgeable about the diverse cultural heritage of this nation and about the world community"—a euphemism for multicultural political correctness.

Local certification will also be controlled by the Federal Government: "The Goals Panel shall . . . review the criteria developed by the National Education Standards and Improvement Council for the certification of State content standards." Even local classroom reading lists are controlled by politically correct government authority: "National Education Goals . . . may include . . . a process for developing, selecting, or recommending instructional materials, including gender-equitable and multicultural materials." And the federal mandate encourages "equity of outcomes," i.e., all students will be equal and all will be above average.

Lamar Alexander's "some rules" are anything but harmless.

On March 2, 1995, William Bennett wrote Rep. Dan Burton: "I oppose Goals 2000 because it attaches a number of 'strings' to grant money it offers. These strings are *de facto* mandates on states and they are harmful." It is indeed the triumph of hope over experience to believe that government vouchers would be any less harmful. In February 1997, a member of the school board in Wilmette, Illinois, Eva Sorock, wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* that "with $450,000 of Goals 2000 funding already in place" an Illinois school-district consortium had already signed "a contract that clearly left the local school boards out of the picture."

4. "Private schools, after all, don't have to accept government money." True. But following the defeat of Proposition 174 in California, the Association of Christian Schools International found that 132 of its California member schools supported this voucher

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proposal, with 21 opposed and 25 neutral. Easy money tempts a selling of the soul to Mephistopheles—who is attractive, not ugly.

5. "If government control becomes too stringent, private-school recipients of government money can elect later to reject that money and accompanying control." True. But most will not be able to do so. Having received the largesse, most private schools will then expand curricula, staff, buildings, salaries, and budgets to the point of irrevocable dependency. (Coincidentally, this expansion, enabled by the infusion of government money, will drive up the costs of private schooling.) With the rare exceptions of Grove City, Hillsdale, and a few others, all private colleges in the U.S. have demonstrated that reliance upon government money becomes irreversible. The recent Virginia Military Institute and Citadel cases illustrate this dependency.

6. "Educational choice needs to be given a chance and has never been tried on a national scale." Not true. It already exists throughout the country at the college level, and what have we found? Pervasive political correctness, excessive dropouts, and exorbitant costs.

In order to implement competition within the educational system and, further, to enable inner-city youths to escape poor and dangerous schools, many good people will argue that the virtual loss of private education is still worth it. But we must at least be honest in confessing that it will be a heavy price to pay, bringing about a loss that will be virtually irrevocable.

Republicans usually seek less government intrusion, but their action on vouchers would greatly expand the reach of government. Moreover, as Chester Finn observed in NATIONAL REVIEW (June 17, 1996): "After the 1994 election Republicans promised that the Department of Education would be eliminated, the federal role downsized, Goals 2000 repealed, and control restored to parents and communities, but essentially nothing has actually been done."

All of this might be sound and fury signifying nothing: There is evidence that the voucher/choice movement, if it includes private schools and is subjected to referenda, is already stone dead. While the issue is hot, the action is verbal, not actual—and movement comes from legislative fiat, not popular referenda. The chief reason for this is that, ironically, too many grassroots Republicans and conservatives oppose it, for among the following reasons:

—Half of Republicans are satisfied with public schools.

—Current or prospective customers of private schools (parents) don't want the status quo disturbed for their children.

—Many Republicans and conservatives don't approve in principle of taxpayer money going to religious schools; four-fifths of private schools are religious.

—Many realize that government money to private schools sooner or later will be followed by government control.

Though by no means a perfect alternative, it is better to promote 1) widespread charter schools, 2) voucher choice restricted within the public-school system, 3) private sponsorship, and 4) educational tax credits. □

. . .The Right Choice

Despite the drawbacks, vouchers will help to promote private education.

RAMESH PONNURU

MR. Trowbridge is right: school vouchers do significantly increase the risk of government regulations that would impair the autonomy and effectiveness of private and parochial schools. What's more, conservatives cannot in principle object to putting conditions on government aid. They have supported conditions in controversies over welfare, arts funding, and abortion counseling. And they were correct to do so: surely the government may properly specify the purposes for which it intends to disburse public funds.

It's true, as proponents vigorously assert, that school vouchers are a slightly different case, because in conception they are supposed to be merely a rebate to parents who are relieving the public sector of an obligation. In the rough-and-tumble of political debate, however, it's hard to see this distinction swaying many legislators. Who pays the piper calls the tune.

Trowbridge is also right to expect to increase tuition at private and parochial schools. That's what has happened in higher education, where the Federal Government's college loans and grants are a rough approximation of a voucher plan. Colleges have raised their prices and lowered their standards to soak up the free money. There's no reason to expect that schools would be immune to state-induced sector inflation.

In addition, voucher advocates tend to use egalitarian arguments that ought to be disconcerting to conservatives. They say that if President Clinton can send his daughter to a private school, poor parents ought to have the same option. Some advocates have even welcomed school-funding equalization lawsuits and desegregation orders, seeing in them openings for school choice. But the Clintons can afford a lot of things that other people can't. If conservatives can't agree whether vouchers are a good idea, they should at least agree that they aren't worth endorsing collectivism for.

For these reasons and others, many thoughtful traditionalists and libertarians have become opponents of vouchers. In addition to Mr. Trowbridge, Pat Buchanan, Maggie Gallagher, Michael Horowitz, Douglas Dewey, Joseph Sobran, Llewellyn Rockwell, Dwight Lee, and Sheldon Richman have argued against them. Their view is gaining ground among Christian conservative activists. Timothy Lamer of the Media Research Center is, in his spare time, an indefatigable anti-voucher polemicist. "I oppose it both as an evangelical who doesn't want to be taxed to support the propagation of religious views I don't hold and as a conservative who is concerned about private-school regulation," he says, and the late Al Shanker, head of the American Federation of Teachers, once devoted a column to publicize Lamer's arguments.

Most of the right-wing critics of school choice, and some of the support-

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

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ers, think that the ultimate goal should be the complete, or almost complete, separation of school and state. They make the case that ideally, government should be involved in neither the direct provision nor the funding of education. Separationists who favor school choice call it "a step in the right direction." But critics are right to question whether vouchers would really move us closer to a pure regime of educational freedom. They would weaken a powerful statist lobby, the teachers unions, but would add the private schools and their existing patrons to the constituency for higher government spending on education.

At this point the patient reader may reasonably ask, since I've conceded Mr. Trowbridge's arguments against vouchers, why do I nonetheless support them? Partly it's because maintaining a system that keeps 89 per cent of students in public schools seems too high a price to pay to preserve a small enclave of complete educational freedom. More importantly, it's because the current system is a bigger problem for that enclave than the anti-voucherites seem to realize.

One of those critics, Jeffrey Tucker, came close to the problem when explaining in these pages (March 1, 1993) how vouchers could hook schools on government aid: "Private schools do not have to take vouchers, of course. But by refusing them, a school subjects itself to unfair competition from subsidized schools." True enough. A moment's reflection, however, should make it clear that private schools are already subjected to "unfair competition from subsi-

The current system is a bigger problem than the anti-voucherites seem to realize.

dized schools"—namely, the public schools.

It's a perverse competition, in which the rules are stacked against the alternatives that are safer, educationally superior, and less expensive. The public schools have a guaranteed source of funding that does not depend heavily on parental satisfaction. Property taxes that finance them are deductible against federal income taxes, unlike private-school tuition. By pumping more money into supplier markets (for teachers or textbooks), the public-school monopoly inflates prices in those markets and makes it more expensive for private schools to operate. Private schools generally can't keep up with public-school salaries, for example, even though they devote a larger proportion of their budgets to payrolls.

This economic connexity may be why private-school enrollments have been so remarkably stable over the last three decades, even while the public schools have suffered a decline in quality and safety. Dwight Lee told *Reason*'s Rick Henderson that when he wrote an anti-voucher article for the libertarian *Freeman* in 1986, he expected the public schools' woes to cause a mass flight to the private schools; he had thought that by now they would be educating 25 per cent of the nation's students. It hasn't happened. In 1970 private and parochial schools enrolled 10.5 per cent of grade-school students; by 1996, that figure was 11.2.

If taxes to support public schools were to double tomorrow, in other words, a lot of private schools would probably be forced out of the market, their students swallowed up by the expanding government behemoth. As it stands, some states are encroaching further on the private domain with mandates for sex education and outcome-based education. And if it's wrong to make evangelicals subsidize Catholic schools, it's worse to make them finance purely secular ones—especially when they're bankrupting Christian schools. Educational-choice policies, on the other hand, would help to level the playing field.

This is not to say that the points raised by voucher critics should be dismissed. Education reformers on the Right could draw a few practical conclusions from this theoretical debate. Voucher proposals ought to incorporate strong structural safeguards against regulation. Also, tuition tax credits have significant advantages over vouchers in decreasing the risk of extensive regulation. Tax credits make it clear that the state is not granting parents some extraordinary favor but merely letting them keep some of their own money. So regulations on tax credits would be harder to justify, and probably to enact. The foregoing analysis also suggests that choice proposals ought to reduce total government outlays for education (which may make it possible to add a tax cut to sweeten the deal, not least for taxpayers who do not have school-age children).

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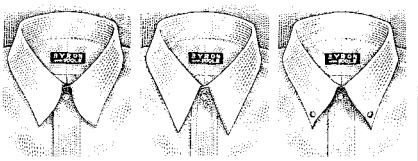

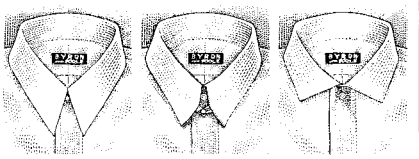

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It would be a mistake for conservatives, separationists or not, to regard school choice as a panacea. It's important for them also to advocate reasonable discipline, rigorous curricula, the break-up and deregulation of school districts, undiluted phonics instruction, tests that matter, and regularly assigned and graded homework, among other measures. (Indeed, a major part of the rationale for vouchers is that they would enable these policies to be expected.) School choice has its drawbacks. But those concerned about the health of private and parochial schools—and, more importantly, about the future of America's students—ought to recognize it as a big net plus. □

Extra Credit

Education tax credits may prove detrimental to students and colleges.

ALAN REYNOLDS

WHEN President Clinton dealt himself a new hand in the middle of the tax-cut game, he claimed that he did so partly because he was unhappy with the House and Senate tax breaks for college. "They do an inadequate job," he said, "of opening the doors to college." Unfortunately, this issue was framed as a debate over which plan can lose the most money, rather than which is most effective.

For the first two years of college, the President proposed a 100 per cent tax credit for the first $1,000 of tuition, and 50 per cent of the next $1,000. The Senate offered a 75 per cent credit for the first $2,000 spent at a community college, or 50 per cent of $3,000. All these plans would cut $1,500 off a taxpayer's bill, so the differences were trivial. In the end, Congress went along with a modest variation of the President's plan: A 100 per cent tax credit for the first $1,000 of tuition, 50 per cent for the next $1,000, and 20 per cent for the balance up to $5,000, and 20% for the next $5000.

Unfortunately, a 100 per cent tax credit for the first $1,000 of college tuition makes no more sense than a 100 per cent tax credit for the first $1,000 invested in a computer. A 100 per cent tax credit means those receiving the benefits of a $1,000 education will bear none of the cost. The burden will fall on other taxpayers, most of whom do not have a college degree. Nevertheless, this gift will undoubtedly increase the quantity of applications for enrollment in community colleges—mainly by attracting more students with marginal motivation and commitment. This would create more problems than solutions.

First of all, the intended surge in applications to community colleges would force those institutions to ration entry by raising fees and admission standards. Higher standards would keep out more inner-city youths disadvantaged by notoriously inferior public-school preparation. Higher tuitions would be most damaging to the poorest of the poor. They can make no use of the tax credit because 1) they owe no income tax, or 2) they are eligible for a Pell grant, which makes them ineligible for the tax credit.

Second, community colleges would appear free, until tuitions went up, but parents or students would bear the burden of upgrading to a state or private university. This would tend to channel greater numbers of the most able low-income students toward the cheapest colleges, which may not be in their best interest.

Third, the President's plan is heavily skewed toward the first two years of college, with the credit dropping from 100 per cent to 20 per cent in the third and fourth years. Yet only a fourth of first-year college students stay in school long enough to earn a bachelor's degree. Many drop out after one year. Why use tax bribes to encourage more people to start college when so few actually finish?

Fourth, tax credits have to be used when the tuition is paid, or they are lost forever. Instant tax relief is dandy if parents are footing the bill, and if they owe enough taxes to benefit. But an immediate tax credit is useless for students putting themselves through college with student loans and part-time jobs. Such struggling students rarely owe $1,500 in taxes. In order to make tax breaks available to students who are paying their own way, tuition tax deductions (not credits) would have to be carried forward until the students begin to earn higher incomes. Tuition costs could be depreciated over the student's remaining years of work, for example. Or the cost could be "expensed" by the parent or student, with any unusable deductions carried forward at least ten years.

The Senate and Clinton plans do include one provision that could help self-financing students: They allow some interest on student loans to be deducted each year for five years. But that covers only limited interest expense, not tuition expense, and five years is not long enough to repay many student loans.

Fifth, the attempts to encourage saving in some of these plans will be thwarted by other tax and spending policies which have the opposite effect. The House proposed a $10,000 deduction for prepaid tuition, and the President suggests a small tax-deferred savings account for college. If parents put aside savings for their child's education, however, that will make their child ineligible for Pell grants or subsidized Stafford loans. Income testing on grants and loans likewise discourages both parents from working as their children reach college age. Yet the current budget deal does not repair or replace such flawed programs. It merely adds some inefficient, inequitable, and costly tax breaks to the inefficient, inequitable, and costly spending programs.

Only a fourth of first-year college students stay in school long enough to earn a bachelor's degree.

Sixth, a tax break for the first $1,500 or so of college tuition is ineffective at the margin, where decisions are made. Everyone who would have gone to col-

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lege anyway would get this tax break. But those who may be contemplating investing more of their own money in a better education are given no incentive to do so. To have a significant impact, an educational tax incentive would be on the last $1,500 spent, not the first $1,500.

Better still, a truly efficient tax break should be on the return to education rather than the initial expense, because such a tax break would be targeted at maximizing the quality of output. Several recent studies, by Philip Trostel, Bill Dupor, and others, find that punitive marginal tax rates on high salaries, such as those imposed in 1993, severely discourage future investments in human capital. Mr. Trostel, for example, estimated that "a one percentage point increase in the income tax rate causes the long-run stock of capital to decline" by nearly 1 percentage point. Nothing would do more to increase the incentive to finish college, and perhaps go on to graduate school, than lower marginal tax rates on the higher incomes that ambitious students hope to earn as a result of their arduous efforts. □

Western Sieve

New methods of education mean that even at the top schools, the best is none too good.

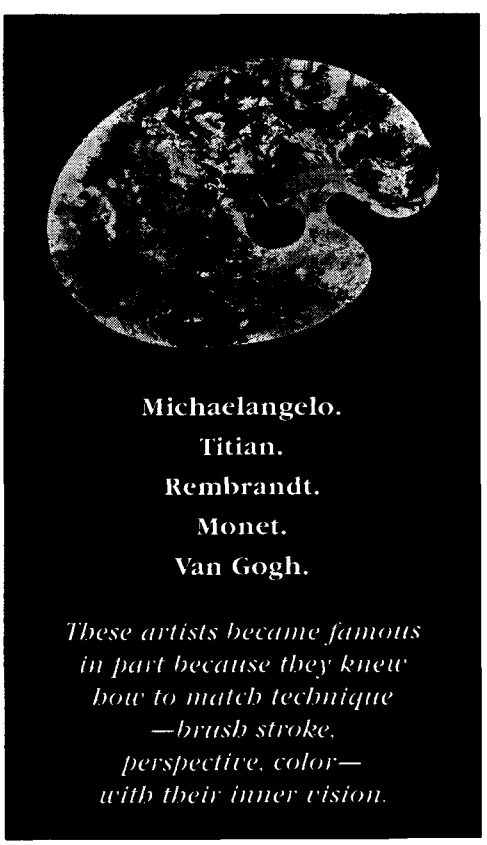
JEFFREY R. GIESEA

DESPITE all the reports of, and encounters with, barely literate college graduates, parents and employers seem wont to believe that top-tier colleges are immune. Send Johnny to Yale, and he will still return a thoroughly educated man of letters, right? Maybe not. Based on the dismal results of a recent "cultural literacy" poll taken among upperclassmen at Stanford University, even the so-called cream of the crop bears the stamp of higher education's decision to embrace malignant academic fads.

For example, a full two-thirds of those surveyed found themselves at a loss when asked to name the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. Several came close, by naming Pocahontas's companion, *John* Smith—perhaps frustrating Disney's pedagogical aspirations. One student declared that the seminal free-market text was written by Friedrich Engels, Marx's comrade.

The question was one of a handful given to 159 randomly selected upperclassmen at Stanford by *The Stanford Review*. Performance on the others yielded similarly discouraging results. One-third of those surveyed believed that the Enlightenment preceded the Renaissance. Two-thirds could not name the

Mr. Giesea is a 1997 graduate of Stanford University, where he served as editor-in-chief of The Stanford Review.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sixteenth-century scholar who first proposed that the earth revolves around the sun; many confused Galileo with Copernicus. Approximately 72 per cent failed to credit Gutenberg with the invention of the printing press in the fifteenth century. And the date of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor eluded a full three-quarters.

In Stanford's history department, no courses focus on the Civil War, U.S. diplomatic history, or even German-Americans.

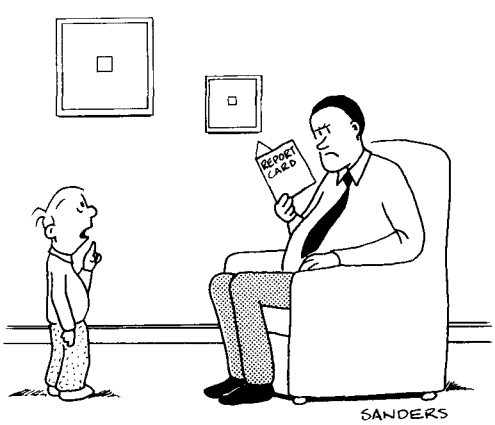
Even after two or more years at one of the nation's top universities, many students remain ignorant of basic historical facts every educated American should know. This is hardly surprising. In recent years, Stanford has slackened its efforts to provide its students with a broad-based humanities background, as the university's leaders have opted to embrace multicultural fads instead.

Consider the school's curriculum. Like all but one of the top 50 U.S. colleges, as found in a recent National Association of Scholars survey, Stanford does not require its students to take a history course to graduate. Instead, the university employs a misleadingly labeled "American Cultures" requirement, fulfilled only by courses emphasizing selected limited segments of American culture. Surveys on Protestantism, Irish-Americans, or the American West would not fulfill this requirement; classes that do fulfill it include "Film and Literature: U.S.–Mexico Border Representations," "Contemporary Ethnic Drama," and, for those inclined toward Ebonics, "African-American Vernacular English"—none of which are likely to put much stress on Pearl Harbor. Students intending to graduate from Stanford must also take World Cultures and Gender Studies courses, fulfilled by the likes of "Chicana Expressive Culture," "Cultures in Crisis," and "Misogyny and Feminism in the Renaissance." In 1988, Stanford dissolved its old Western-civilization requirement and replaced it with its multicultural variant, "Cultures, Ideas & Values" (CIV), a freshman course in which students are as likely to study the Marxist Guatemalan peasant activist Rigoberta Menchu as Plato.

These multicultural courses are not the exception to an otherwise sound liberal-arts curriculum; they have *become* the liberal-arts curriculum. Thus, in Stanford's history department, no course focuses on the Civil War, U.S. diplomatic history, or even German-Americans, though many cover PC-friendly topics such as "Race and Popular Culture," "Asian-American History," and "Peace Studies." Social history has displaced political history. And multicultural gospel often creeps into benign-sounding courses like "Great Issues in Twentieth-Century America," a class I mistakenly took; it thoroughly covered issues such as poverty, homelessness, and 1960s protests, but conspicuously left out any discussion of World War II, except as it related to the status of women.

With the cost of a four-year Stanford education over $100,000, many students have come to realize the opportunity costs associated with taking such courses, perhaps explaining why fewer students opt to study history and the other humanities. The number of history majors at Stanford has dropped from 647 in 1965, when it was the school's most popular major, to 101 in 1995.

University administrators' responses to the poll results have been unimpressive. When *The Stanford Review* first released the survey results last spring, Stanford President Gerhard Casper washed his hands of any responsibility by blaming "general secular trends in our attitudes toward learning" and "the deficiencies of primary and secondary schools" for preventing students from summing up key cultural facts.



"I know you're upset, but let's not forget who the victim is here."

Of course, secular trends and pre-college schooling *do* affect students' knowledge of key facts. Casper's argument, however, overlooks the trend-setting role of universities like Stanford. Stanford is the Pied Piper leading primary and secondary education into the politically correct trends that are destroying it. Other trend-setting schools, such as those in the Ivy League, march right beside it. The Ivy-laden towers of the Northeast are littered with classes like Cornell's "Housing and Feeding the Homeless," Harvard's "Fetishisms," and Brown's "Circumcision: Male and Female, Jewish and Gentile." In fact, every Ivy League school but Princeton now offers more courses in feminist studies than in economics, according to a survey by the Young America's Foundation. This disproportion is not demand-driven: economics majors outnumber their women's-studies counterparts by more than 41 to 1 at Harvard, 28 to 1 at Yale, and equally lopsided ratios obtain at other Ivies.

THE curricula of Stanford and other elite universities shape national trends in education which trickle out to other colleges, and down to primary and secondary schools. When these leading institutions de-emphasize the teaching of key historical information for the sake of advancing a politically correct agenda, it should come as no surprise that other schools follow suit. Thus, if Casper and other university presidents want primary and secondary schools to rectify their deficient teaching of core knowledge, then their schools need to set an example of productive reform.

After I commented on the subject in the *Washington Times* this summer, the vice provost for undergraduate education, Ramon Saldivar, took a different tack: he submitted a handful of isolated traditional courses and requirements as evidence that classical studies are alive and well at Stanford. In a further attempt to vindicate Stanford, he noted that the school had just completed an intensive review of its curriculum, including a two-year assessment of the teaching of the humanities. (A true hard-liner of multiculturalism,

(Continues on page 84)

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JEFFREY HART
A Teacher Celebrated

Jeffrey Hart, who took early retirement from teaching at Dartmouth in order to have more time to write, is (apart from Priscilla Buckley) the seniormost Senior Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. *He came to us in 1962 as a book reviewer, in 1969 as a, so to speak, resident (three days per fortnight) editor and writer. He arrives in New York every other week no matter the difficulties (flying in and out of western New Hampshire is a defiant exercise), in time for Monday morning's editorial meeting.*

One takes for granted the prophet in his own land. Some months ago it struck Management that if Jeffrey Hart were a phenomenon operating other than at NATIONAL REVIEW, *we would long since have published a portrait of him. Seeking to stress what?*

The answer becomes obvious. Hart is many things—scholar, writer, historian, journalist. But foremost among them, he is a teacher; teacher, mentor, friend, companion. More than once he was listed in college publications as one of the most respected professors at Dartmouth. Now being the Most Anything, Anywhere, tends to cause the hackles of competitors to rise. No one who has ever been near the academy mistakes it for a community of self-abnegators who disdain all earthly distractions. The American academy tends to be an intensely ideological and ambitious social unit. To accomplish all that Jeff Hart does and also to aid & abet The Dartmouth Review *and its editors is to reach too far. It must have been embarrassing to Dartmouth's president to find himself obliged to confer the Presidential Medal for Achievement and Leadership on JH (as we shall henceforward, mostly, designate him) at a public ceremony at Lincoln Center. But there was no avoiding this acknowledgment of the regard in which he was held by his former students.*

His students! It is this battery, young and not-so-young, to whom we turned to do the mosaic that follows. We confined our mini-celebration to five NATIONAL REVIEW *pages, in deference to such ambient events as presidential elections, world wars, and freshly named White House counsels. The entire issue might have been filled with the testimonials from JH's sometime students. The portrait here is of the true professorial success: the great teacher. We proudly give you our colleague—*

Jeffrey Hart

—WFB

The Complete Hart

PETER ROBINSON

AT Dartmouth College during the 1970s, Jeffrey Hart was one of the three or four professors every student learned about as a freshman. He was renowned for flouting the strictures of campus liberalism. At a time when the president of the college, John Kemeny, was giving speeches about the need to conserve fossil fuels, Hart took to driving around Hanover, New Hampshire in a second-hand Cadillac limousine. Every morning, Hart would maneuver the gigantic vehicle among faculty Volvos, some still bearing McGovern bumper-stickers, and take two parking spaces outside Sanborn Library, the home of the English Department. By the time I arrived in Hanover the limousine was gone, but someone pointed him out to me at a football game. He was dressed in an ankle-length raccoon coat. After a touchdown, he celebrated by reaching deep into one of the coat's enormous, shaggy pockets to withdraw a silver hip flask and take a swig. The austerity of the Carter years? Small is beautiful? He preferred the Jazz Age.

I took my first Hart course, a poetry survey, during the spring of my freshman year. By contrast with the flamboyance of his campus persona, Hart as teacher struck me at first as oddly stern. He would enter the classroom, place a book on the lectern, open, and begin to talk about the text. No politics. No jokes. Just the text. After two or three classes, this approach had its effect. It became clear that Hart took poetry seriously, and students started to emulate him by devoting concentrated attention to the act of reading. His very sobriety began to seem exhilarating.

Before graduating, I took every course Hart offered. These courses were notable for their variety—more precisely, their bi-polarity. At one pole lay the courses in the seventeenth

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and eighteenth centuries. The Augustan Age concerned itself with Dryden, Swift, Defoe, Addison, and Pope. Then came The Age of Johnson, which examined Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, and their circle. The works examined in these courses were pre-eminently concerned with refinement, order, and decorum. (Dr. Johnson said of Dryden's effect on English poetry, "He found it brick, and he left it marble," which sums up the era's concern with formal elegance.)

At the other pole lay Hart's courses in the twentieth century. Here the works concerned not order but disorder. Yet Hart was as much in command of Addison's Ciceronian periods as of Hemingway's staccato rhythms, as much at ease discussing Pope's heroic couplets as Eliot's complex and irregular verse.

In all of his courses Hart stressed two skills, reading and writing. These sound commonplace. As he approached them, they were not. He asserted that a great poem or novel can sharpen its readers' perceptions and enlarge their understanding—but only if they submit to it and *read* it. Hart was never rude in the classroom, but whenever a student started talking about how a poem made him feel, Hart would shift the discussion to the poem's historical context, its rhythm and rhyme scheme, or its diction. He was not interested in a 19-year-old's ability to emote; he was very interested in the text. In The Age of Johnson, JH gave an exam that consisted only of a list of names drawn from Boswell's *Life*. The students were charged to identify each character, in no more than a sentence apiece. I missed half of them, including (this has stayed with me) Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson's close and much younger friend. Like many students, I found the exam infuriating. We should have been asked about big ideas! To this grumbling, JH responded calmly: Do your reading. Experience the characters the author presents. Enter his world. If you don't know who Topham Beauclerk was, you have done a deficient job of reading Boswell's text.

IN writing, Hart valued the simple, the original, the direct. The models he held up were journalistic, not academic. He stressed that Dr. Johnson was a working journalist, not an Oxford don, and he noted that journalism had shaped his own writing. "My newspaper column has taught me a great deal about directness," he once explained. "Now, when I look at my first book, on Viscount Bolingbroke, which was my doctoral dissertation, I see the examining board on every page." When a classmate of mine, who worked for the student newspaper, *The Dartmouth*, asked Hart how to improve his writing, Hart told him to write for the sports page. "Sports are objective and concrete," Hart said. "It's something you can write about."

Hart himself found writing easy, but understood that many of his students found it difficult. He offered them two aids, encouragement and practice. He assigned them a large number of essays, always finding passages to praise, even in wretched work. In a couple of courses, Hart required students to keep daily journals, recording their responses to the works they were reading. A number of students—I was one—found the assignment nerve-wracking, always afraid that our extemporaneous work would prove unsophisticated or stupid. Yet when we got it back, we found that he had offered no criticism at all, hunting instead through each journal for interesting passages, adding his own thoughts, and often suggesting further reading.

It felt like a kind of miracle. In the course on Johnson, Hart discovered that most of us considered Boswell a buffoon, a dutiful drudge who turned himself into a one-man steno pool, taking virtual dictation from Johnson and others. "For one week," Hart instructed us, "I would like you to record your daily lives just as Boswell recorded his. Attempt to make your journals as vivid and readable as his. Then compare what you have written with any passage of the *Life of Johnson*." It worked: it taught us to respect Boswell as he deserves.

Large numbers of students appreciated Hart—his course on Hemingway and Fitzgerald was so popular it had to be held in a pre-med lecture hall. Much of the Dartmouth faculty, however, found him intensely annoying. I assumed then that they were put off by his politics. I think now that his sheer effortlessness may have been harder to bear. Composing two newspaper columns every week, flying to New York twice a month for NATIONAL REVIEW, publishing criticism in leading journals several times a year, and writing books at regular intervals, he never betrayed the slightest sign of exertion. To the contrary, he always seemed to have time on his hands. He kept generous office hours and he often popped up at the tennis courts, smoking a pipe while he watched the tennis team practice. During summer terms, he would appear at mid-morning on the Connecticut River in his powerboat, roaring in to town to pick up his

Looking back, I think that the first thing I learned from him was some inchoate idea of the "Gentleman." When as a freshman I first saw him, he was strolling across the campus in a yellow seersucker suit, wearing a straw boater and swinging an antique-looking walking-stick. This was a defiant performance. Later on, we explored the idea of the Gentleman in a sophomore seminar on F. Scott Fitzgerald. The idea has rich historical and cultural roots. I recall an article in NATIONAL REVIEW in which JH explained that the Gentleman is a matter not of genealogy but of deliberate choice. JH differs from the many conservatives at Dartmouth who instinctively support the fraternity system. He regards the fraternities not as gentlemanly meeting places but as slobocracies.

When I graduated from Dartmouth, JH awarded me his ancient raccoon coat, which, although it must weigh 75 pounds, I sometimes still wear to a football game. I may not have drawn as close as I would like to the ideal of the Gentleman, but I am closer to it than I otherwise would have been.

—WILLIAM SUSHON
Lawyer, New York City

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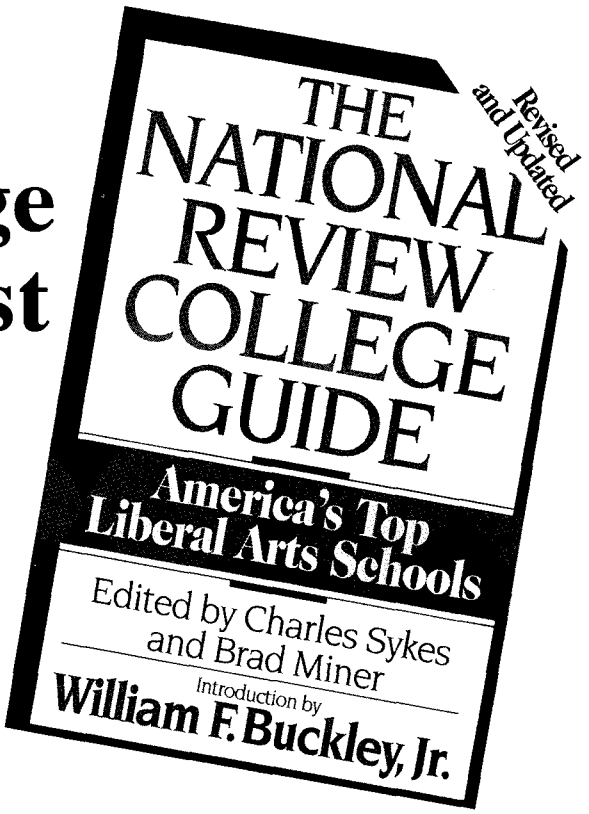
Before You Invest $100,000 in a College Education, You Must Have This Book.


THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE
Revised and Updated
America's Top Liberal Arts Schools
Edited by Charles Sykes and Brad Miner
Introduction by William F. Buckley, Jr.

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New York Times; on the way back, he would cruise over to the students sunbathing on the Dartmouth dock, toss out a pair of skis and a line, and spend an hour giving a tow to anyone who wanted to water-ski. From time to time one of his faculty enemies would deride him, notwithstanding his academic publications, as a mere journalist or campus character. Such derogations never stuck. Hart was too good at the essential business of Dartmouth College. He was the comprehensive teacher. □

Serious Jokes

DINESH D'SOUZA

I FIRST encountered Jeffrey Hart through an unusual column he wrote in the campus daily, *The Dartmouth*, in 1979. That year, my freshman year, as you walked across the Dartmouth campus, you would see a wide variety of protestors on the Green, day after day. Professor Hart began this particular column by asking, "What could possibly motivate a group of people to be out here every day, all day, seemingly all year?"

He had performed a kind of sociological study to try to discover what common thread linked this disparate group of people. And he noticed—one could not help noticing—that they were an extremely disheveled bunch of people. On his way to his office in Sanborn Library he took in the chandeliers and tall handsome ceilings, and reflected that the protestors were not in fact protesting South Africa, let's say, they were protesting their own disarray.

> He once told me that he became active in politics only reluctantly. It was a response to anti-civilization: in his youth, to totalitarianism. As a child he had heard Hitler screaming on the radio and knew that these were not fireside chats. Later he knew that Communists were not liberals in a hurry. His real interest was literature, but, before anything, civilization had to be defended. One subject of frequent conversations was Israel. I had my own excuse for being an Israeli hawk—both my parents were Israeli immigrants. But I think JH's support for Israel came from a larger feeling about defending civilization. He sees the Holocaust not as just another example of barbarism, but as an eruption of nihilism. In that sense, he sees the Holocaust as a *religious* event in the heart of civilization, and Israel as a response to it.
>
> —ORON STRAUSS
> President and CEO of Net.Capitol, Inc.

When this column appeared, it created a bit of a furor on campus. The next day three hundred protestors dressed themselves up in suits and ties, seeking to refute the point of JH's column, but in fact confirming it by the contrast.

As I came to know him, I became accustomed to his collection of paraphernalia—the motorized wooden hand used to drum on the table when faculty meetings went on too long; the wooden pincer device, intended for pinching women you wouldn't touch. And his wide, indeed unrivaled, collection of buttons (my favorite: "Soak the Poor").

I emphasize the facetious, but it was the combination of that with his serious, learned, and deeply inspirational side that magnetically drew a wide range of young people to him. He was in one sense a classicist, a member of the old order. And yet there was something very modern, very young about his mind and humor. I'm still waiting for him to publish his long-awaited collection—*Dr. Hart's Politically Incorrect Joke Book*. No ethnic group is safe.

In a world that is both confused and monotonous, Jeffrey Hart kept us sane and smiling. For that alone we should be thankful. □

Mr. D'Souza is a resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and the author most recently of The End of Racism.

Man of the West

WILLIAM GRACE

ON a spring evening at Lincoln Center in 1992, amongst the black ties and designer gowns of Dartmouth College's blue-chip contributors, Jeffrey Hart received Dartmouth's award for outstanding teaching.

It was a defining moment. Here stood a teacher whose campus agenda official Dartmouth loathed: informing students about their own civilization, hiring teachers based on their ability to teach, ending the distribution of AIDS-proofing equipment to freshmen. And there, bestowing the Olympic-style medal, stood Hart's ideological rival—Dartmouth President James O. Freedman, a man so illiterately PC he once accused Dartmouth conservatives of launching "ad hominem and ad feminam" attacks. Poor President Freedperson. Despite his administration's attempts at consigning Hart to the fever swamps, Dartmouth's most prominent black alumnus, Reggie Williams—once a perennial NFL all-

> My first encounter with him was in the course in eighteenth-century English literature. This had become a famous course, with about one hundred students signed up. But for the final lecture of the term a huge crowd showed up. He defended the British Empire as an idea, distinguishing between civilizing imperialism and barbarizing imperialism. This, of course, was a shocking notion; yet most students loved it. In this almost apocalyptic lecture, JH directed attention to Kipling's poem "Recessional." Migod, Kipling! Imperialism! Yet he argued from the text of the poem that the "lesser breeds without the law" are not natives somewhere but, in fact, the mailed-fisted German militarists who are outside "the Law," or Mosaic law. Reread, without white guilt, this seems to be a genuinely great poem. . . . For the students, a differentiated view of "imperialism" was exciting, blasphemous. That is why the large hall was packed. Professor Hart was blaspheming the accepted religion of liberalism.
>
> —JOHN MCGOVERN
> Businessman, Former Massachusetts State Legislator

Mr. Grace is executive director of the Ernest Martin Hopkins Institute.

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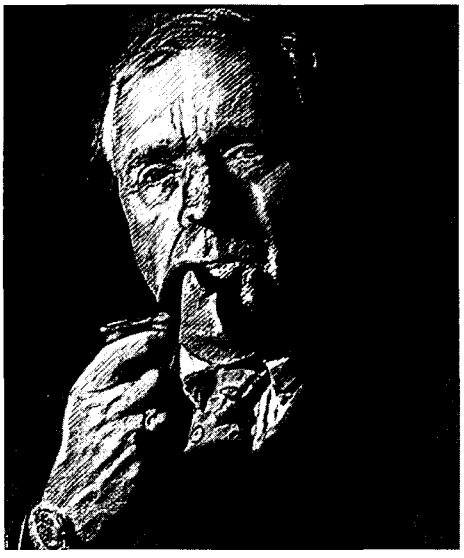
pro and now a top Disney executive—had nominated him for the award.

In the fall of 1972, Williams had sat down in Hart's office as a freshman worried about writing his first college essay. He had graduated from a tough Detroit high school and now had to compete academically with WASPs from St. Paul's and Exeter. Williams could crumple preppies on the gridiron (1973, 1974, and 1975 All Ivy League Team) but wanted to defeat them in class, too. His first assignment: to write a short essay on why he supported Nixon or McGovern in the '72 presidential race. "I'm not voting for either of them," Williams told Hart. As he presciently explained, "Both Nixon and McGovern are losers. And I'm a winner." Hart began working with Williams, who surprised himself by developing into a good writer.



As sophomores in 1987, a small group of us gradually adopted Professor Hart as our mentor. What attracted us was his compelling vision of how studying great literature and art might change us. He did not, like the other faculty, banally plead agnostic as to what we should learn. Instead he showed us how to make contact with our civilization's high models of intelligent action.

Other faculty taught Plato, Augustine, Hobbes, Rousseau. But these professors focused narrowly, rather than approaching Western civilization in its powerful unity. They were deaf to the West's heroic trumpet notes, whereas Hart amplified them as signals of how we might begin to answer the two fundamental questions of higher education: What is man? and, What is the good?

He launched an annual campus lecture, "What Is a Liberal Arts Education? And How to Get One." His lecture begins with the unforgettable story of Eugen Rosenstock-Hussey, a German emigrant who taught philosophy at Dartmouth; he had fought in World War I as a soldier in the Kaiser's army. Trapped in No Man's Land by a bombardment during the Battle of Verdun, Rosenstock-Hussey felt like a "naked worm," removed from human history. This terrifying experience led him to an important conclusion: For civilization to endure there must be men who have the deep knowledge and moral courage to rebuild it.

One of Rosenstock-Hussey's best students at Dartmouth, Jeffrey Hart, has become such a man. □

Intelligent Life

DAN COAKLEY

'SEE you at 6:30 on the second floor." Professor Hart hung up the phone.

Arriving at the Yale Club at 6:29, I spotted Professor Hart in his usual corner, next to a window overlooking Grand Central Station, pipe in mouth, a pile of papers on the table. I got a drink and joined him. Tonight he was sitting with Roger Kimball of *The New Criterion* and Professor James Tuttleton of New York University. They were talking about Dante.

JH sensed my reticence and drew me into the conversation. He led me this way and that until, before long, I was saying things that weren't totally absurd.

But the real treat was listening. Just by being there I was learning so much, so much beyond Dante (if that is possible). I was learning about excellence, about the depth of people who truly aspire to understand.

The next morning at about ten, JH appeared at my desk. "How about lunch with David Black?"

"Great," I replied.

He handed me an essay about a quarter of an inch thick. "Finished this up last night. Thought you might like to read it." It was an essay on Burke, which has since been published in *Modern Age*. A week before, he had mailed me a similarly substantial piece on Auden (since published in *The New Criterion*). And then of course there is his syndicated column and his current book. He writes faster than I read—actually, this is a little irritating. Anyhow, back to David Black.

We met him at a midtown club designed by Stanford White. Hart explained to me the metaphorical significance of the exterior's design as we walked up to the door. David Black, I had learned on the walk over, is a brilliant former lefty, a National Magazine Award–winning journalist turned big-time Hollywood writer. He is also, by JH's account, a serious novelist. Conversation at lunch focused on his most recent novel. As the previous evening, the character and tone of the conversation struck me more than the content. Here was Jeffrey Hart, hired gun to Nixon and Reagan, and David Black, Sixties radical, having a discussion that was civil, spirited, and enjoyable. Refreshing stuff, this—true liberalism.

Two weeks later, when JH was back in town again to help put out another issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, we had drinks with Sidney Zion, the charismatic *Daily News* columnist, former U.S. Attorney, and author of several books on the mob. The conversation turned to the New York Giants and to football more generally. The mood now was gritty. Zion lit up a massive cigar, and obscenities began to creep into the exchange. Hart cited names of Giant players past and present with remarkable ease. But more impressive was his technical expertise in analyzing plays and tactics. Zion was able to stay with him, but I got a bit lost and tried to bring things back

> . . . he gives quite selflessly to me and to the paper in general. He is constantly there for us to turn to, whether for a critique of an article, a lively discussion of a Dartmouth course, or a review of a book—or even to be your host at the Yale Club in New York City.
>
> KEVIN ROBBINS
> President, *The Dartmouth Review*

Mr. Coakley was Ivy League tennis player of the year, worked as a writer for Sen. Dan Coats, and is now at Lehman Brothers.

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to personalities and generalities. Hobey Baker, Bill Parcells, astroturf *vs.* natural grass. No luck. Hart liked the technical analysis. He felt that you have to understand the nuts and bolts of something to fully appreciate it. Point taken. Back to the old wishbone offense.

Many people know a lot about one or two things; Professor Hart knows about many. Tennis. Shakespeare. Commodore Vanderbilt and the railroads. Stanford White. J. P. Morgan and Teddy Roosevelt. The Yankees. Columbia. T. S. Eliot. Athens and Jerusalem. Joyce and Yeats. Buckley, Nixon, and Reagan. Auden. The Civil War. The Navy. The *Titanic*. And on and on.

Professor Hart once wrote, "Serious and secure people always have time." But how? How does Hart have time to do all that he does, to know all that he knows, and to learn all that he continues to learn?

Part of the answer is that he's never agonized about trying to achieve recognition—though he has seen his share. The objective for him has always been to learn and to understand, to apply his mind consistently to all areas of his life, and then to teach. In other words, the objective has always been to lead "the intelligent life." □

The Professor

SCOTT W. JOHNSON

I ARRIVED at Dartmouth in the fall of 1969, a graduate of an elite private high school, full of liberal certitudes and self-regard and inclined to literature. My certitudes did not survive my four years as a student of Professor Hart.

I enrolled in his principal upper-level English course on the era of Dryden and Pope. The introductory lecture gave us an unforgettable overview of the intellectual horizon within which the great eighteenth-century English writers did their work. JH's theme was that the antagonistic stance of modern intellectuals toward their own culture and their country was a relatively recent historical anomaly. In the Augustan Age we saw literature recalling society to its own norms. "This was the dominant conception of the role of the artist and the intellectual until nearly yesterday: until, that is, the early nineteenth century," as he put it in his brilliant contribution to *NR*'s 15th anniversary issue, "The Secession of the Intellectuals."

He described the development, since the nineteenth century, of an adversary intellectual style that through mass education (he was too polite to mention us!) had become institutionalized and coarsened. The irony was that in an academic setting saturated with conventional liberalism, JH was himself a truly adversary figure.

He treats literature as a comprehensive art whose appreciation requires that we bring to bear all the resources of history, philosophy, and sociology. We are incapable of submitting to the great literature of the past except by lifting ourselves to it. To be Jeffrey Hart's student was to be initiated into the culture of the West by an unashamed partisan. Although he lectured in the formal style of the Oxford don, pipe in hand, it was impossible to mistake him for one. It was the Budweiser tie that gave him away.

And outside class, what an unbelievably generous teacher. All it took to engage him was the least display of genuine curiosity. He wanted to motivate his students to see with their own eyes. I think he succeeded. □

Mr. Johnson is an attorney in Minneapolis.

He and I have lunch now and then at a nice pub on Hanover's Main Street. The *Dartmouth Review* is not the main subject of our conversation. Recently he talked about the latest assault on the *Review* by President James Freedman, speaking through the *New York Times*. Mr. Hart seemed weary of this. Nothing unexpected now: warmed-over charges of "racism" and whatnot. Boring—and cruel; reflective not of an educator but of an ideologue. . . . JH passed to me the latest chapter of the book he is completing, to be called *Smiling through the Cultural Catastrophe*, a readable and learned discussion of Dante. That's the kind of thing he writes, and thinks about.

—JAMES PANERO
Editor-in-Chief, *The Dartmouth Review*

My Catholic high school, Loyola Academy in Chicago, weakened my Catholic faith. We read Camus, not St. Paul. There was an aroma around the place that the claims of my Church about Jesus and the Resurrection might not be true. Dartmouth changed all that, especially the Catholic Student Center, Aquinas House—organized by a great priest, Monsignor Bill Nolan and by Jeffrey Hart—and we knew he was a convert—took the Catholic historical claims with great intellectual seriousness.

He also introduced me into a Hartian world of humor, freedom, jokes, apparent frivolity: as if to say, we will all be gone soon; it is time to laugh. The Hartian world was one of irreverence on the surface of his reverence (he once said that he had fallen asleep in a faculty meeting, and had awakened thinking he had died and gone to Hell). I think his faith shapes his thinking more than he knows. His jokes seemed to be saying that the struggles in this world are serious but also, and finally, not so serious. He liked Robert Frost's unpublished epigram: "O Lord, if thou will forgive my little jokes on thee, / I'll forgive thy great big one on me." He was generous toward the good professors who thought Castro belonged on Mount Rushmore but who did know something about Proust. His intellectual seriousness and his jokes restored my Catholic faith; Monsignor Nolan has said that his effect on others was the same, and that several of his students became priests.

I feel now and then like Charles Ryder looking back. A little nostalgic, now, as a Catholic priest. A little sad. Battles still to be fought, never-ending. But it was at Dartmouth that my faith, and the faith of many others, found a sense of the possibility that the intellectual foundations were still there and would be forever, and that the little red light in the Brideshead chapel is still burning.

—THE REV. M. KEENAN JONES
Secretary to the Bishop and Vice Chancellor,
of the Diocese of Bridgeport

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

August 22, 1997

Dear Rusty,

Please tell me if you received my latest UPS package. I meant to send you recent issues of The Red Herring, the high-technology business magazine, but now I'm not sure if you got them.

I guess I took a gamble sending it UPS, though, to be honest, I sort of knew all along that the strike would be settled.

Last week Ron Carey, the current Teamsters president, called me at home to fill me in on the negotiations. Technically, of course, we had to keep the strike issue at arm's length—no easy task when the union president has your home phone number—but when a guy's been as generous to you as Ron Carey has been to us, well, when he calls it'd be kind of rude to let the machine pick up.

So when the phone rang late yesterday, after Justice confirmed it was investigating the Teamsters' election, I thought it was Ron, until I heard the familiar sound of ice rattling around in a highball glass. "Hello, son."

It was Dad, calling from home, apparently on a hot day because it seemed like a lot of ice for him.

"Hi, Dad."

"Just calling to say a big thank you for that package you sent us via UPS. Nice to know things are still the same up there."

"Not following you, Dad."

"Sure you are. Sure you are. You're maintaining the traditional roots of the Democratic Party. You knew the strike would end and you knew why and you knew when. Not bad."

"Dad, I don't know what you're reading down there, but I assure you, Alexis Herman was a disinterested third party, and our involvement in the UPS strike was not predicated on any quid-pro-quo arrangement. Yes, the Teamsters donated over three million dollars to the Democratic Party, and yes, we might have helped Ron Carey win election to the presidency of that union, and yes, we received the strong unofficial support of big labor during the last campaign, but—"

"You sound like you're reading that off a card."

"Well, I am. They handed them out this morning. How does it sound?"

"Pretty good. I almost fell for it myself."

"We're still focus-grouping a lot of it."

"Whatever. You just tell that lovely black lady—what's her name? Alexis Herman?—you tell her from me that I think she's doing a bang-up terrific job. Made my heart glad to watch a young person like her who still respected the old way."

"Thanks, Dad," I said. I felt it was time to get him off the phone. I could hear a lot of ice rattling around in the glass, which meant only one thing: he was running out of highball.

"You're welcome, boy. So what do you think is going to happen with that union?"

"Well," I said, "I think they're coming back into prominence—"

"We said that back in the Fifties, too."

"And, if you'll let me finish, strictly between us, James Hoffa will be an effective leader."

"Said the same thing forty-odd years ago."

"Things are different now, Dad. The union isn't going to dictate to the Democrats just because they donated three and a half million dollars."

"Said that, too."

"Dad . . . "

"Look, m'boy, what do the French say? 'Plus ça change,' right? They give you a lot of 'change,' and you give them a lot of 'plus.'

"Dad . . . "

"You just better hope boy," he said, chewing on his ice, "that those union boys don't start wanting to unionize those high-tech friends of yours, you get me? Be awful nice to unionize Mico-soft—"

"That's Microsoft, Dad."

"Or Intel, or Lucent, or any other company that makes money in that thing, what do you call it?"

"The New Economy?"

"That's it." Dad chuckled. "New economy. What's new about it? You make something, you sell it, you get money, you build a big house, sounds a lot like the old economy. Anyway, it'd be awful nice to unionize those folks. And then, my friend? What side are you on?"

"Well, Dad, in the New Economy—"

"They'll have a lot of part-time workers. And a lot of layoffs. And a lot of rich guys who own things. Wouldn't want to be caught in the middle of that tug-of-war. Either way your friends are mad."

"How do you know so much about this, Dad?"

"Been reading a thing called The Red Herring."

We said our good-byes, and then it struck me that our packages had gotten mixed up somehow, and that Dad received four months worth of a high-technology business magazine, and you got an album of photos from Karenna's wedding. If that happened, I'll FedEx the magazines ASAP.

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

An American Coup

SCOTT McCONNELL

IN this sparkling small book, David Gelernter mixes a memoir of his long recovery from wounds inflicted in a Unabomber attack in 1993 with deeper cultural ruminations about America. He says that it is easier to smash things up than to put them back together—true about his partially shattered body and also for the country he sees as still not healed from the social explosions of the 1960s.

Home from the hospital a few months after a bomb mailed to his Yale office mangled his right hand, ruined his right eye, and left him nearly dead, Gelernter found himself drawn almost unconsciously to the America of two generations ago—a nation more optimistic, less violent, more comfortable with itself, in important ways more sophisticated (people read and listened to the radio instead of watching television). Mining clues from popular culture, Gelernter went on a quest to find out what went wrong. The first fruits of his exploration appeared in the acclaimed historical essay/novel *1939: The Lost World of the Fair*, completed while he was undergoing a long regime of reconstructive surgery.

Drawing Life: Surviving the Unabomber, by David Gelernter (Free Press, 160 pp., $20.50)

Drawing Life digs more deeply into the reasons why our society is worse off today in important ways than it was in 1940 or 1960. Gelernter is masterly at extracting sharp insights from small details. Typical is his mention of Marjorie Hollis's women's vacation guide to New York, published in 1939. She calmly dismisses the men-only McSorley's Tavern as "probably pretty dull"—an attitude typical of an era when it was not yet desirable to present oneself as a victim. Or his reflection on the emergence of "judgmental" as a pejorative: there was a time when a society's (or an individual's) ability to make and enforce judgments was admired.

Elliott Banfield

He argues at greater length that more women should remain home to nurture their children, while pointing out that in the 1950s and early 1960s any woman who wanted to focus on a career could do so without discouragement or discrimination. But modern feminism—cooked up by a coterie of intellectuals—succeeded in so disparaging the role of housewife that many now think there is something wrong if a woman stays home. Gelernter notes drily that among current politicians only Pat Buchanan has ever expressed something like his own view on this subject, only to retract it under fire.

Gelernter regrets the passing of the time when headline writers could write un-self-consciously of "Uncle Sam"—an indication that Americans of past generations felt a sense of intimacy and quasi-familial identity with their nation and its progress in the world.

He is respectful (who cannot be?) of the civil-rights movement, but not of its transformation into the new American civic religion. This is also the work of a new class of intellectuals, people who never had much use for Judaism or Christianity but were pleased to push forward a vision of a morally gross majority and an oppressed minority, evil whites and virtuous blacks, as a paradigm that could be replicated (evil men and virtuous women) and then deployed to hammer away at all the traditional arrangements of American life.

In Gelernter's view, these developments all flow from the same source: the silent, slow-motion coup that replaced one American elite with another. The old elite was largely commercial, practical-minded, distrustful of grand abstractions. In the world of letters, it produced a specifically American type of "low church" thinker, who was typically irreverent, fascinated by technique, distrustful of grand designs, traditionalist about family values.

The new elite, composed of intellectuals and those trained by them, is guided by reason and ideas rather than experience or common sense. It is notably lacking in respect for what in the Talmud is called *derekh eretz*, "the way of the world," a phrase that also means "deference" or "humility." For the new intellectuals in power, all of society can be remade to conform to abstract principles: for instance, universal tolerance (one of their favorites), enforceable by the courts.

The new group first began to taste power in Franklin Roosevelt's time: Gelernter quotes E. B. White, after encountering one of FDR's advisors: "It

Mr. McConnell is editorial-page editor of the New York Post.

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is always sobering to encounter the intellectual idealist at work . . . making [his] plans for the world in much the same way a common tyrant does." By the 1960s this type, long on the outside in American life, was well entrenched in the most prestigious universities, and it eventually transformed them. By the 1990s it was setting the tone of the nation.

In a key passage about the implications of this takeover, Gelernter writes:

> The old elite used to get on fairly well with the nation it was set over. . . . Members of the old social upper-crust elite were richer and better educated than the public at large, but they approached life on basically the same terms. The public went to church and so did they. The public went into the army and so did they. The public staged simpler weddings and the elite put on fancier ones, but they mostly all used the same dignified words . . . the staff and the bosses were basically in accord.

There is an unmistakable subtext to this argument, alongside the fact that the elite is now quite thoroughly secularized: the old elite was largely Protestant, the new one in considerable part Jewish. Gelernter implies this without much elaboration: Jews are a "dye marker" indicating the advance of the new intellectualized class. Last spring, after he published a variant of this argument in *Commentary*, at least one reader charged that the article was anti-Semitic. Gelernter stood his ground. He replied that he had "a lot of respect" for the argument that "this topic"—the role that Jews had played in the cultural triumph of the Left—"is bad for the Jews, so shut up." However, he continued, their place in the United States was strong enough for Jews to take stock of their accomplishments "for good and bad." Indeed they have "a positive obligation to do so."

Starting in FDR's time, a silent, slow-motion coup replaced one American elite with another.

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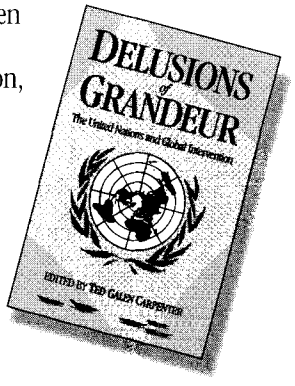

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ica's turning away from authority and traditional values has been as harmful to Jews as to any other ethnic group. In some ways more so. More than half of American Jews marry Christians; most branches of Judaism are cut off from tradition, and thus starved of oxygen. "Jews are better off today. Except that (inconveniently) Judaism itself is dying," Gelernter observes.

For a discursive short memoir, this is a heavy weight to carry. Yet *Drawing Life* bears it gracefully. Among Gelernter's lighter observations there is enough tossed off in passing to provide the foundation for dozens of good, socially conservative speeches. As for the theory about the intellectualized elite, he doesn't claim that it's airtight, only that as an explanation it works quite well. Few writers could handle this topic without sounding like a crank; Gelernter manages it beautifully. □

Très Che

ANTHONY DANIELS

INSIDE every rebel, there's a tyrant trying to get out: of no one is this more true than Ernesto Guevara, known as Che. He was the Ayatollah Khomeini of the Cuban Revolution, an ascetic who turned his own taste for renunciation into a moral imperative for others. A world ruled by Guevara would have been about as much fun as Calvin's Geneva.

It is typical of the fathomless self-indulgence and frivolity of pampered Western youth that they should have turned this self-righteous revolutionary prig into a pop icon, just because he wore a beret, failed to wash regularly, was careless in his dress, and was, from certain angles, highly photogenic. Of his horrible doctrines they knew and cared nothing. As far as they were concerned, any young man who brought down a government by force in the name of justice must be a hero.

Che Guevara: A Revolutionary Life, by John Lee Anderson (Grove, 814 pp., $35)

Compañero: The Life and Death of Che Guevara, by Jorge Castañeda (Knopf, 352 pp., $30)

To be fair to Guevara, it was not his fault that he was so misunderstood by students in the West. He disdained to conceal either his thoughts or his actions. But despite his deep, almost elephantine earnestness, he also fully partook of the intellectual and moral frivolity of his Western admirers. Both of the present biographers claim that he had an insatiable intellectual curiosity, but there is no evidence that he ever once deigned to think about, let alone investigate, the causes of the heinous crimes of Stalin and Mao; nor did he ever pause to wonder about the source of the strength—economic, cultural, and military—of the United States. As a young man, he came to believe that exploitation was the fount of American and European wealth, and he held fast to that view to the very end. Only by adhering to this idiotic doctrine could he accord himself a providential role in history. Otherwise, he would have had to content himself with mundane medical practice, for which he was not at all suited.

Both these long biographies are the fruit of diligent research; and though there are differences, the picture that emerges of their subject is essentially the same. Castañeda is much more informative than Anderson about Guevara's economic ideas; Anderson about his childhood and youth. Castañeda has Guevara's second wife, Aleida March, as a member of the upper middle classes; Anderson as the daughter of a peasant. Castañeda mentions Guevara's illegitimate children; Anderson does not. But they are in agreement about all the fundamental features of Guevara's life, character, and work.

Each of Guevara's parents came from a relatively impoverished branch of an oligarchic Argentine family, but Guevara never knew actual poverty, and he had the fundamental self-assurance of those who are born into an elite. He developed severe asthma very early on, which had two consequences: first, it assured him of the deep love and anxious concern of his mother, who was by far the most important woman in his life; and second, it gave him the determination to overcome difficulties placed in his path. Despite his asthma, and against the odds, he became a sportsman as a youth; he never gave in to his physical limitations.

For the rest of his life, he was notably un-self-critical. He accepted his mother's estimate of his value; and he believed that what he did was right because it was he who did it. To the end of his days, he grossly overestimated the importance of his own willpower in shaping the world around him. His grandiosity and vanity destroyed him—and many others also.

As Anderson's account makes clear, Guevara's self-importance developed early. During his youthful wanderings around Latin America, he had no compunction about swindling people (not necessarily rich) who crossed his path when he was hard up. He saw his dishonesty as an escapade, not a moral failing, because it was *he* who was being dishonest; later, his excessive punctiliousness about money—in which there was a marked element of moral and intellectual snobbery—became the standard by which he judged others. In short, he was always his own exemplar.

The difference between Che Guevara and Pol Pot was that Guevara never studied in Paris.

To call him second-rate as a thinker would be far too generous. His fundamental economic idea—that all hope of personal gain should be removed from economic life—is unoriginal, stupid, and evil in equal measure. The idea is just excusable in an adolescent; but in a grown man it is quite unpardonable. And only a moral monster would be prepared to kill in pursuit of such an ideal.

Guevara was such a monster; he was far too egotistical to change his fantasies in the light of experience once he had formed them. He dreamed of creating the New Man who, of course, would be the willing pupil of his own tuition—all

Dr. Daniels is a physician and traveler, and the author of Utopias Elsewhere *(Crown).*

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previous men, from the inventor of the wheel to Shakespeare, Newton, and Mozart, failing to come up to his exacting mark.

Both of these biographies make it plain that during the Cuban missile crisis Guevara was in favor of a nuclear war, which would have resulted in the deaths of tens of millions of Americans and the total eradication of the Cuban population. He believed that this was desirable because he also believed that a better world could have been built on, in, and presumably of the ashes. He felt not the slightest qualm in speaking on behalf of the millions of Cubans who would be thus immolated; not so much as a millisecond of doubt entered his allegedly capacious mind. What he said went for untold millions at a time.

It is clear, then, that Guevara was of the same mindset as Pol Pot. If he ended up killing far fewer innocent people than the Cambodian, it was not for lack of effort on his part. After all, he reveled in the Indochina war and would have loved to see two, three, many Cambodias around the world. The difference between him and Pol Pot was that he never studied in Paris.

The two authors are concerned to rescue something from Guevara's disastrous and profoundly unattractive life. Whatever his personal charms, a man who could seriously advocate the death of an entire population (being almost in a position to bring it about) is clearly unspeakably vile. The authors cannot, alas, bring themselves to say this: it is too much against the advertising orthodoxy of our age, namely that Guevara was fundamentally a good, generous man who makes a fine poster. And neither author draws attention to the fact that Guevara adopted a violently anti-American and pro-Soviet stance without knowing anything about the history, economy, general living conditions, or culture of either country. If Guevara later became disillusioned with the Soviet Union, it was because it ceased being radical enough: Great Leaps Forward and Cultural Revolutions, with millions of deaths of the unrighteous, are what he craved.

Ambivalence toward Guevara is particularly marked in Mr. Castañeda's book. Castañeda is like an old Communist who has finally accepted that Stalin killed scores of millions but is nonetheless trying to rescue something from the debacle: something like universal health care or improved literacy. Because he is himself a man of the Left, Castañeda cannot accept that it was Guevara's *Weltanschauung* that was wrong. His ambivalence is beautifully illustrated on pages 188 and 189, where he describes the effects of Guevara's writings on the youth of his day. On page 188, we read: "Che had no reason to suspect the impact [his writing] would have on thousands of young university students in the ensuing thirty years, as they cheerfully marched off to be massacred. . . . No author should be held responsible for his readers' sagacity or lack thereof." On page 189, by contrast, we read: "Che endowed two generations of young people with the tools of that faith [in revolution], and the fervor of that conviction. But he must also be held responsible for the wasted blood and lives that decimated those generations."

Each of these citations contains a further equivocation: for the young university students marched off not merely to be massacred, but to massacre also. For it was Guevara's opinion (quoted later by Castañeda himself) that "unbending hatred for the enemy, which pushes a human being beyond his natural limitations, making him into an effective, violent, selective, and cold-blooded killing machine," was desirable; indeed it was a precondition of a better world. If this is noble, as Castañeda in his less clear moments claims Guevara to have been, I should hate even to imagine what Castañeda would consider ignoble.

When the history of the twentieth century is written, Guevaraphilia among the educated middle classes of the richest, freest countries that have ever existed will seem a strange phenomenon indeed, and one not at all flattering to the human race. How could libertarians (or libertines) see in Guevara anything other than a ruthless puritanical dictator? The answer is not contained in either of these books, but they both contain more than sufficient information, clearly set down, to establish Guevara as one of the most ruthless, though ultimately unsuccessful, opponents of freedom of our time. □

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Dangerous Declaration?

R. S. HILL

PAULINE Maier is an American historian who does not disdain the office of storyteller to the American people. She tells here a story she rightly thinks worth telling: how in the year following Lexington and Concord the Continental Congress moved to the decision to fight for national independence; how Americans supported and explained the decision in more than ninety "other declarations of independence" (instructions to congressional delegates and to state representatives, town-meeting resolutions, state-constitution preambles, and other documents); and how the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, was shaped. She goes on to the subsequent history of the Declaration, as it became an authority appealed to in serious political disputes and an object of popular veneration.

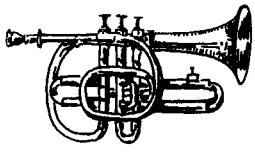
American Scripture: Making the Declaration of Independence, by Pauline Maier (Knopf, 352 pp., $27.50)

Professor Maier is not only an unashamed but also an artful storyteller: propelling the narrative smoothly and enlivening it with colorful detail, never showing impatience or condescension. Her care to be accurate and her judiciousness are evident, which not only is good in itself but also helps commend what she writes to today's general reader, who approaches his nation's past fearful of being thought gullible and distrusting patriotic fervor.

Such a reader may be reassured by Professor Maier's advance tip that Thomas Jefferson's reputation as author of the Declaration and Lincoln's for having canonized it will undergo some deflation. And indeed we learn that all the particulars in the Declaration's indictment of the King along with its theory of revolution are scattered about in the "other declarations" that Professor Maier has brought to light. We find that Jefferson drafted the Declaration as one member of a committee, whose other members changed what he wrote, and that the Congress itself did a thorough editing job on the draft, improving its style, increasing its persuasiveness, and galling Jefferson. Yet in the end we know nothing that would deny Jefferson the principal credit for having so clearly and convincingly expressed "the American mind"—which is all he claimed to do.

Professor Maier shows that the apotheosis of the Declaration began early, forwarded by Jefferson himself, and that it was early made to serve as an unassailable standard for the judgment of measures and institutions. She adduces precedents for virtually every element of Lincoln's exposition of the Declaration's meaning. Yet finally Lincoln must be awarded the credit for having established what became the nation's understanding of the Declaration. So our heroes are left to us, no longer alone, but their stature undiminished.

Our heroes? It is no secret to readers of NATIONAL REVIEW that one of the deepest fault lines in present-day conservatism has to do with the Declaration of Independence: to extol it or deplore it, to argue from it or to argue it away. Some see in Jefferson's abstract propositions a threat to sound political practice and in Lincoln's handling of them an incitement to unceasing striving for a utopian egalitarianism.



Professor Maier's honest account gives no aid to attempts (made by the Left these days more than by the Right) to modify the plain universality of "all men"—whatever the mental reservations or sub-mental misconstruing of some who assented to the words. While giving serious attention to the grievances that are the bulk of the Declaration, she does not commit the fallacy of treating what precedes them as irrelevant embellishment. Although she is misled into seeing a rhetorical rather than logical order in the sequence of "self-evident truths," the indispensability of those truths to the justification of independence is clear to her. Abstract theory is, after all, just what one would expect in the Congress's Declaration, for it is the sort of thing that is found in the "other declarations" that Professor Maier so helpfully presents; the once-prominent appeal to "ancient rights and liberties" has disappeared. Professor Maier does report that through the 1780s the doctrinal portion of the Declaration was largely ignored, for example in July 4 celebrations. But that may reflect the broad acceptance of the "political orthodoxy" which it had stated. There is certainly enough abstractness in contemporaneous state constitutions and bills of rights to satisfy the most doctrinaire.

It may trouble some conservatives that the first use of the Declaration as a partisan weapon was by Jeffersonians against Federalists in the 1790s. In response the Federalists, having before ignored the document, now disparaged it. Or so goes the "standard story," as Professor Maier calls it, perhaps hinting at justified doubts about its correctness. Jeffersonians certainly used the Declaration to excite anti-British feelings and deflect them onto the Federalists, and they lauded the Declaration in order to laud its author, their party's head. The Federalists were in an awkward position; but evidence is given to show that they deprecated Jefferson's authorship more than that they deprecated the Declaration itself. And when amicable Anglo-American relations came to prevail, the Declaration became a suprapartisan bond of national feeling.

It became truly controversial only when it was used against slavery. The guardians of that institution met the challenge by deferring to the status of the Declaration and fabricating distortions of its doctrines, as did Lincoln's rival, Douglas; or, more rationally, by denying their truth, as did Calhoun, supplanting one theory by another—deferring, it may be, to the American need for doctrine.

Nevertheless, Professor Maier evinces historical qualms when facing Lincoln's interpretation of the Declaration, going so far as to write that "in many ways, Douglas's history was more faithful to the past and to the views of Thomas Jefferson." (Douglas's "history" was that "all men" meant "all Englishmen.") She may mean only that the Declaration was composed for the immediate purposes of 1776. But composed as it was, it could also be (in Jefferson's view) a "signal" to awaken all men to their rights and, what is almost the same thing, "a stumbling-block" (in Lincoln's words) to the "harbingers of re-appearing tyranny." And it is hardly a step

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beyond to see in it (Lincoln again) "a standard maxim for free society."

It may be the peculiar content and function of Lincoln's "standard maxim" that bothers Pauline Maier—and certainly excites misgivings in many conservatives. For Lincoln teaches that the Declaration posits *equality* as the object of society: "a fair chance in the race of life" for all, which must always be sought even if it is unattainable. The Declaration, on the other hand, recognized the legitimacy, up until 1776 or thereabouts, of governments in America that showed no interest in "progressive improvement."

One of the deepest fault lines in conservatism has to do with the Declaration of Independence.

In the end Professor Maier yields to Lincoln's outlook. She is, after all, no conservative. But more: she glimpses how reflection on the Declaration and the concrete events of which it was a part led Lincoln to his position. It could be put this way: Lincoln grasped the Declaration as a whole, and hence saw that the inalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" must be understood so as to allow for their being secured by pledges of "lives, fortunes, and sacred honor."

Conservatives critical of the Declaration or its use might be advised to follow Lincoln's example and look at it all. They will find, for instance, that "prudence will dictate" a degree of resistance to change; and that "governments are instituted among men" to secure the rights of nobody else.

The title *American Scripture* calls attention to the theme with which this book opens and closes. In the Introduction Professor Maier makes a less-than-reverent pilgrimage to the National Archives, where the Declaration is enshrined as if to be worshipped. In the Epilogue she visits the Jefferson Memorial, its temple walls inscribed with a truncated Declaration, as the Decalogue may be seen in a church. In between she has shown early-nineteenth-century Americans beginning to sacralize the document, using religious language in connection with it: "reverence," "sacred," "holy"—all Jefferson's words. She disapproves of this idolatry, as she thinks it. "Why," she asks, viewing the devotion at the altar in the Archives, "should the American people file by, looking up reverentially at a document that was and is their creation, as if it were handed down by God, or were the work of superhuman men?"

The answer is this: Precisely in order to learn that the document *is* their creation—that the American nation's powers are just because they are derived from the consent of the governed. And also to learn that their creating and sustaining act is to be guided by a purpose not of their creation: to secure rights given by an incomparably higher Creator to those whom that Creator made equal. They are not taught that the document is their creation in the most radical sense: it does not express freely or otherwise chosen values; it states self-evident truths. But though they are self-evident, passion and interest may contend against reason; and so wise statesmen, such as Jefferson, call on the auxiliaries of sentiment. (That the "blood of our heroes" has been shed for the "creed of our political faith" does not make its articles any truer, but it does make them more precious.)

Professor Maier fears that this kind of "symbolism undercuts the exercise of public responsibilities." Expunge it, and then let "interests clash and argument prosper." She offers no historical evidence to support her apprehensions. And it seems that, if there is agreement on premises and principles, argument about their interpretation and application can prosper. If there is not ("a house divided"), dangerous arguments may prosper. And if there is agreement that premises and principles are values, no argument may prosper. Interests will of course clash.

One more point: A text recognizing God as creator, judge, and providential governor of the world might well be thought of as in some sense sacred. □

REAL ESTATE

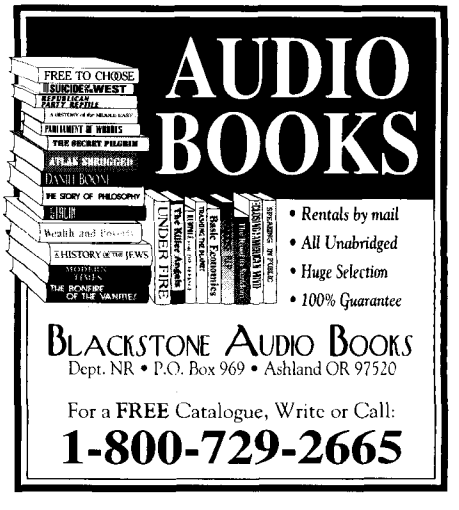
Dworek, Sweet Dworek

RADEK SIKORSKI

I HAD always wanted to live in a *dworek*. Every Pole does. An expatriate Englishman may dream of returning to a Georgian Old Rectory somewhere in the Home Counties. An Irish-American may long to go back to a mythical little white cottage. A German or a Frenchman may dream of retiring to a stone farmhouse in Bavaria or Provence. A Pole sees himself as the proud resident of a *dwór*, a manor house, or better still a *dworek*, a little manor house. A classic *dworek* is eighteenth- or early-nineteenth-century neoclassical, and it falls halfway between an aristocrat's palace and a prosperous peasant's house, with an obligatory white porch, pillars, and at least a hint of a park. It need not be grand; in England an average *dworek* would qualify as little more than a spacious cottage. Thousands used to dot the length and breadth of Poland.

A *dworek* is not just a nice house to live in, but a calling. Nations that have not lived under occupation perhaps cannot imagine the aura surrounding the places where national aspirations were

Mr. Sikorski, NR's roving correspondent, is the author of Full Circle: A Homecoming to Free Poland, *from which this article is adapted.* *Copyright ©1997 by Radek Sikorski. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc.*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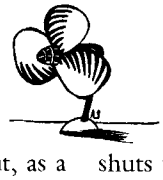
once preserved. In the nineteenth century, when Poland was wiped off the map of Europe, Polishness was preserved in two places: in church by the peasants, and in the *dwór* by the nobility. It was from their manor houses that Polish nobles set off on their hopeless nineteenth-century insurrections, and it was the manor houses that the tsarist authorities confiscated as punishment after each failure. Until a couple of generations ago, Polish romantic novels—the best reflection of popular imagination—always centered on a *dworek*.

In Communist Poland, aristocrats' palaces were too big to ignore, and most were saved under the wing of the Catholic Church, as schools, or as old people's homes. Those estates and manor houses which were turned over to agricultural or scientific institutes were also lucky—the institutes' staffs were more sophisticated than the average collective-farm director. Many palaces were turned into "houses of creative endeavor" for the use of the regime's crony writers and journalists. The really magnificent houses were preserved for show. Others served Party bosses for holidays under the tender appellation of "Cadres' Improvement Centers."

Your average *dworek*, on the other hand, once the heart of nearly every sizable village, has virtually disappeared from the landscape. Out of over ten thousand manor houses in Poland before the war, less than a thousand survived Communist rule. There was no campaign to raze them, as in Russia; they perished through stupidity and sloth. Under the Communist land-reform decree of 1944, parcels of land of over 125 acres were turned into collective farms, or shared out among the peasants. The remaining 125 acres and the family house were not supposed to be taken away from their owners. But, as a rule, Communists did not respect even their own laws. Squads of police or Party militants ejected landlords, law or no law. The landlords were sent packing, and the local peasantry were encouraged to help themselves to the contents. For years afterward, you could find bits of grand pianos fulfilling a multitude of useful functions in peasant pig sties and cow sheds.



Perhaps exiles are particularly prone to long for a home of their own. I developed my own longing in Britain, where I arrived in 1981. I had thought of spending a few months there between secondary school and university; but during my stay General Jaruzelski crushed Solidarity and imposed martial law. Rather than go back to Poland and face possible arrest—my friends had been imprisoned—I chose exile and made myself as irritating as I could to the guardians of People's Poland. My presence abroad, which was illegal according to Communist law, and my role as a journalist always meant extra work for the officials in the local security-police office: more tapping of my parents' phone, more censoring of their mail, more worry about what I might be writing about socialist Poland in the capitalist press.

One of the favorite methods of the security police for applying pressure was the withholding of a passport for travel abroad. My father had tried to slip out to see me under the pretext of attending the World Cup—but the police saw through it. Another ploy was to pretend to go to Rome for a religious pilgrimage. My parents spent several days and nights in line in front of the passport office to hand in the application forms. Needless to say, the authorities saw through that, too. Finally, at the eighth or ninth interview, the overfed police major lashed out at my mother: "Unless your son shuts up, you will never see him again." My mother left his office in tears, only to be summoned back the next day and told that the merciful People's State would, after all, give her this one last chance to persuade me to mend my anti-socialist ways.

In 1945 the house was taken over by thugs from the Interior Ministry and saw some spectacular orgies.

We spent our hard-won vacation in a remote stone cottage in rural north Wales, high above the cliffs of Hell's Mouth Bay, and it was there that we first talked about restoring a ruined manor house. My mother liked the cottages and farmhouses that dotted the Welsh countryside. "They don't belong to rich people," she observed, "because the cars beside them are mostly old. But each house is painted properly and every garden is well tended. You can tell each has an owner, not like with us." The more well-kept farms and beautifully preserved stately homes we saw, the sadder we became at the desolate state of the Polish countryside. Poland was still Communist, and we expected Communism to endure. But perhaps the system was by now sloppy enough to turn a blind eye if someone took care of an old pile of bricks. My parents volunteered to start looking for a ruin that would not be too far from Bydgoszcz, our native city in western Poland.

A FEW months later, a friend who was passing through London brought me a videotape. My parents had called on the office of the keeper of listed buildings in our home city, and he had recommended a few sites. My parents liked best a house called Chobielin. It was by a river, which was essential to my father's angling pastime. Like most houses in the register of ruins, it was in a terminal state of disrepair. But Chobielin had several advantages: it was only half an hour's drive from the city, situated in beautiful land away from a village, and, above all, it housed only one family of squatters.

We had only the vaguest idea of the estate's history, gleaned by my parents from the tales of the local peasants. They were told that the German who owned Chobielin at the turn of the century went bankrupt in the hyperinflation at the end of World War I. His Polish manager bought the house and a few thousand acres for the price of a few sacks of grain. After the Communist liberation in 1945, the manor was taken over by thugs from the Interior Ministry and saw some spectacular orgies. Then, when the mess became too much, the house was given over to the farmhands, who finished the destruction.

Several days later I finally managed to get through to Bydgoszcz on the telephone.

"How much do they want for it?" I shouted into the receiver.

"What did you say?" My father's voice was barely audible in the static.

"I said, How much do they want for it?" I screamed.

"What? I can't hear you. The line is very bad. It's always like that when it's raining. Did you say, How much do they want for it?"

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At that moment the Polish operator interjected, "Have you finished?"

"No, I have not—"

The line went dead.

My letter confirming my commitment—necessarily without knowing the price—was sent by express mail. It arrived in Bydgoszcz six weeks later. As usual, an attached note explained how it had been accidentally damaged in the mail. The letter had been crudely cut open and arrived wrapped in a plastic bag. I should have known that the end of the regime was near, when the security police could no longer be bothered to conceal their rummaging.

As a listed building, the manor had been protected by law—theoretically at least. But the Communists' appreciation of our national heritage may be judged by the way the price was set: the local authority delegated a builder to estimate the value of bricks, beams, and other usable material at demolition prices.

At the last moment, there was a hitch. The local authority's clerk, who had steered the paperwork for a year, suddenly remembered: "Do you realize that if you go through with this, you lose all rights to ration cards?" She looked up at my parents, despondent, expecting the deal to be off.

As far back as I could remember there had always been "temporary" shortages of such luxuries as soap, shoes, toilet paper, and sausage. In the 1980s, even vodka, sugar, and butter were available only with ration coupons. However, farmers—anybody who owned more than a couple acres of land—were excluded from most entitlements. Those whose cards identified the countryside as their place of residence were assumed to be keeping a pig or some chickens in the garden and could surely barter their produce for everything else.

"No more ration cards, then," said my father. For all he knew, he was resigning himself to spending the rest of his life raising pigs and chickens.

Thus we acquired a ghost estate with a few acres of land near a major city for not much more than a thousand dollars. The deed sold for 6,849,899 old zlotys, to be precise, at a moment when the dollar sold on the street for 5,500 zlotys. In early 1989, when the paperwork was completed and the money handed over, this was no small sum. An average Polish monthly salary edged only just above 100,000 zlotys.

It might have been years before I saw Chobielin. By the very act of claiming political asylum in Britain I had broken Communist law and could not safely visit Poland. In the spring of 1989 I still expected the war I had privately declared on the evil empire to be a long march. It proved a sprint. By August, I was to sit in the gallery of the Polish parliament, watching the swearing-in of the first non-Communist prime minister of Poland since the war. We had finally won, and I could start enjoying the fruits of our victory. □

FILM

A Beaut from LaBute

JOHN SIMON

NO FILM within recent memory has aroused more public and private discussion than ***In the Company of Men***, the 34-year-old Neil LaBute's first feature. Cheap at a quarter-million dollars, it was (though this doesn't get mentioned) clearly shot in 16 millimeters and imperfectly blown up: some sequences look rather muddy. Yet even that is turned into a virtue. In the *New York Times*, Janet Maslin writes, "In retrospect this colored film almost seems to have been in black and white. Its ideas are that stark." Or its cinematography that poor.

The movie's main problem is that it doesn't make sense. Two old school chums, Chad and Howard, work for the same company. Both have woman trouble: Chad's girlfriend apparently walked out; Howard's ex-girl importunes his mother on the phone. Chad, a handsome go-getter, proposes to the nerdy Howard joint vengeance on the female sex. They will find a specially vulnerable young woman, romance her for all they are worth, then leave her high and dry. Hesitant, Howard nevertheless agrees.

The company sends the pair out on a project to a branch office in another town for six weeks. Everything is left completely vague. We don't know what sort of company they work for, or what they are sent out to do. There is much talk about presentations, but we don't learn who is presenting what to whom. We don't even find out which two cities are involved.

At the new location, Chad discovers Christine, a sweet and pretty but deaf typist, her romantic life handicapped by her slurred speech—the ideal victim. Chad tells Howard, "Trust me, she'll be reaching for the sleeping pills in a week. And we'll be laughing about this till we are very old men." They start independently dating Christine, each not quite knowing what the other is up to. The guileless girl likes both, but prefers the handsome devil, goes to bed with him, and is utterly, blissfully in love. Yet she keeps platonically dating Howard.

The two men occasionally discuss their progress, though neither is fully open with the other. When Chad must return to the home office for a weekend, Howard, who has accidentally discovered that Chad has been seeing more of Christine, senses his chance. In a grim scene in his car, Christine confesses that she is in love with Chad, whereupon Howard, hurt and furious, spills the beans, lacerating the young woman. I wish I could tell you more, but maybe even this much is preposterous enough.

Why would the debonair and dashing Chad be that close to a nerd for so many years? Why would Howard, assuming that he would agree to such a dastardly plan, not keep closer tabs on Chad? Surely in such a joint scheme the plotters would compare notes more carefully. Can an executive be as nerdy as Howard? Can the psychopathic Chad get away with things undetected by all? As it turns out, Chad has it in for Howard as much as for Christine after so many years of friendship.

The basic idea is not all that new. It goes back to Choderlos de Laclos's *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, which has been variously dramatized and filmed. Recently the French film *La Discrète* by Christian Vincent had an even more similar story line. What distinguishes *In the Company of Men* is that it is set in America and has several twists near the end. Neither of the two main ones is plausible: the quasi-happy one contradicts the basic motivation for the plot; the drastic one

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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turns Howard unwarrantedly into an idiot.

What LaBute wants to say, insofar as one can make it out, is that evil is mostly motiveless, and that (to quote the title of a Kurosawa film) the bad sleep well. Also that the corporate atmosphere somehow fosters individual nefariousness. Unfortunately, neither case is compellingly made. One also gets tired of some of LaBute's camera setups, notably his low-angle shots. I wasn't surprised to find the interview with LaBute in the press kit crawling with grammatical errors and stylistic lapses, despite his studies at three universities and literary fellowships at Sundance and at London's Royal Court Theatre. But Aaron Eckhart is a first-class Chad, and Stacy Edwards a magnificent Christine. Depending mostly on facial expressions and a few lines of clotted, guttural speech, she is quietly heartbreaking.

Julia Roberts and Mel Gibson can charm the birds out of the trees, and us out of our minds.

One scene has garnered special attention. In it, Chad brutalizes a young black employee, first with sarcasm ("Let me give you a professional tip: the word is *ask*!"), then by insisting that to qualify for advancement the youth must strip and show his balls. Since he reluctantly complies, it is in the brains department that he may be deficient.

■ Interesting as the subject of ***Conspiracy Theory*** is, the screenwriter Brian Helgeland and the generally unappetizing director Richard Donner have gone about it the wrong way. They were not content with showing how a cabbie consumed with unhinged notions of conspiracy everywhere, and in love from a distance with a beautiful lawyer for the Justice Department, becomes involved in a real conspiracy which, through life-threatening danger, brings the two of them close together.

The filmmakers had to drag in a *Manchurian Candidate*-ish programmed assassin and a government psychiatrist (whatever that is) willing to shoot a high-ranking official in front of witnesses, and all sorts of other absurdity and cutesiness. So someone who could very easily rub out someone else indulges instead in a pointless cat-and-mouse game with him.

I concede that a thriller is entitled to a couple of far-fetched elements; what I cannot accept is one in which I cannot believe a single thing. To be sure, the idea may not have been to make the slightest bit of sense, but rather to bring together two beloved stars, Julia Roberts and Mel Gibson, who can charm the birds out of the trees, and us out of our minds. And to cast Patrick Stewart in the kind of vile part in which he makes sense.

■ ***Love Serenade***, written and directed by Shirley Barrett, takes a while to get used to, but finally captures you with its almost dementedly offbeat humor. A hotshot disc jockey, after three unsuccessful marriages, retires to the tiny (and imaginary) Australian town of Sunray, there to live quietly and broadcast, not very broadly, to the undemanding locals. Two frustrated sisters, his neighbors, fall in love with him, and go about conquering him in different, but equally ludicrous, ways.

An eccentric blend of fantasy and reality, the film tells an impossible tale against all too believably seedy backgrounds of small-town life in gruelingly grotesque detail. The consummately ordinary, plain sisters are also perfectly insane. One works in a godforsaken fish restaurant, the other in a hopeless beauty parlor, both places evoked with comic despair.

Miranda Otto and Rebecca Frith are pleasantly plain and winningly natural, Miss Otto even managing to make slow-wittedness appealing. As the object of their rivalry, George Shevtsov may be the homeliest leading man in film history, but for that very reason fits the bill. *Love Serenade* makes the weird as nearly believable as necessary, which is much more than *Conspiracy Theory* can pull off. On the other hand, it has no Mel Gibson and Julia Roberts. □

DELECTATIONS

Directors on the Loose

LINDA BRIDGES

ONE sometimes feels that warning signs should be posted on the outskirts of Stratford and Niagara-on-the-Lake, southern Ontario's two great summer-theater towns. "*Attention!*" the signs might read. "*Directeurs artistiques en bordée.*"

At the Stratford Festival this season, the directors John Wood and Richard Rose were loosed on *Richard III* and *Coriolanus*, respectively; at the Shaw Festival in Niagara it was Tadeusz Bradecki on *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.

Mr. Bradecki's intrusions give the impression that he wanted the audience, as they recalled this production in later years, to say, "Oh yes, that was the *Mrs. Warren's Profession* where everyone kept singing snatches of Viennese operetta, and where each act had a music-hall introduction." Mostly, though, these were mere accretions, and the play flowed on beneath them. Vivie Warren's rhapsody about the joys of good talk and good fellowship is a striking precursor, by forty years, of Dorothy Sayers's great essay "Are Women Human?" And if some of the arguments about sex and money and social position that Shaw gives to Mrs. Warren and to Sir George Crofts are so double-edged as to cut themselves to bits—well, that's the danger in the old fox's particular brand of socially conscious entertainment.

At Stratford, the *Richard* was superficially more straightforward. The costumes (the men's costumes anyway) were generically medieval, and the entr'acte music was chant and polyphony, beautifully executed. For many of us, the first *Richard* we saw was the Olivier film, and comparison with that film highlights both the strengths and the weaknesses of any other production. In this case, Stephen Ouimette's mor-

Miss Bridges, NR*'s managing editor, is co-author of* The Art of Persuasion. . . . *Stratford's box-office phone number is, 800-567-1600; Shaw's 800-511-7429.*

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And who's to blame? If your answer is liberals and "progressives," you're right. ***The Loss of Virtue*** (with a preface by *NR* Editor John O'Sullivan) explains in gripping detail how years of relentless "social engineering" (which involved the intentional rejection and ridicule of virtues, and the replacement of them with countless "individual rights" and fuzzy values like "compassion" and "social justice") have resulted in the destruction of millions of lives and families.

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dant, bitter Richard is less brilliant but truer to the text than Olivier's vibrant Richard, who overbears poor Lady Anne with sheer sexual energy. The Olivier version was ruthlessly cut; any production that, like the Stratford one, leaves the text substantially intact will gain from the richness of texture that is as important in Shakespeare as the great set pieces. However, by turning the Earl of Richmond into a cowardly cheat (in the final scene, Richard is held upside down by four men while Richmond runs him through), and by omitting the paean to a Tudor peace in the last scene, Mr. Wood has radically changed the direction of the play. Indeed, he ends it with the two little Princes taking Richard, one by each hand, and leading him away, as voices off sing, "*Requiescat in pace*." Even if one agrees with Josephine Tey that Shakespeare traduced Richard to please his Tudorite patrons, this travesty of redemption is not the way to make amends.

Coriolanus fares rather better, although the stage design and costuming are superficially more intrusive. The men wear, according to their stations, vaguely present-day summer suits, or camouflage fatigues, or leather with a lot of tattooed bare flesh; the ladies are covered from head to foot in flowing silk. During battles, gas masks are provided. Mostly this is just silly, in a play so tied to a specific historical time; although at one point, while the leather-and-tattoos crowd was cavorting around, I thought, "How barbaric!" and then realized that these were, yes, barbarians before the gates.

Tom McCamus brings to life the stiff-necked prig Coriolanus, who cannot see himself as sharing a common humanity with the mob who so patently lack the virtues he possesses. The twist is that, *qua* members of the mob, they really *do* lack virtue. No writer had a greater love than Shakespeare for human beings in all their quirky individuality—he took, said Keats, as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen; but he also brought to vivid life the likes of Bottom, Juliet's Nurse, and 2nd Murderer in *Richard III*. And yet Shakespeare knew that all but the best and the worst of us can turn ourselves into part of a mob and for a time cease being individual men and women. To the extent that Coriolanus despises the common people for being less well bred, even less brave, than himself, he is in the wrong; to the extent that he regards the mob as incapable of good judgment and the senators as pandering to them he is obviously right—and in ways that are relevant to our own politics.

Faring better yet in terms of directorial sympathy are two modern plays at Stratford, *Death of a Salesman*, directed by Diana Leblanc, and *Filumena*, directed by Antoni Cimolino. (I am looking forward to seeing Harley Granville Barker's *The Secret Life* at Niagara; the Shaw Festival's artistic director, Christopher Newton, has a particular affinity for Granville Barker and has acquainted a generation of theatergoers with this wonderful playwright, who thirty years ago was remembered only for his Shakespeare criticism.)

As the leather-and-tattoos crowd cavorted around, I thought, 'How barbaric!' and then realized that these were, yes, barbarians before the gates.

Confession: The only time I read *Death of a Salesman*, I allowed my reading to be colored by Arthur Miller's politics. I was astonished now to find virtually nothing political in this depiction of a man's disintegration. *Disintegration* in a very real sense: Willy Loman (one resists saying *played by* Al Waxman—there is so little actorishness here) is losing his wholeness, flying apart into separate memories, each scarcely related to the previous one.

Filumena shows the reverse: a man finding his wholeness. In this play set in Naples just after the war, Domenico Soriano is a self-centered, self-dramatizing fellow who has decided to kick out his *maîtresse en titre* of 25 years, Filumena Marturano, and marry a respectable young woman. Filumena tricks him into marrying her instead, and turns him from an overgrown three-year-old into a man worth having. Stratford's artistic director, Richard Monette, did not, in his notes on the season, draw attention to the casting of this play, but an outsider may perhaps be forgiven for noting that it marks Mr. Monette's return to the Stratford stage after a number of years behind the scenes as a director. Two decades ago the young Richard Monette was distinguished by great beauty of voice; for the first act of *Filumena* I thought this voice had gone the way of all flesh. But no—that was just Domenico's bluster. As Domenico grows up, he speaks as beautifully as ever did Prince Hal, or Berowne, or star-crossed Romeo. □

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TO READ of the *Chicago Tribune* in the days of its great editor, Robert R. McCormick, is to be reminded of the healthy diversity of opinion that once characterized American journalism. For McCormick—heir to the newspaper that his grandfather used to make Abraham Lincoln President—the New Deal was Red, the Eastern Seaboard was effete, the Midwest was America, and the British Empire was the epicenter of a great threat to the American constitutional order. Richard Norton Smith, friend to Republicans of the Ford/Dole variety, often sides with Democratic Presidents Roosevelt and Truman in their contests with the Republican lord of Chicago, and accepts as true the economic claims made by apologists for the New Deal. The isolationism McCormick and his favorite politician, Robert Taft, once made synonymous with Midwestern Republicanism strikes Smith as unwise; but it has a certain appeal in a time when the U.S. Army of which McCormick was so proud has come to serve as a sort of international Meals on Wheels auxiliary. Vain, irascible, and energetic, the brilliant father of WGN television, WGN radio, Mutual Broadcasting, the Tribune Tower, and many an insightful editorial column, McCormick merits all 597 pages.

—K. R. CONSTANTINE GUTZMAN

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STUTTAFORD

(Continued from page 24)

reveal a tree stump or other debris. But, in Loch Ness, finding nothing proves nothing. No one has even been able to locate the remains of the one monster that is certainly there: a mechanical Nessie sunk, tragically, during the filming of *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*.

If Sherlock cannot find the beast, neither, probably, can we. And that is just fine with Drumnadrochit. The tourists will keep coming to the centers, the restaurants, the shops, and the pubs. They will buy their "monster" ices at the Coffee House and their groceries at Nessie's Nessessities. At the Nessie Shop, the bagpipe muzak will continue to play. There will be T-shirts to buy, plesiosaur-shaped shortbread to munch, and "Monster's Choice" whisky to drink.

Serious? No, not very. And this is how it should be. Whether she exists or not, Nessie is indeed a survivor, a relic from an earlier, better era. Mysteries used to be fun, tales for late at night. We enjoyed believing them, even if we knew, deep down, that they were not really true. From the Yeti to Eldorado, they brought fun to millions, but were an obsession of only a few. Now, with rationalism under fire, we want more from our myths. They have to mean something and be, in some way, real. Yet proper research is far too much trouble, and may lead to a disappointing result. So we turn legends into a pseudoscientific, paranoid cosmology, with a Roswell just another focus for a vague, superstitious unease.

Lucky Nessie has escaped all this. She swims on, Moby without Ahab, an enjoyable outing, a pleasant fantasy. And only one conspiracy theory.

Just what was the real reason for Inverness-shire County Council's refusal, allegedly on zoning grounds, to allow the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau to maintain its headquarters at nearby Achnahannet? We should be told. □

GIESEA

(Continued from page 64)

Saldivar also contested the notion that Gutenberg invented the printing press. It was the Chinese, he says.)

Multicultural revisionism aside, the logic of this argument is slippery at best. The concern is not whether Stanford's curriculum contains a smattering of traditional education—it does. Nor is it whether Stanford pays attention to what it teaches—it does. The real issue is the educational direction Stanford has taken and its effects on traditional education generally and, in turn, students' cultural literacy. Merely spouting a brief roll call of traditional courses in defense does nothing but show Stanford bureaucrats' unwillingness—or inability—to defend the non-traditional curricula they promote.

The truth is that Stanford embraces multicultural fads at the cost of traditional education. One need probe no deeper than Saldivar's own most recent course to find yet another example of Stanford's politically correct offerings. "Comparative American Urban Cultures," according to the syllabus, purports to "examine the cultural geography of contemporary American urban spaces for the development of the personal, social, and political experiences of late twentieth century."

So what does that mean? In this class, Saldivar requires his students to watch *Menace II Society*; read books like *Barrio Rhythm: Mexican-American Music in Los Angeles* (complete with the chapters, "Papa's got a brand new bag" and "Reflections of a home boy"); eat out at Los Jarritos Restaurant in San Francisco's Mission District; and attend lectures on topics ranging from "youth, music, identity & culture" to "cultural citizenship." The fact that this course is taught by the vice provost for undergraduate education, and that it withstood what Saldivar himself identifies as "the most sweeping examination of [Stanford's] undergraduate curriculum in 25 years," reaffirms my thesis that Stanford's priorities are way off track.

Chasing fads comes at a cost. The *Stanford Review*'s cultural-literacy test exposes some of them. Until Stanford and other colleges jump off their politically correct high horse and embrace the time-tested teachings of traditional education, students will continue to perceive Adam Smith as just another dead white male. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 O	2 G	3 T	4 S		5 W	6 K		7 B	8 Y	9 N	10 W	11 V	12 A		13 H	14 M	15 U		16 T	17 D	18 N	19 E	20 X	
21 U	22 S		23 P	24 B	25 Q	26 V	27 T	28 C		29 L	30 J	31 U		32 T	33 R	34 V	35 J	36 Y	37 W	38 K		39 T	40 M	
41 P	42 L		43 U	44 A	45 Y	46 R	47 W	48 Q	49 T	50 L		51 P	52 J	53 E	54 B		55 T	56 P	57 B	58 G		59 P	60 L	61 V
62 T	63 W		64 N	65 Q	66 H	67 M	68 Y	69 C	70 K	71 E	72 L	73 R		74 Y	75 W	76 S		77 T	78 C	79 E	80 V	81 U		82 P
83 C	84 W	85 R	86 A	87 G		88 O	89 N	90 D	91 B	92 W		93 C	94 M	95 G		96 P	97 L		98 A	99 H	100 G		101 L	
102 D	103 L	104 G	105 A	106 R	107 O		108 T	109 U	110 M	111 A	112 Y		113 J	114 M	115 Q	116 D		117 F	118 A	119 D		120 L	121 A	122 W
123 P	124 K		125 I	126 S	127 F		128 X	129 E		130 N	131 L	132 D	133 M	134 J		135 J	136 G		137 M	138 W	139 L	140 K	141 E	142 R
143 O		144 N	145 I	146 J	147 K	148 M	149 L		150 A	151 W		152 T	153 X		154 C	155 R	156 T	157 I	158 G	159 H	160 J	161 A	162 V	
163 P	164 N		165 R	166 O	167 I	168 L	169 Q	170 P	171 K		172 L	173 K		174 L	175 G	176 V	177 D	178 B	179 P	180 M		181 Y	182 E	183 F
184 W	185 B	186 U		187 P	188 O	189 F		190 C	191 D		192 X	193 F	194 L	195 I	196 K	197 V		198 Y	199 V	200 D	201 J	202 R		

DEFINITIONS

A. William Henry Harrison, affectionately — 118 150 105 98 86 111 161 12 121 44

B. Time-honored customs (2 words) — 7 185 178 91 57 54 24

C. Shakespeare tragedy — 28 78 154 190 83 69 93

D. Lofty suite (or baser accommodation?) reserved for Def. Y — 102 177 116 200 17 90 132 119 191

E. Aardvark's dinner plate — 19 141 129 182 71 79 53

F. Dolt — 117 127 193 183 189

G. Ordinance for which, alone, the Confederation Congress is remembered — 87 104 175 58 2 95 136 158 100

H. "_____, Brute?" (Julius Caesar, 2 words) — 66 159 13 99

I. Baron's precursor — 167 195 125 145 157

J. Hostage to B — 35 160 146 201 135 30 113 52 134

K. Facial features coquettishly batted — 171 38 147 196 140 124 70 6 173

L. Samuel Barber ecstasy (3 words) — 101 149 172 194 60 131 174 97 139 42 29 / 103 168 72 120 50

M. Teeming city — 180 148 40 67 14 114 94 133 110 137

N. Braid together — 18 89 9 130 144 164 64

O. Overhaul, revise — 107 143 1 188 166 88

P. Free of sickness or infirmity (3 words) — 41 187 59 51 179 123 56 23 163 170 96 / 82

Q. Violate the Tenth Commandment — 169 115 65 48 25

R. Wronged — 165 142 73 46 33 155 85 106 202

S. New Jersey roundball pros — 126 22 4 76

T. Lewis's C. S., in full — 16 32 39 77 62 49 55 3 108 156 27 / 152

U. Sequoia — 109 81 43 21 31 15 186

V. Vineland, to the college-bound (2 words) — 11 61 197 162 176 199 34 80 26

W. One of Babe Ruth's sobriquets (3 words) — 63 184 37 75 84 47 122 151 92 5 10 / 138

X. Popular breakfast chain (abbrev.) — 128 192 153 20

Y. Voluptuary — 181 68 8 45 198 74 36 112

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. LADY RANDOLPH: *To young Winston*: "I confess I am quite disheartened about you. You seem to have no real purpose in life and won't realise at the age of twenty-two that for a man life means work, and hard work if you mean to succeed."

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From 'More' to Greed

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19

What was most interesting about the strike against United Parcel Service was the politics of it. Ever since Mr. John Sweeney took over the reins of the AFL–CIO he has been lusting for a fight that would attract the attention of the public and, above all, of unorganized workers, these accounting for about 85 per cent of the American work force. Memory reminds us that not all that much has changed. When asked what he wanted for his union, Samuel Gompers replied with the quiet but resonant word, "More." Supply-side teaches that more is indeed always possible. That's so because there is an infinity of human appetite, which tosses and turns against the scarcity of human resources. More can always be had, in the sense that general productivity can rise and other products can be devised, and yearned for.

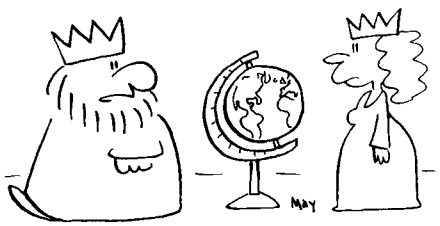
Whereas Gompers had asked for More, Ron Carey of the Teamsters accepted as his battle cry: "Greed." "An excessive desire to acquire or to possess more than what one needs or deserves," as the *American Heritage Dictionary* defines it. This definition requires application to real-life stories. The economic model in capitalism is that a living wage must be paid in order for an economy to function. Mr. Carey insisted that part-time workers for United Parcel Service earned "too little to live on," which prompts the question, Why aren't they dead? The specific reply of management's James Kelly was that the average part-time worker for UPS earned more per year than the average American worker—and so it went on.

Those curious about whether the situation calls into question any of the postulates of the capitalist model are in effect asking, If as a result of seasonal activity there is enough work for only 30 weeks, shouldn't the employer hire the worker for 52 weeks anyway, as a matter of social principle? The employer inevitably replies: To assume an extra obligation on that scale has only one meaning, namely inefficiency. Under capitalism, regulation is done by competition, and the cost of inefficiency is diminished capacity to compete. And that means bad news not only for shareholders, but also for workers. Mr. Carey here shot back that since UPS does 80 per cent of the nation's package-delivery business, and had a modest profit of 5 per cent on its gross, it can reasonably convert the part-time worker to full-time without any real danger to the company's preeminence.

The settlement is substantially a union victory, though it is seen as that looking through a lens obligingly crafted to illuminate only palpable benefits. Ten thousand part-time workers will go full-time in the next four years. It is useful to focus on this accommodation with the Christmas-season phenomenon in mind. Consider book-selling. Forty per cent of all the books that are sold move across the counter during the four weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Everyone knows that when Christmas comes around, juniors and seniors are brought into service—in the Post Office, for instance. Some economic accommodation is obviously in order, to meet these steep short-term demands. What does Teamster procrusteanism do about such phenomena? Is it a new labor-union objective to come up with cognate definitions for the five-day week, the eight-hour day? How exactly would it be stated? If you work more than 26 weeks per year, you must be hired for 52 weeks?

That is the general approach, but of course it leaves out the competitive dimension. If the total pay package is to be shared not among 100 workers but among 110, then that pay package has to reduce in size—or else be augmented by more efficient activity. UPS has done this by "economies of scale." Up to a point (where the marginal cost equals the price of the marginal unit), the larger the business the less the per-unit cost. But UPS is now exposed. Under the new contract, economies become more difficult. Those difficulties will quite reasonably be exploited by UPS's two principal competitors. It will not serve the long-term interests of the Teamsters if there is a trickle of men and women leaving UPS to work for Federal Express, when FedEx is hiring and UPS is stalled.

The economic balance sheet will be seen later. Meanwhile, with unemployment at 5 per cent, the talk will be of Greed. Economic greed. Political greed is okay. □



"I'm tired of foreign policy. I think I'll go meddle in the economy for a while."

Buggery in Church

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1

I rode in a car for an hour with an FBI agent, a man in his late thirties, trained as a lawyer, and he spoke (we were en route to a distant airport) of his profession, which included recruitment. "There are so many people who want to join the Bureau we don't have to go scouting for them. But when they do apply, it takes six or seven months before they're checked out." The final barrier is a truth test. The applicant is wired up to the polygraph and asked, in sequence, "Have you in your life smoked marijuana more than 15 times?" And then, "Have you smoked it in the last three years?" Fifty per cent of the applicants either plead guilty or else lie; in either case, they are dismissed.

The news items on priests and child abuse all but paralyze one's sensibilities: How can such a thing be? . . . In Ireland, a seventy-year-old who abused boys for over thirty years. In Canada, a similar, if less protracted, case. Most highly publicized is the Fr. Rudy Kos affair in Dallas, remarkable for several reasons.

The first is that the jury awarded the 11 plaintiffs the sum of $120 million. The second, that there was considerable exploration, during the nine-week trial, of the circumstances of the crime, and a marked division among parishioners about how the bishop had handled the situation. He was manifestly horrified and apologetic, but onlookers were not all of them satisfied that sufficient care had been taken. The lawyer for the diocese told the jury that everything had been done to determine whether the offender was a pedophile but that the diocese had been duped. To that, plaintiff lawyer Sylvia Demarest replied,

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"The lives of children cannot continue to be sacrificed so the bishop of the Diocese of Dallas can continue to conceal the perversions of the priests of the diocese." The reference was to other priests also charged with pedophilia. Another plaintiff lawyer said that out of seven candidates admitted to Catholic seminary in Dallas in 1980, three (including Kos) later were involved in pedophilia charges.

One pauses to meditate on the bitter affront to decency. The montage is gruesomely perfected—as if painted by Hieronymus Bosch—by the knowledge that the plaintiffs were serving, when abused, as altar boys. The debasement invokes the words of Christ, that for those who offend little children it would have been better that they had not been born. But the same Christ enjoined forgiveness, after genuine repentance. The criminal penalty should be severe and unrelenting, but if contrition is true, the priests wearing prison garb should be welcome at the altar.

The civil award is the obligation of the diocese. One hundred twenty million dollars, added to the pain of the sacrilege, and the hurt and contempt engendered by the crime. One reporter on the scene predicts that many Catholics will simply refuse to contribute money to help pay the judgment, a gesture of disgust over the maladministration of the bishop. One wonders, in respect of that bishop in Dallas, and the two bishops in Ireland and Canada, whether a public mortification isn't appropriate. Resignation, or at least withdrawal from the diocese, or at least a leave of absence of several years in a monastery, a sign of pain felt, and sacrifice merited.

Most directly needed, clearly, is a sharp revision of supervisory practices. Psychologists tell us that pedophilia is the most persistent of all sexual deviations. The data (or so I am advised) tell of the recurrence of the crime even after terms spent in jail.

Crank up the polygraph, FBI style, and then ask the postulant: "Have you ever, with sexual motive, fondled a boy?" Or, perhaps more advisedly, to guard against the risk of transforming a 13-year-old crush into lifelong disqualification, "Have you fondled a boy at any time since reaching 16?"

But most important is to remember to detach the sinner from the faith. On that subject, Fr. Andrew Greeley once wrote, "The question is not whether the Catholic leadership is enlightened but whether Catholicism is true. A whole College of Cardinals filled with psychopathic tyrants provides no answer one way or another to that question." And then a killer of a closing line: "Search for the perfect church if you will; when you find it, join it, and realize that on that day it becomes something less than perfect." □

High Table-Talk

AT SEA, AUGUST 15

Conservatives have their heroes, and a few of them traveled last week down the Alaska waterway. The enthusiasm, among those who heard them, was second only to the gold rush in these parts. Everybody wants to know—first, second, and third—who will carry the conservative banner in the millennial year. Robert Novak is here to remind us that there is no linear projection, as was the case for a generation: there is no obvious nominee. The dynastic political line that traveled from Goldwater to Reagan was headed for Jack Kemp, who however elected a major deviation, and the GOP is not about to contract a morganatic union. Whoever it is, said Mr. Novak, he'll have to hold as central to needed reform the overthrow of the present tax system. High taxes, high government overhead, should be thought of as genetic concerns of the Republican Party. Milton Friedman agreed, and concurred also that the legerdemain of 1996 was the seduction of so many members of the middle class by Bill Clinton. Editor/author Richard Brookhiser told us not to underestimate the President's personal sway. "If he were here in this room before this assembly arguing the case for one of his pet proposals, you'd be—well, no; *you* wouldn't be influenced, but everyone else would."

On the matter of taxes, Mr. Novak thought it gravely mistaken to engineer the $500-per-child tax credit—one more refinement on top of yesterday's refinement on top of the dozen refinements that have transformed the tax structure into an architectural monstrosity. Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council emphatically disagreed, arguing that any crutch, wherever placed, that had the effect of fortifying the family unit deserved GOP backing; but Novak insisted that for Republicans to permit themselves such fancies, however wholesome in and of themselves, makes them complicit in tax law as social policy.

Mr. Bauer is insistent on the responsibility of the GOP to identify itself with traditional norms. He recalled an exchange in San Diego last summer in which two "non-committed" questioners were given their turn at bat. The first asked Sen. Dole what the Republican Party would do to advance gay rights. Bauer suggested an answer Dole might have given. "On the matter of gay rights, there is no way we can compete, or want to, with President Clinton. If gay rights are your primary concern, you should vote for Clinton." On the social theme, Bauer was consistent: He'd have urged Dole, when the question of abortion came up in the debate, to ask Clinton what abortion, if indeed he is saddened by them, he would restrict, by legislation or suasion.

Dan Lungren, the Attorney General of California, who plans to be the next governor, is bracingly fluent, resourceful, shrewd in insisting that the problem of the arrogant judiciary needs to be faced. For instance? For instance, a California court recently overturned its own ruling of a few years ago that a teenaged girl seeking an abortion could not be counseled without first consulting her parents. The court that reversed that ruling superordinated the right of "privacy" over any right of the girl's mother or father. So that the 13-year-old California girl who can't get a tattoo without the consent of her parents—and who can't buy cigarettes, let alone liquor—can line up for an abortion without her parents' knowledge. Mr. Lungren sees this as the peril forecast by some of the Fathers in the *Federalist Papers*, the union of the judiciary with the executive. "The idea that is making its way in American politics is that any major question is a constitutional question—and only the judiciary is equipped to opine on such matters."

Haley Barbour closed one session by returning to the eternal concern of taxes, which, as Milton Friedman pointed out, are another form of regulation. "Phil Gramm was right when last year he said don't ever consider a consumption tax until after the Sixteenth Amendment [authorizing the income tax] is repealed, because otherwise what you'd get is a consumption tax on top of an income tax." The government never closes the money faucets unless the supply is choked off at the source. The question is unyielding: What does it take to generate an adamant call for tax reform? "Some small companies are spending more money devising their tax returns than they are paying in taxes." But Mr. Barbour thinks the time is coming, and it's pleasant to think of it as coinciding with the year that will end the century of socialism and Communism. □

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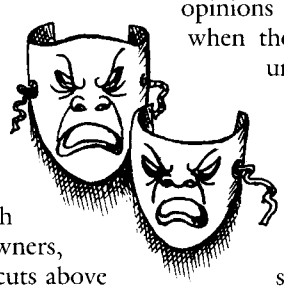
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

OF all the self-defeating things Americans do, our practice of renaming eternal verities to make them sound more user-friendly wins the booby prize.

Like all societies, we acknowledge the need for certain people to "set an example" so that others will have someone to "look up to," but we don't dare put it that way. Instead we call them "role models," a compound now so deeply embedded in our cliché lobes that no one stops to think that both words connote superficiality, ephemerality, and pretense.



Earlier generations of Americans looked up to Better Thans, as in "better than we are," people who were a cut above them, such as teachers or business owners, and those who were several cuts above them, such as doctors, lawyers, and clergymen, once known as the "learned professions."

It's all over now. Better Thans preserved the stability of black neighborhoods in the Jim Crow era, but now the only blacks who call them role models are those who attend conferences on "Role-Model Flight and the Creation of the Underclass."

Among whites, the loss of esteem for the learned professions has been less dramatic in that it has not resulted in actual mayhem, but the psychological shocks mount daily. The doctor who cut off the wrong foot plays golf with the lawyer who advertises his services in commercials that open with the deafening crunch of a head-on collision and a close-up of a teddy bear on a rain-drenched road. Both say "Between you and I" and neither has any Latin—nor does the clergyman who confessed to molesting boys: the difference between "*Noli me tangere*" and "*nolo contendere*" now escapes him.

It could be argued that these male Better Thans have self-destructed under pressure from the flood of women into the learned professions. It certainly can be argued that women have damaged the Better Than Mystique by fritzing the "not-rightness" wire in our brains. This is the wire that makes children insist that their favorite bedtime story be told exactly the same way each time; leave out the pig's hat and the child will wail, "You didn't tell it right!"

The not-rightness wire remains connected throughout our lives, governing our expectations and pre-conceived opinions and giving off a hot sizzle when they are thwarted. Like most unfair reactions, this one is universal and immutable, and hence important.

My not-rightness wire sizzles when I see an Episcopal priestess in a reversed collar. When I see the politically correct commercial with the middle-aged construction worker who says: "My doctor told me to take Dynamitol for my constipation. I trust her [wink], she's my daughter." And when I see a picture of the full Supreme Court containing two huge white spots—the jabots worn by the lady members to lend a feminine touch. Justice O'Connor's lacy number reminds me of the fanned-out handkerchief pinned to the shoulder of a friendly Midwestern waitress, but Justice Ginsberg's stark, foot-long Geneva bands are even worse: she looks like John Calvin gone wrong.

Most Better Thans are no longer better, and many are not even equal. Two messages left on my answering machine are a case in point. Both were from local public-school teachers unknown to me. The first one sounded like a 911 call, a rush of words from a woman with a shrill, cawing voice just this side of hysteria.

"I'm calling Florence King! I have a high-school English class that needs your help fast! A workshop, a speech! Something, anything!"

The other message was a wrong number. Thinking she had reached the mother of a student, this teacher launched into a long, rambling explanation about a schedule change. Again I was struck by the voice: flat, whiny, unconfident, muddy diction. Different in temper from the first frantic caller, yet they were alike in one way: they both sounded common.

I felt oddly betrayed. The teacher as grande dame was a fixture of my school days, and lest you think I'm warming myself in the glow of nostalgia, cold mathematics bears me out. All of my elementary-school teachers were born, roughly speaking, between 1885 and 1910, meaning that they came of age when college was still a preserve of the comfortable class. Teaching was the only career open to women then, and so generations of ladies became teachers. They had a way of speaking and a general demeanor that their public-school charges, who usually did not belong to the comfortable class, instinctively recognized—and so did our parents. The effortless discipline these women maintained and the automatic respect they commanded had less to do with school prayer and other touted traditional values than with frank class-consciousness.

THE truth about role models that we go to such lengths to hide can be summed up as "Sweet are the uses of elitism." A role model is someone who is superior in a worthwhile way, whose power of example transcends the fickle transports of hero-worship. He cannot be too far above us. He must be someone we don't actually know but do come into contact with, or at least see from time to time as the old-world villager saw the squire.

Thus, a valid role model is an accessible Better Than from the comfortable class. That used to mean the middle class when we had only three classes, but democracy works in mysterious ways its chaos to perform.

Today's middle class is yesterday's "blue-collar class," which was the New Deal's "working class," who were Huey Long's "little people," who were Bryan's "simple people," who were Lincoln's "common people," who were Hamilton's "masses," who were Marie Antoinette's "them." Thanks to government scholarships, college loans, educational tax credits, and affirmative action, millions of would-be Better Thans are pouring into the fake middle class convinced that everybody's got a right to be a role model—which is Hillary Clinton's "It takes a village." □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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